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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illust[illegible]y
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SEPT. 11, 1920

5c. THE COPY
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A PASTEL BY
NEYSA McMEIN

Beginning: Stepsons of Light—By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

Kuppenheimer

GOOD CLOTHES

The STYLE in Kuppenheimer good Clothes

The comfort of ease in every action and posture, a true fit, the confidence of good taste and graceful lines—all combined in a practical and pleasing manner.

The HOUSE *of* KUPPENHEIMER

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Ingersoll Time

15,000 a Day

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 325 Fourth Avenue, New York
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO MONTREAL

5 Million a Year

N. Y. Police Kept Bo... ring ...t?"

Ma... But ...tch; ...ne ...ay. ...has ...ce- ...he ...ly ...is ...t ...of ...an ...urs

All of whic... that people must have the time and that clocks aren't to be found when most needed—even on Broadway

EDITORIAL

Cutting the H. C. L.

SUPPOSE you take pencil and paper and figure how much or how little it costs to own an Ingersoll. You pay $2.50 for your Yankee and get five or ten years' service. We'll lean backwards and say 5 years. This gives you 250 weeks at $2.50, or reliable timekeeping at 1 cent per week.

Fact is, the original cost of an Ingersoll is often less than the annual upkeep of a complicated watch, and for all general time-keeping purposes it's just as good.

For People With High-Priced Watches

An Ingersoll will pinch-hit for that watch when it's being repaired; an Ingersoll will save that watch from the hardships of roughing it (Ingersolls are made to rough it). In brief, an Ingersoll will save its own price several times over just as an auxiliary watch.

Were You Ever Fitted to a Watch?

WE mean, did you ever figure out exactly your watch needs and then see if you were properly equipped?

There are a dozen or more different Ingersolls—varying in price, varying in purpose—small watches, jeweled watches, radium dial watches for night use, and so on. For instance, if you have an expensive watch you probably would choose a Radiolite for $3.50. If you haven't a good serviceable watch, you'd be likely to buy a 7-jewel Reliance. The dealer will help you to select just the one for you.

Does *your* watch tell time in the dark? Ingersoll Radiolites do.

RADIUM

Interesting Facts about the Substance Used for Ingersoll Radiolites

Radium was discovered 24 years ago, but has been produced commercially only about 10 years.

Prof. Becquerel, of France, obtained in 1896 the first inkling of its existence. Two years later Professor and Mme. Curie gave it to an astonished world.

All the radium found so far amounts to under five ounces, but it is worth $20,000,000. Five ounces of pure, fine gold is worth about $100.

A building brick of solid gold would be worth less than $20,000. A piece of radium as small as a stub of lead pencil just under three-quarters of an inch long is worth $120,000.

The richest deposits of carnotite from which the radium element is extracted are in Colorado. In carnotite ore there is only one part radium to 250,000,000 parts of other matter.

It is not the radium itself which glows but the other substances with which it is combined. The radium makes them glow.

Already more than 7,000,000 Ingersoll Radiolites have been made, models ranging in price from $3.50 to $6.25.

Yankee Radiolite $3.50

The lowest priced Radiolite

"Every Boy Has An Ingersoll Coming to Him," the Boys Say

And You'll Say They Are Right When You Learn That So Far In 1920 Half a Million Boys Have Become Ingersoll Owners

Since the first of the year another half million happy American boys have joined the Legion of Ingersoll—according to sales computations. These boys have passed the first of the two never-to-be-forgotten milestones on the way to manhood—the first watch and the first long trousers.

Think what that means. A watch brings man's business into a boy's life—system, punctuality, a regard for time. Unconsciously he and his watch begin to re-organize his activities. The boy takes a new pride in being there on time—in getting more out of his day. He acquires a new respect for himself. Or as a boy would put it, "You can't be a regular fellow without a watch."

The Ingersoll is *the* watch for boys—because it combines reliability with sturdiness and solid construction. It stands up under the kind of service a boy is sure to give it.

The Ingersoll Yankee costs only $2.50—and has been the "first watch" to millions of boys.

There are other Ingersoll models especially suited to a boy's needs: the famous Radiolite that tells time in the dark, at $3.50; and the Wrist Radiolite that is almost official for Boy Scouts—at $6.25. And many other models. But see the dealer with the Ingersoll "Boy" display and let him show you.

Twelve Ways Boys Have Earned Ingersolls

(1) By selling The Saturday Evening Post. (2) By running errands. (3) By mowing lawns. (4) By washing automobiles for neighbors. (5) By carrying suits to the tailor. (6) By washing windows. (7) By polishing big sister's shoes. (8) By beating rugs and carpets. (9) By distributing hand bills. (10) By pressing Dad's trousers. (11) By selling newspapers. (12) By fetching milk and cream in the country.

The Good Scout and His Radiolite

By John Martin

The good scout and his RADIOLITE
Are constant friends by day and night.
Scouts know that work and play depend
Upon that never-failing friend.
The RADIOLITE has always shared
The Boy Scouts' motto, "Be Prepared"
Prepared to do a kindly deed
For those in trouble or in need.
Prepared for patient sacrifice,
Prepared to follow good advice.
Prepared to live with heart and hand,
To love and serve our native land.
The live boy needs a RADIOLITE,
The watch that tells in figures bright
The time by day as well as night.
The watch-words that are ever right
Are "Ingersoll" and "Radiolite."

Wind-Ups

You pay $4 extra for any other well-known watch with a luminous dial. The Ingersoll Yankee with the Radiolite Dial costs only $1 extra and there's no more readable luminous dial made.

"Time flies!" You won't doubt it if you buy a watch on the installment plan.

Adam: "Time must hang heavy on your hands, Eve."

Eve: "Why, honey?"

Adam: "Your wrist watch isn't a Radiolite."

It's All Wrong, Ingersoll! By GOLDBERG

I'VE DROPPED THAT INGERSOLL WATCH 27 TIMES IN TWO DAYS AND IT'S STILL RUNNING
ON BEHALF OF THE MEMBERS OF THE SODA CLERKS' PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION I PRESENT YOU WITH THIS $300 NORWEGIAN WATCH
YOU WALKED TOO FAST AND LOOSENED THE COFTY-GOOFTY SPRING OF THIS EXPENSIVE NORWEGIAN WATCH IT WILL COST $87.10 TO FIX IT
IT'S ALL WRONG, INGERSOLL, IT'S ALL WRONG

—By permission of the New York Evening Mail

COMMUNITY PLATE

The Spoon for Serving Jelly, Honey in the Comb, &c.

$2.00 each Packed in Velvet-lined Gift Case

The Service of Jelly

HERE is a still further refinement of service much in favor with women of taste. For *Jelly*, *Conserve*, the soft *Cheeses and Honey in the Comb*—this COMMUNITY JELLY SERVER, with its bowl sharp and flat on one side, it smoothly cuts the Jelly and lays it deftly on one's plate.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY Ltd.

CORRECT SERVICE

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STEPSONS OF LIGHT

"Get This Straight: I'm Not Wanting Any Fight. It's Decency I'm Trying to Crowd on to You—Not a Fight"

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THERE are just two sorts of people—those who point with pride and those who view with alarm. The world will not soon forget Parkman of ours. Here was a man of learning, common sense, judgment and wide sympathies. Yet once he stumbled; the paregorical imperative, which impels each of us to utter ignominious nonsense, urged Francis Parkman to the like unhappiness, drove him to father and put forth this void and singular statement:

I have often perplexed myself to divine the various motives that give impulse to this strange migration; but whatever they may be, whether an insane hope of a better condition of life, or a desire of shaking off the restraints of law and society, or mere restlessness, certain it is that multitudes bitterly repent the journey.

The year was 1846; the place, Independence, in Missouri; that strange migration was the winning of the West. Mr. Parkman viewed it with alarm. The passage quoted may yet be found in the first chapter of The Oregon Trail. We, wise after the event, now point with pride to that strange migration of our fathers. The Great Trek has lasted three hundred years. To-day we dimly perceive that the history of America is the story of the pioneer; that on our shifting frontiers the race has been hammered and tempered to a cutting edge.

That insane hope of better things—the same which beckoned on the Israelites and the Pilgrim Fathers; restraints of law and society, which in Egypt made the Israelite a slave, in England gave the Puritan to the pillory and the stocks, and in this western world of ours took the form of a hollow squire, founder by letters patent of a landed oligarchy—so that the bold and venturesome sought homes in the unsquired wilderness; and restlessness, that quality which marks the most notable difference between man and sandstone. Restlessness, shaking off restraints, insane hopes—in that cadence of ideas what is there of haunting, echolike and familiar? Restraints of society? When the very stones of the streets shrieked at him the name of that town—Independence! Now we know the words that haunted us: "Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness!" Never was echo clearer. The emigrants were there in exercise of those unavoidable rights. Not happiness or the overtaking of happiness; the pursuit of happiness—the insane hope of a better condition of life.

That which perplexed Parkman looked upon, disapproving, was the settlement of America—the greatest upbuilding of recorded time; and the prime motive of that great migration was the motive of all migrations—the search for food and land. They went west for food. What they did there was to work: if you require a monument—take a good look! Here is the record of a few late camp fires of the Great Trek.

I

THE lady listened with fluttering attention. The lady was sweet and twenty, and the narrator—myself—was spurred to greater effort. Suddenly a thought struck her. It was a severe blow. She sat up straight, she stiffened her lips to primness, her fine eyes darkened with suspicion, her voice crisped to stern inquiry.

"I suppose, when Sunday came, you kept right on working?"

It was an acid supposition. Her dear little nose squinched to express some strong emotion—loving-kindness, perhaps; her dear little upper lip curled ominous. She looked as though she might bite.

"Kept right on working is right. We had to keep on working," I explained. "We couldn't very well work six days gathering cattle and then turn them all loose again on the seventh day—could we now?"

The lady frowned. The lady sniffed. She was not one to be turned aside by subterfuge. She leaned forward to strike, and flattened her brows in scorn. She looked uncommonly like a rattlesnake. She said:

"I suppose you couldn't put them in the barnyards?"

And I learned about readers from her.

Cattle were once grazed to the nearest railroad—say, a thousand miles—yes, and beyond that railroad to Wyoming grass; or Montana. No one who saw those great herds forgot them or ever quite refrained from speech of those stirring days, to children or grandchildren. That is why so many think—not unnaturally—that range cattle were always held under herd. But it is a mistaken impression. Cattle do not thrive under herd.

Cattle on the free range—everybody's cattle—were turned loose and mixed together. There were no fences except as deep rivers counted for such; the Panama Canal was yet undug. Twice a year, in spring and fall, everybody gets together to work the cattle at the rodeo, or round-up. They brand the calves; they take into the day herd all steers and all cows to be shipped, and nothing more. From cattle gathered each day steers and strays are cut out and thrown into the day herd; all the others, the range cattle, are turned loose with a vigorous shove in that direction most remote from to-morrow's round-up.

Again, your ranch was that land to which you had either title or claim; its purpose was to give a water right on stream or lake or to hold spring, well or tank. But your range was either Texas land or Uncle Sam's land as far as your cattle would range from your various water rights—say, twenty-five miles in each direction. Your range was that country where you were reasonably sure your cattle would not be stolen by strangers.

Here was the way of the Bar Cross round-up; with slight variations it was the way of any round-up. The Bar Cross Company, running the biggest brand on the Jornada range, supplied one foreman, one straw boss, three top hands and the captain of the day herd; one horse wrangler, who herded the saddle horses by day; one night wrangler, who herded them by night; and mounts for these eight. The Bar Cross also furnished one red-headed cook, one chuck wagon and the chuck—chuck being grub—and one bed wagon to haul bed rolls from camp to camp, and also to haul wood and water between times. Item: Four mules for the chuck wagon, and two for the bed wagon. The night wrangler drove the bed wagon; night wranglers were not supposed to sleep.

Other ranchmen, co-users of the Bar Cross range, sent each a man and his mount to represent. A man with many cattle might send two or more men; the 7 T X—next to the Bar Cross the biggest brand on the Jornada—sent four. Each man or each two men brought tarp and bedding on a pack horse.

From north, south, east and west came the stray men, each with mount and bed. Stray men stayed with the outfit as long as it pleased them. When they were satisfied they cut out from the day herd their own cattle, together with those of their neighbors, and drove them home. As a usual thing three or four would throw in and drive back together. If by chance some man was homeward bound and alone the Bar Cross detailed a man to help him home; a friendly and not imprudent custom.

To sum up: The Bar Cross paid nine men, and provided good grub for all comers; in return it had the help of twenty-five to forty men in working the range; the rodeo, or round-up.

During the weeks or months of that working, wherever some other outfit gave a round-up—east, west, south or north—there, with mount and bed, went either a Bar Cross man or one from some other brand of the Jornada people, bringing back all Jornada cattle.

A word about horses. In the fall, when grass was green and good, a mount was eight to thirteen head. One must be gentle; he was night horse; every man stood guard at night two and a half to three hours; all night in case of storm. For the others, the best were cutting horses, used afternoons, when the day's drive was worked; the poorest were circle horses and were ridden in the forenoon, when the round-up was made. But in the spring it is different. Grass is scant and short; corn is fed, and four horses go to a mount; the range is worked lightly.

So much was needful by way of glossary and guide; so partly to avoid such handicap as we meet in telling a baseball story to an Englishman.

It is a singular thing that with the Bar Cross were found the top ropers, crack riders, sure shots—not only the slickest cowmen, but also the wisest cow ponies. Our foremen were "cowmen right," our wranglers held the horses, our cooks would fry anything once. But you know how it is—your own organization—firm, farm or factory—is doubtless the best of its kind. No? You surprise me. You have missed much—faith in others, hope for others, comradeship.

It is laughable to recall that men of other brands disputed the headship of the Bar Cross. Nor was this jest or bravado; the poor fellows were sincere enough. Indeed we thought this pathetic loyalty rather admirable than otherwise. Such were the 101, in Colorado; the X I T, in the Panhandle; the Block and the V V, between the Pecos and the Front Range; the Bar W, west of the White Mountain; the V Cross T, the John Cross, the Diamond A and the L C, west of the Rio Grande. Even from Arizona, the Toltec Company—Little Colorado River way—put forth absurd pretensions.

The Bar Cross men smiled, knowing what they knew. That sure knowledge was the foundation of the gay and holdfast spirit they brought to confront importunate life. No man wanted to be the weak link of that strong chain; each brought to his meanest task the earnestness that is remarked upon when Mr. Ty Cobb slides into second base; they bent every energy on the thing they did at the joyful time of doing it. In this way only is developed that rare quality to which the scientific give the name of pep or punch. Being snappy made them happy, and being happy made them snappy; establishing what is known to philosophers as the virtuous circle. The nearest parallel is newspaper circulation, which means more advertising, which boosts circulation, and so onward and upward.

In that high eagerness of absorption a man "working for the brand" did not, could not center all thoughts on self; he trusted his fellows, counted upon them, joyed in their deeds. And to forget self in the thought of others is for so long to reach life at its highest.

The Bar Cross had worked the northern half of the range, getting back to Engle, the center and the one shipping point of the Jornada, with fifteen hundred steers—finding there no cars available, no prospect of cars for ten days to come. To take those steers to the south and back meant that they would be so gaunted as to be unfit for shipment.

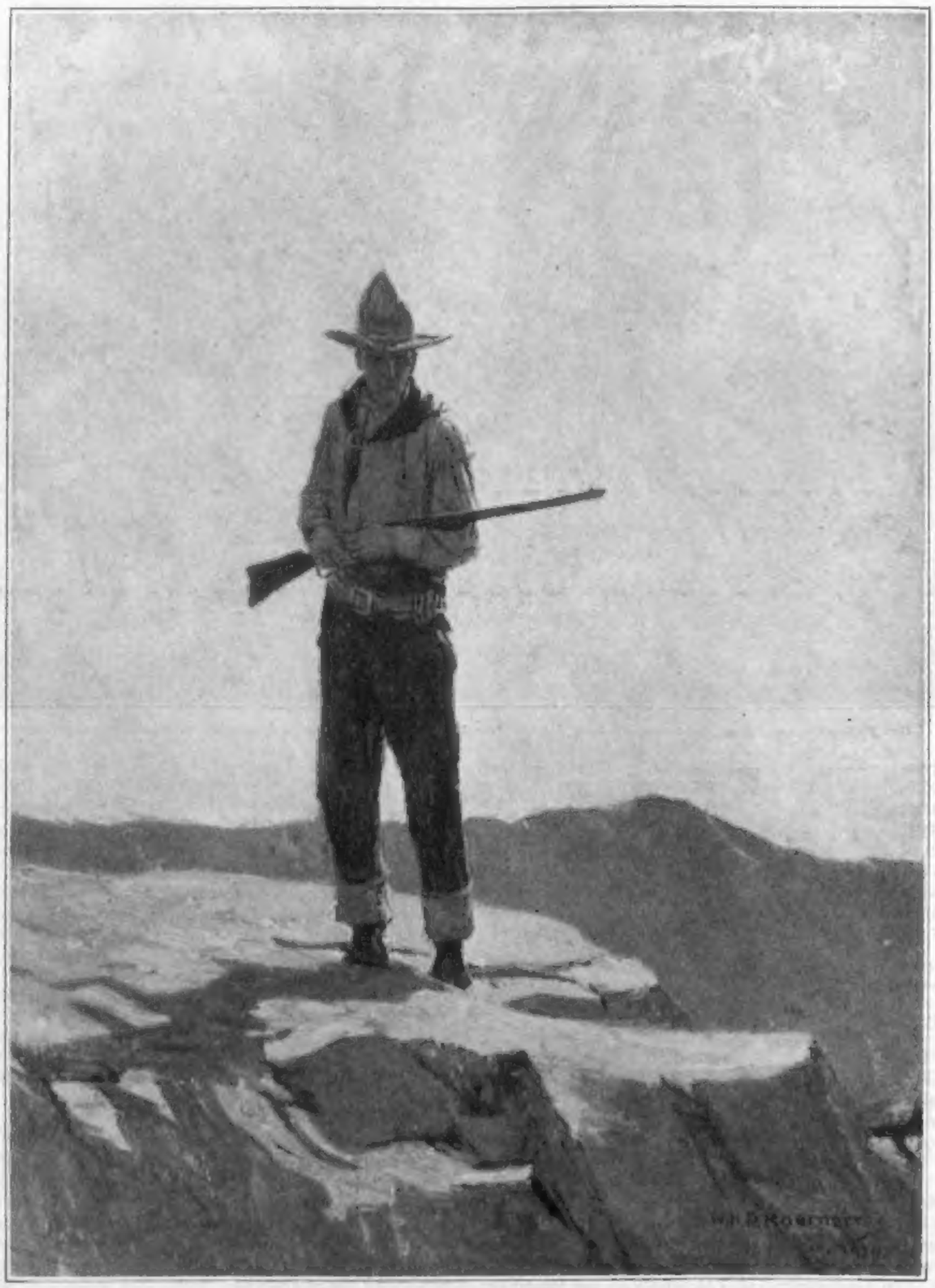
So the wagon led on softly, drifting down to the river, to a beating of bosques for outlaw cattle and a combing of half-forgotten ridges and pockets behind Christobal Mountain. It was a work which because of its difficulty had been shirked for years; the river cattle mostly came out on the plains in the rainy season, and got their just deserts there. Waiting for cars, the outfit was marking time anyhow. Any cattle snared on the river were pure gain. The main point was to handle the stock tenderly. From working the bosques the outfit expected few cattle and got less. The poets babble about the boaky dell; bosque, literally translated, means "woods." Yet for this purpose if you translate the word as "jungle" you will be less misled.

Johnny Dines sat tailorwise on his horse on the crest of a sandy knoll and looked down at the day herd spread out over a square mile of table-land and now mostly asleep in the brooding heat of afternoon. About the herd other riders, six in all, stood at attention, black silhouettes, or paced softly to turn back would-be stragglers.

Of these riders Neighbor Jones alone was a Bar Cross man. He was captain of the day herd, a fixture; for him reluctant stray men were detailed in turn, day by day. Johnny represented a number of small brands in the north end of the Black Range. His face was sparkling, all alive; he was short, slender, black-haired, black-eyed, two and twenty. He saw—Neighbor Jones himself not sooner—what turmoil rose startling from a lower bunch to riverward; a riot of wild cattle with riders as wild on lead and swing and point. The day's catch comes sedately to the day herd as a usual thing; but this day's catch was bosque cattle—renegades and desperates of a dozen brands.

Jody Weir, on Johnny's right, sat on the sand in the shadow of his horses. This was not ethical; seeing him, Yoast and Ralston, leading the riot,

(Continued on Page 132)



He Wore a Steeple-Crowned Hat and He Carried a Long Rifle in the Crook of His Arm

THE BUCKPASSER

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

AS IT became manifest that he was not to be discharged, Wilbur Haskett was conscious of something like disappointment. Not that he actually enjoyed the process of ouster—it had distressing concomitants and consequences which he exceedingly disliked—but he had discovered that it also possessed redeeming qualities. In some respects, indeed, it was distinctly better to be fired than to be hired. He had a liberal acquaintance with both.

Dismissal had at its worst a refreshing finality. It closed a chapter with a thumping full stop, leaving Wilbur in no perplexity concerning his course. Usually, too, it involved a rather explosive interview, and the effect of emerging to the relative calm of the outer air was like the agreeable peace which supersedes the thunderstorm. But most of all Wilbur liked the entire freedom of responsibility which he had found to be the inalienable privilege of the dischargee.

Whatever the alleged reasons leading up to dismissal, it was incontestable that Wilbur Haskett had had no vote or voice in the decision itself. To be fired indeed connoted a passivity equivalent to that of the acquiescent missile in the cannon's angry mouth. Always after his adventures in discharge Wilbur had something of the light, joyous irresponsibility of the thistledown, the sense of being carried in a current against which there was neither means nor obligation to struggle. This consciousness of release he had begun to enjoy in anticipation when Mr. Thurlow explicitly disclaimed sinister intentions.

"I've had first-rate reports about you, Haskett. You seem to be the only man in the office who hasn't earned half a dozen grudges, and you seem to know your work, too."

Wilbur fumbled for a response, and compromised on a grin, which committed him to nothing. It was clear that he was not to be fired just yet. This being evident, the interview lost interest at once. He watched Mr. Thurlow politely, aware of an unfamiliar anxiety in the president's face. Thomas Thurlow usually exhibited a mien of aloof and impressive dignity. He was a tall, big-boned man, and the years had added a certain effect of power to his bulk. His lips in their normal aspect fitted nicely together. The deep line curving from nostril round the end of the mouth registered a fixity of purpose, a determination which Wilbur found rather awe-inspiring. But to-day there was a touch of indecision, of concern, in the pink, clean-shaven face, a note of dubiety in the voice.

"Larner himself speaks well of you," pursued Thurlow in the tone of one who argues with himself. "You're the only man in the outfit he has a good word for. I'd be disposed to doubt his judgment if it weren't confirmed by Mr. McIlhenny and Mr. Torbitt. And the men on the road all seem to like you, too."

His Approval Deepened. Some Girls Would Have Asked Him What He Wanted to Do. Cynthia Saved a Fellow the Nuisance of Making Up His Mind

Again Wilbur confined himself to a grin, but he began to be uneasy. All this compliment plainly led up to something.

He could not foresee the conclusion, but the premise made him mildly uncomfortable. He thought almost wistfully of occasions on which he had listened to very different opinions of his character and ability.

"I'd hesitate to do it on my own judgment," pursued Thurlow. "You're pretty young, and your record before you came to us looks discouraging. In fact, I wouldn't have given you a trial in the first place if it hadn't been for your father. But you've done well, as far as I can find out, and I'm so sick and tired of straightening out quarrels that I'm inclined to take more of a chance than I ought to."

He passed his hand across his forehead as if to iron out the lines which grooved it vertically. Wilbur, without knowing why, was suddenly sorry for him. He looked old and tired and worried.

"Larner's a first-class man," said Thurlow. "We were glad to get him. He's a live wire. But"—he swung a hand wearily—"he's no diplomat. He's stirred up a fuss with every other department head in the factory. He's rubbed all the travelers the wrong way. He's even got us in wrong with some of our best customers, and he won't compromise—won't give an inch."

Wilbur nodded. A. W. Larner commanded his reluctant admiration for these very qualities. Ever since he had begun his labors as assistant to the sales manager he had observed Larner's electric personality with something like awe. Energy crackled from A. W. Larner's finger tips; decision rang in his voice; conviction was engraved indelibly in his lean, grim lantern jaws. Aware of his own lamentable shortcomings in these respects, Wilbur regarded his superior with deepening reverence, untinged, however, with envy. The mere thought of emulating A. W. Larner's dynamic example made Wilbur feel tired. But he recognized the man's quality and paid it due measure of esteem.

"We've come to the show-down at last," said Mr. Thurlow. "Larner demands a free hand in reorganizing the whole plant, or he'll quit. He wants to get rid of pretty nearly everybody; he wants to change the fixed policy of selling to the jewelry trade and go after department-store business instead; he wants—oh, I don't know what he doesn't want! It doesn't matter. I'm letting him quit."

Wilbur started. This was a catastrophe. He got on beautifully with Larner. Working under a man who never asked or accepted suggestions, who exacted only meticulous obedience, was precisely what suited Wilbur's tastes and abilities. A new chief would be quick to discover his defects—just as these had been detected in the other jobs he had held and lost. He brightened slightly at the thought. In that case he would probably be fired anyway. He was beginning to be tired of the routine which had engaged him surprisingly for two years. A change would be refreshing. Still the thought of the Thurlow Clock Works without A. W. Larner was disquieting. He shook his head at it. Thurlow compressed his lips.

"Of course I could advertise for a new sales manager," he said. "But that means breaking in an outsider, and Larner's stirred up the force so that they're all going round with chips on their shoulders looking for trouble. Or I could bring in one of the travelers. But if I do that I'll have to fill his place on the road, and the other men will be sore. I—what do you think, Haskett?"

He shot the question at Wilbur abruptly, in the fashion which always distressed him. Questions should be propounded, he felt, gradually, diplomatically, giving a fellow a chance to look them over before formulating an answer. He shook his head as if thinking deeply. Instinct served him well. You could always side-step these formidable issues—leave them to somebody else who liked volunteering opinions.

"Why, if I were you, sir ——" Wilbur liked the disclaimer involved in the supposition. Somehow it seemed always to remove him a little farther from the position of responsibility for what he said. "If I were you," he repeated for emphasis as well as time, "I'd ask the travelers about it, and the other department heads too."

He brightened.

"You see, if they suggest some course it—it makes them responsible for it. They can't very well complain if you do what they want."

Thurlow looked pleased.

"That's exactly what I have done," he said. "Only I hadn't reasoned it out like that. And they all agree, for once."

Wilbur breathed more easily. He'd avoided that one very well. He prepared himself for the next pitfall. But Mr. Thurlow had no more questions. He recovered a measure of his normal assurance, the brief display of indecision ending abruptly.

"I've put it up to them, and they've agreed on what they want. So rather against my own judgment I'm going to let 'em have their way. I'm going to make you sales manager, Haskett, and give you a free hand as far as I can. You know the business, you know the men, you know the problems we're up against. Go ahead and show what you can do."

He offered his hand with some formality. Mechanically Wilbur sealed the compact with his own, his mind flattened under the catastrophe.

Sales manager! Wilbur Haskett enthroned in the mighty place of A. W. Larner, confronted by the array of momentous decisions which Larner had made so magnificently! Wilbur Haskett, obliged to decide not only his own problems, but those of a terrifying number of other men! Wilbur Haskett, whose rooted instinct was to evade even a trivial issue, to lean on the discretion of stronger minds and clearer wills, deprived of even an advisory superior!

"It's a big chance—and a big job," he heard Thurlow saying. "It needs brains, which I think you've got, and diplomacy, which I know you've got. But most of all it needs backbone—initiative. And whether you've got them we'll have to find out."

Refusal, excuse rose to Wilbur's lips. Better tell him now and get it over with. It would save a lot of trouble. But as always, he shrank from any final step. Perhaps it would be wiser to wait and ask advice—talk it over with his father anyway. Yes, it wouldn't do any harm to let Mr. Thurlow wait for a decision.

"I don't expect you to be prepared with ideas right now, of course. You weren't expecting this any more than I was, and it probably startled you."

"Yes, sir," gasped Wilbur. "It takes me right off my feet."

Plainly this pleased the president. It showed a proper spirit of modesty. He looked more benevolent.

"That's right. Think it over for a day or two. Larner isn't leaving till next week, and you and he will have a good deal of detail to arrange between you. If you need an assistant ——"

"I will." Wilbur was in no doubt whatever about this. "There's too much work for one man."

"Yes, Larner says so too. He suggested that we might move up Miss Carston and get a new stenographer to take her place."

Wilbur snatched hopefully at the idea. Miss Carston was a very militant lady indeed. He visualized her firm chin with a sense of refuge.

"All right then. You'd better talk to her yourself. Give you a better standing with her if she deals with you. She'll want a raise of course. Keep it down as low as you can. And about yourself—you'll be wanting something in that line too. How much?"

Wilbur spread his hands.

"I—I'll leave that to you, sir. Whatever you say ——"

He saw that Mr. Thurlow was pleased at this attitude, and he felt a stab of self-reproach for his weakness. If he'd spoken up boldly he might have got as much as twenty-five a week. Now ——

"Well, I want to be fair. You're an experiment, of course, and I'm not going to give you what we've been paying Larner, but—call it thirty-five for the present. If you make good we'll do the fair thing."

"Y-yes, sir. Thanks."

Wilbur made his escape, puzzled. By all the laws of Nature he should have suffered for his besetting sin of passing the buck. Evading responsibility had cost him one job after another. Here apparently it had earned his promotion and fixed his pay higher by ten dollars a week than downrightness would have achieved. To be sure it wouldn't—couldn't last long. He saw that under A. W. Larner's dominating personality there had been neither need nor room for self-assertion on the part of Wilbur Haskett. Now, deprived of that overshadowing superior, standing revealed in his own colors, he would certainly be found out and fired in a few weeks. As he went back to his desk he contemplated the future in a divided mood.

"Alarm Clocks are Built for Men," He Objected. "And Men Don't Care for Pretty Little Dewdabs"

It was almost his usual state of mind, this balanced hesitation between alternatives. On the one side the dignity and honors and emoluments of the new position, a rise from the obscurity and servitude of a clerkship, a partial rehabilitation in the estimate of the people at home; on the other the appalling prospect of responsibility, the demand for instant decisions, the need, as Mr. Thurlow had put it, of initiative.

Wilbur detested the word. It had come to represent a meaning far broader than Noah Webster would have countenanced. It stood for an entire philosophy against which all of Wilbur Haskett's impulses and instincts rebelled. Initiative involved a habit of conceiving original thoughts, plus the more abhorrent process of weighing them, reforming them, passing judgment on them. People with initiative actually enjoyed thinking up things to do. Nor did they pause there. Forthwith they made up their minds to do these things. Sometimes under peculiar circumstances Wilbur envied such people, but below that envy was a secret pity—making trouble for themselves, inviting mental stresses and physical labors perfectly avoidable by merely abstaining from effort. These strains, too, must be endured by others. When they involved Wilbur in their widening ripples of consequence he stopped envying and pitying and gave himself singly to resentment.

And now he was either to serve this hungry deity himself or forfeit his unexpected honors. Either was a depressing prospect. He listened absently to congratulations from A. W. Larner, suddenly less august and formidable; from old McIlhenny, of the costs department; and Torbitt, who came over from his credit files to shake him by the hand. They didn't know his secret forebodings, to be sure, but somehow their speech reassured him. If they were all so sure that it was a matter for congratulations, why, perhaps it might turn out that way after all.

Wilbur Haskett thought unpleasantly of initiative, but he harbored an abiding affection for its political teammate. The referendum exactly suited his disposition.

II

"YOU'VE evidently turned over a new leaf. That's very good. But it's just as easy to blot one page of a ledger as another, Wilbur. The thing you've got to do is to keep this leaf straight and clean."

Martin Haskett directed toward his son an eye in which approval and admonition were nicely balanced—the eye with which he was accustomed to regard successful applicants for loans. It was therefore a radically different eye from that which gleamed sternly on rejected applications, and yet more unlike that which beamed on borrowers of whose credit there could be no doubt. Wilbur was accurately aware of its divided quality now. He wriggled slightly under it.

"Yes, sir."

"This is, after all, nothing but a blank page, on which you've got to write success or failure." Martin Haskett clung to the familiar idiom of his calling. "You've spoiled a good many of them, Wilbur."

"Yes, sir." Wilbur wriggled again.

"And you know why. We both know." Mr. Haskett paused to dissect the steak, his lips pursed. "It's because you—you persist in—in ——"

He scowled as he groped for the word. Dora, whose reverence for her father was perceptibly less than Wilbur's, giggled and supplied it.

"In passing the buck," she suggested.

Martin Haskett compromised between a frown and a grin. Dora's laxity in the matter of English tormented his precise ear, but her gift of hitting squarely on the head of the nail delighted his passion for accuracy.

"To use an abominable slang phrase, yes," he nodded. "You've evaded responsibility consistently all your life. You've formed a habit of letting other people make your decisions in big things and little ones alike. It's a dangerous weakness, Wilbur, and you've paid pretty heavily for encouraging it."

"Yes, sir."

Wilbur devoted himself to the steak.

"Evidently you've made some progress toward overcoming it," continued his father, "or you wouldn't have won this promotion. But if you show the slightest tendency to go back to it now you'll find that it will make trouble for you quicker than ever."

"Yes, sir."

"The measure of a man's success—any man's—is his ability to make up his mind. If I'd followed your system I'd still be a bookkeeper instead of a cashier."

"Yes, sir."

Wilbur meditated. This promised to continue all the way to dessert. He wished that he had waited to spring his sensation.

"You've got to think for yourself. You've got to stand on your own feet, fight your own battles, make your own pace."

The words jarred on Wilbur's ear. He hated thinking. He hated standing. He hated even the thought of fighting. All his instincts bade him drift agreeably with whatever current was strong enough to carry him. Looking forward to a lifetime of struggle and rivalry, he thought wistfully of the times that were gone. It cheered him to hear his father's continuation. If Wilbur relapsed into his old, evil ways, prophesied Martin Haskett, he would certainly find himself again in his dishonorable servitude. There was always that avenue of release, thought Wilbur. It had its defects, to be sure, but it comforted him nevertheless, like the consciousness of a postern gate of escape with a siege in prospect. He wasn't absolutely condemned to initiative and responsibility for life. It was never too late, he reflected, to be fired.

The lecture was resumed in the living room. He grew more and more uncomfortable under it, casting about for an excuse for flight. This presented at once the ordeal of making up his mind. He could go to a movie for one thing; he could slip over to the College Club for billiards; he could visit some congenial young woman. Each of these courses

offered attractions before which he hesitated helplessly, inclining first to one and then another, while the paternal wisdom eddied and beat about him. Dora, returning from the telephone, solved the problem for him.

"Cynthia wants to talk to you, Wilbur." Her eyes danced with amiable malice. "I should think you'd call her up sometimes instead of letting her do it all. This makes three—no, four times in one week."

Wilbur grinned. He liked Dora, in spite of her intrusions on his private affairs. Dora always had her mind made up in advance, a person of distinct and forceful opinions, and therefore exceedingly useful as an oracle to her elder brother. It simplified things to ask Dora which necktie suited him best. She always seemed to know.

Cynthia Graydon's voice came over the wire with a pleasing definitude. She had a trick of crisp, staccato speech which Wilbur found restful. He liked her in a passive, acquiescent fashion. It was easier to like Cynthia than not to, especially if she desired to be liked. Also his friendship with her improved his position in the household, particularly with his mother, to whom the social phase of the affair was mollifying. For that matter, Martin Haskett himself manifestly approved of his son's acquaintance with the daughter of George Graydon. A cashier, after all, is a cashier, and bank presidents are undeniably bank presidents.

"Come on over, Wilbur."

"All right—if you want me to."

Wilbur accepted the decision of the fates and Cynthia concerning the disposition of his evening. It occurred to him that he much preferred to spend it with her instead of watching the movies or playing cowboy with Lonnie Dexter at the club. He departed with a stubborn conviction that whatever Martin Haskett said to the contrary the habit of passing the buck yielded excellent results under certain conditions.

If he had determined to go to the club, for instance, he would have missed an evening with Cynthia Graydon.

His mood, as he found her waiting for him on the wide veranda at the side of the big, friendly house, was even more favorably inclined than usual toward her. She had extricated him from an indefinite address on an unpleasant topic. He discovered, in spite of a waning twilight, that she was nicer to look at than he had previously thought.

"We're going down the Shore Walk," she informed him. "Come on."

"All right."

His approval deepened. Some girls would have asked him what he wanted to do—would have concealed their own preference cunningly. Cynthia saved a fellow the nuisance of making up his mind. He liked the way she walked, too, he decided. She brought her feet down with a sort of emphasis, so that the sound of them on the concrete was distinct, positive. He found himself telling her of his promotion. Her instant and obvious pleasure both charmed and alarmed him. It hadn't occurred to him till now to consider his place at the clock works as in any way connected with Cynthia's opinion of him. Now he saw quite plainly that there was a relation. She was gratified in a degree which mere courtesy did not explain.

"I always knew you'd get on," she declared. "It used to make me so angry when ——" She stopped. "I mean that I've always seen your possibilities. This is just a beginning, of course, but ——"

"Yes, that's so."

He retreated before the advance of a forbidding reflection that there were higher and more exigent positions than that of sales manager at the clock works. At the same time he became aware that Cynthia regarded such eminence as desirable.

"You'll go right on up," she stated. "I'm sure of it."

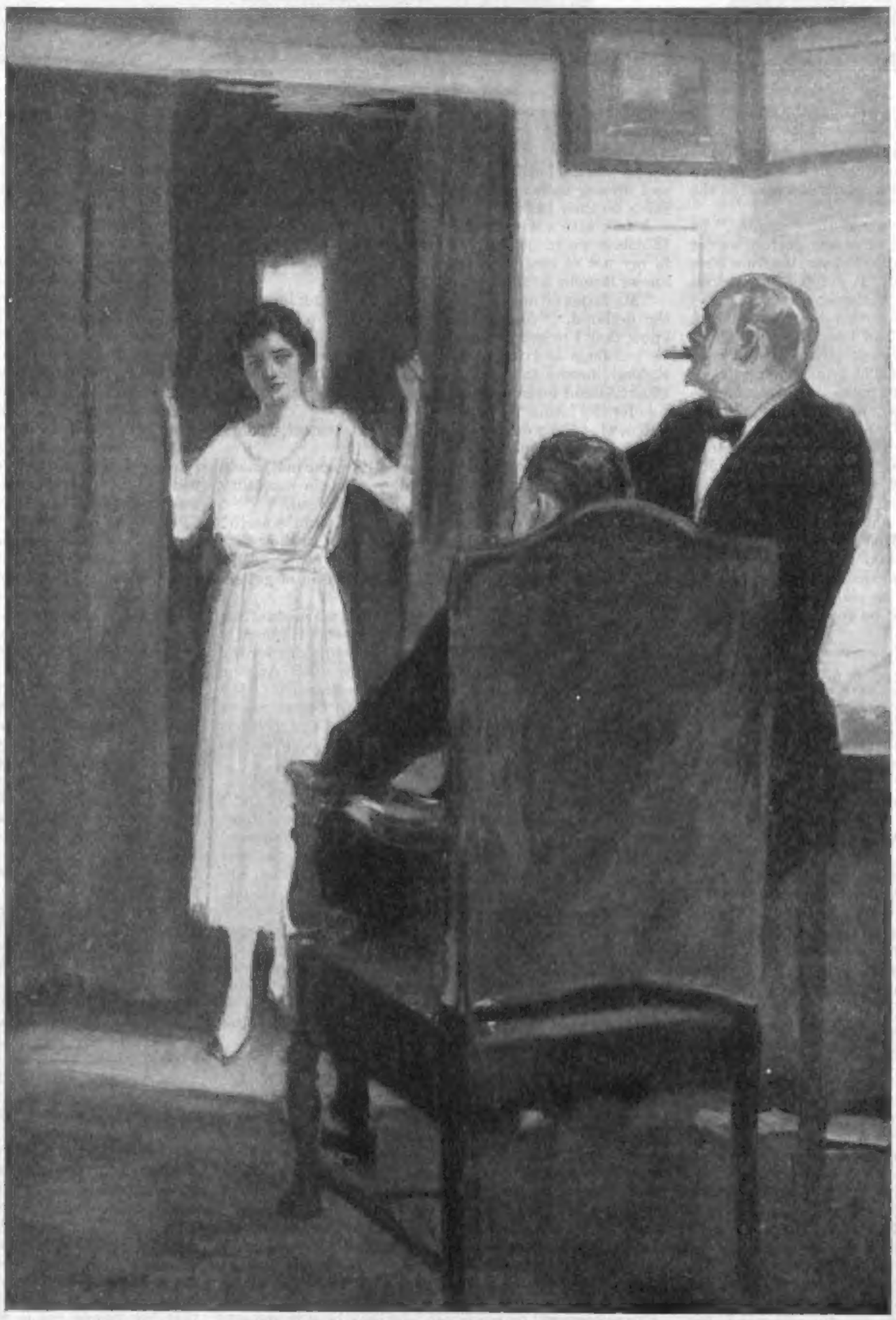
"Are you?"

He scowled at the idea of giddier heights before him.

"Positive," she nodded. "But you'll have to work like everything. You will, though, won't you?"

"I—I suppose so." He scuffed his soles.

"It'll be interesting. Father says—— I didn't mean to say that. I'm not supposed to repeat things he talks about at home, but it won't matter with you. He says the clock works are slipping downhill, and that if they don't get some brainy men in charge pretty soon there'll be trouble."



"Cynthia Wants to Talk to You, Wilbur. I Should Think You'd Call Her Up Sometimes Instead of Letting Her Do it All"

Wilbur nodded. He had absorbed this information easily enough during his apprenticeship under A. W. Larner. But it did not suggest itself as an added inducement.

"It'll be all the more credit for you to put the factory back on its feet," she continued. "I should think you'd be thrilled."

Wilbur wagged his head. He was quite sure that he wasn't thrilled.

"I wish I had a chance like that for myself," she exclaimed. "It's such a tiresome thing to be a girl, and forbidden to do anything interesting."

Wilbur saw light.

"If you feel like that," he said more quickly than usual for him, "maybe you'd let me talk things over with you sometimes. It—it helps to get an outside view, you know."

"I'd adore it! Promise?"

"You bet!"

He was appreciably relieved. Here at least was one source of decision, and it would provide him, he foresaw, with a reliable pretext for coming oftener.

He realized as he went home that his own attitude toward Cynthia had undergone a radical change during the interview. Hitherto he had taken her and her friendliness for granted, without analyzing the reasons for her evident regard or considering the event of their intimacy. Now as he walked through a scented summer night he seemed suddenly awake to a new and arresting problem. What, exactly, was his feeling toward Cynthia Graydon? And what was the end of that feeling?

As a mere clerk at the clock works the question had never presented itself to him. He liked Cynthia. That was enough, a conclusion in itself. But a sales manager, drawing thirty-five dollars a week and bidden to aspire with confidence to higher titles and fees, must face a farther future, must examine his heart more profoundly. He sensed the change in Cynthia as well as in himself. He was, to her, a new person, a man to be taken seriously, no longer a casual playmate. Likewise she stood in a new light to him. Some time he must decide whether the queerly throbbing thing in him was love; some time, if he loved her, he must confront the momentous, terrifying question of marriage.

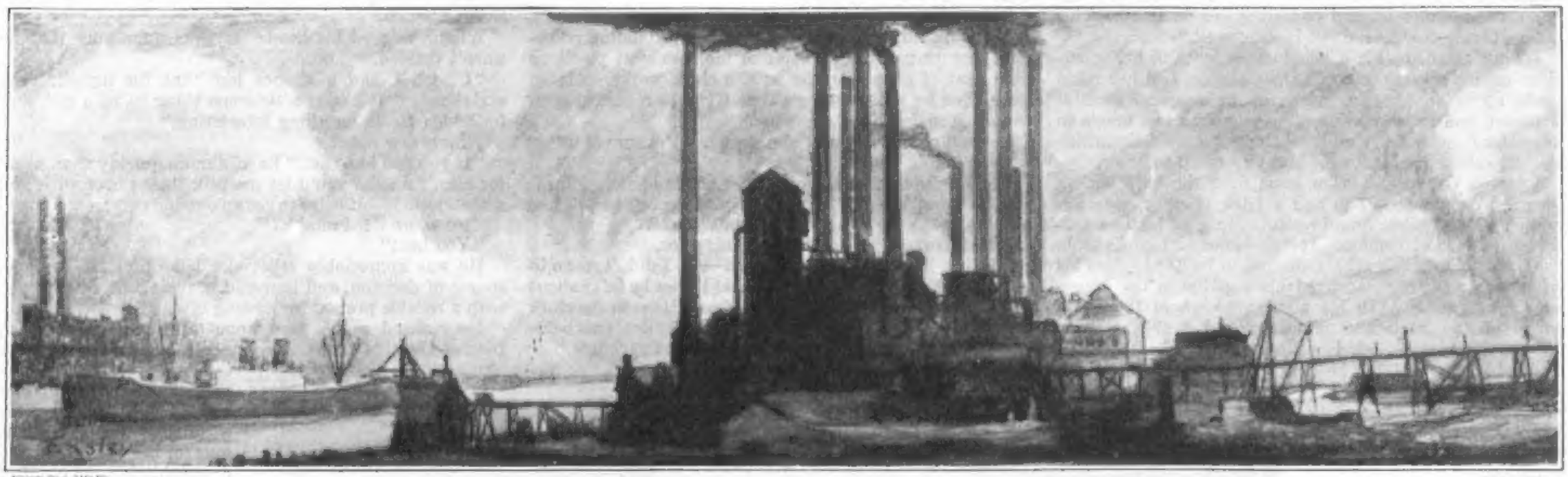
Habit lay strong on him. His first impulse bade him refer both questions to other, wiser heads. But as he considered this he was oppressed by the realization that here at last was a buck which could never be passed. He would have to make this decision alone and unadvised. The thought followed him far into his uneasy sleep. This was what a fellow got for being promoted!

III

A GENERAL, inclusive distaste for his new estate became specific as he contemplated the task of dealing with Miss Carston. The most impressive quality of A. W. Larner's adequacy had been his complete dominance of this woman. Wilbur, even in the days of his agreeable insignificance, had been uneasy in her presence—had painfully avoided a pretense of authority. When obliged to

(Continued on Page 76)

EVERY LITTLE HELPS



DRAWN BY J. EASLEY

By Forrest Crissey

A LOT of things had conspired to make me low in my mind—the same sort of things that are happening all over America to the average citizen. First I went into a Chicago hardware store and asked one of the owners for a coping saw made in the East.

"'We've had 'em ordered for about three months," he answered, "and it's likely to be three more before we get 'em. Why, we had a shipment of stuff sent us from New England about two months ago! It didn't come and we began a systematic search. Yesterday I found it—stumbled on it by accident at a certain dock where it had no earthly business to be. It had been there for about three weeks. When I asked the clerk why we hadn't been notified of the arrival of the goods he grinned and replied: 'Oh, we ain't had time.' And to make the joke complete he followed up this verbal jest with a heavy bill for demurrage.

"There isn't a merchant in the country whose stock isn't shot to pieces and whose shipments of incoming goods aren't weeks behind and whose life isn't made a burden to him because he can't get goods and can't locate shipments made weeks before and lost in transit. This condition applies to all lines. Doing a merchandise business to-day has the old-fashioned nightmare beat to a frazzle. You're hounded by anxious and disappointed customers and your business crawls on its hands and knees when it should and could be speeding like a track champion."

Then I went into a machine shop in our town to get a little job of lathe work done. The owner was leaning against a bench looking as if he were about to attend a funeral.

"Nothing doing," he muttered. "We get our power from the municipal plant. The city has only a few days' supply of coal on hand, and none in sight, and so they've had to shut off all power supply in order to keep the lights and the water pumps going—and the shop is full of work."

The Rift in the Clouds

THE next jolt came in the form of the strike of our high-school boys who were working at sixty cents an hour on a street-paving contract and went out on a strike for seventy cents. This action delayed the opening to traffic of a link of highway over which hundreds of automobiles and trucks would naturally pass every day. But the boys held that the road workers to the east of town had boosted their pay by three strikes and they didn't propose to be left in the lurch. If they didn't get theirs in the approved way it would look as if they were slow and not up to snuff.

The next drop in my bucket of mental confusion came as I happened to be in the office of the general manager of a big taxicab company in Chicago. He responded to a telephone ring and replied: "Yes, I understand from our superintendent that several structural workers are being driven quite regularly to their work in our cabs. And why not? If a salesman making seventy-five to a hundred a week were to ride to his work in a cab you wouldn't think anything about it. The riveter has it all over the salesman on the same rate of pay when it comes to having money to spend, because he doesn't have to spend so much in other ways." As he hung up the receiver the president of the taxicab company volunteered the statement: "No, the riveter isn't compelled to compete with the salesman in the matter of dress, especially when at work. But I happen to know that there are plenty of workers in the building trades who are heading rivets, laying bricks, carrying hods and driving nails and doing that kind of work with silk shirts on their backs—good ones too."

A talk with a widow who inherited two good Northern Illinois farms in the dairy district was the final ingredient in my pot of confusion. She is a capable manager and knows farming as she knows the alphabet.

"My farms do not pay me more than a meager interest," she declared. "And I have good average tenants and know that I'm getting at least average rentals. Repairs on buildings and fences and the usual taxes, with the Federal income tax, cut down my return to less than Liberty-Bond interest figured on a very moderate valuation for the farms."

Knowing the woman who made this statement, I knew that it was the truth and not a guess.

All these things, and many more off the same bolt, made me low in my mind—so low that my whole mentality seemed to be dragging the gravel of the roadbed.

Had the spirit of thrift utterly perished from the earth? It appeared so. All surface indications went to show that the instinct to save was an obsolete and rather contemptible trait that had small standing in the gay world of getters and spenders.

Another question which percolated the drab mists of my depression was this: Is there anyone left who is honestly trying to do straightforward, constructive thinking for the benefit of this country or any community in it? Anyone whose mind hasn't been jazzed into the dream that the silk-shirt age is going to last forever? Of course reason told me that there must be some survivals of this sort, but I was hard pressed to name them on the spur of the moment.

Altogether I was obsessed with the feeling that nobody really wanted to work any more; that the brow of thrift had been robbed of its traditional laurel wreath and given a mocking crown of thorns; and that the man who squared himself to the problems of to-morrow and tried to figure them out in straightforward and constructive fashion was being smiled at as an old fogy who had outlived his day and generation and should be taken home and put to bed.

Then I recalled that there was a meeting of county agricultural agents and farm-bureau men in Chicago which it might be well for me to attend. The conference on the marketing of farm produce couldn't add to my depression and perhaps it might help a little to lift the clouds or expose a shred of silver lining. To say that this was one of the most helpful and cheering hunches that ever descended upon a man in a period of low mental barometer is to put it mildly.

One of the first men I met there was Geoffrey Morgan, state agricultural agent for Kentucky. I told him a little of how I felt about the state of the country, the orgy of spending and striking and loafing, the general jazzed state of public consciousness and the disgrace into which thrift and any other impulse to make constructive provision for the future seemed to have fallen.

It was rather a sad earful, but he smiled and came back at me with the challenge: "What you need is to saturate yourself with the work that the whole States-Relations Service of the Agricultural Department is doing from one end of this country to the other, and then pass the dose on to several million more men who have been jazzed into the same state of mind you are in. The county agricultural agents, the boys-and-girls'-club leaders and the Home Demonstration Agents of America are working overtime on the job of constructive thinking and of thrift building, and they're getting results in every state of the Union that make them understand how solid this country and the people in it are and how superficial is all this jazz stuff that seems to have swept every serious and constructive thought out of the mind of the nation.

"Let me tell you about some things down in old Kentucky. But don't stop there. Follow it up and get a view of the work all over the country. City men everywhere—those who occasionally indulge in a little serious thinking—are in the same state of confusion and gloom to which you confess. But if they could see just what is going on out in the country as we see it they'd take heart and cheer up."

After I had absorbed all the sunshine that Mr. Morgan and his fellows of the conference had to offer—which was considerable and then some—I hit the county-agent trail and finally landed at headquarters in Washington—which is to say, the Department of Agriculture—to get a country-wide view of the work of this busy and devoted army of constructionists.

Constructive Forces at Work

THOUGH the ranks of this army have been greatly reduced by the war and by the economic situation since the signing of the armistice, there are still 4000 workers in its various divisions. Of county agents there are 2364; of home-demonstration workers, 1041; and of boys-and-girls'-club-work leaders 392.

In this great agricultural construction work the United States is divided into two parts—the fifteen Southern States and the states of the North and West. As to county agents, they are about equally distributed between these two sections, but for excellent reasons there are almost twice as many home-demonstration workers in the South as there are in the North and West. This situation is reversed in the matter of the men and women engaged in boys-and-girls'-club work. There are seventy-five of these in the South and 348 in the North.

The American farmer who does not know something of the work of the county agent, the boys-and-girls'-club leader and the home-demonstration agent—and know it from first-hand personal contact—is a curiosity. On the other hand, the city business man who has any knowledge whatever of the great nation-wide constructive work being carried on by these apostles of larger production, of greater thrift and of a fuller and better country life is decidedly rare—and he is the one who is in most acute need of the consolation to be had from an understanding of the steady, quiet, nation-wide influence which this trained army of constructionists is exerting. The cheer and reassurance which a knowledge of the big, systematic and unceasing work that is going on out in the country carries is for the thoughtful city dweller who has reached the conclusion that the public mind is in an amazing state of indifference to the future of the country and the progress of the nation in the things that really make life worth living.

If every city dweller, and especially the head of every business in America, could arrive at an immediate understanding of what the county agricultural agents and their helpers in club and home-demonstration work are doing in every state of the Union, this country would experience a sudden impulse of hope and cheer amounting to a faith that the people out in the country still have their feet firmly on the ground and their eyes fixed on the future with a calculating courage and determination.

Concrete demonstration is the foundation of the county agents' work. Conversation is a useful and necessary aid, but this work really rests on showing instead of telling. The farmer must be shown the reasons for a change in his methods and shown in practical results. Hence demonstration is the big thing in the life of the county agricultural agent. In 1919 the county agents of this country conducted 260,000 demonstrations under the eyes of 1,250,000 country people. Under the advice and instruction of these agents 7,500,000 acres of land were planted with selected and tested seed corn, and 1,875,000 acres with seed oats which had been properly treated to prevent smut, and 200,000 acres was planted with seed potatoes which had been treated against disease.

"Can you give," I asked Dr. W. H. Beal, who is the official source of information for the states-relations service, "a crisp statement of some results from county-agent work calculated to make the average city man stop, look and listen?"

"Well," he replied, "since 1909, when county-agent work started in a small way, production in the fifteen Southern States has increased as follows:

	PER CENT		PER CENT
Corn production	17.9	Irish potatoes	64.5
Wheat production	150.0	Sweet potatoes	64.6
Oat production	98.7	Rice	>2.3
Hay production	113.0	Peanuts	100.0

"Velvet beans increased from a small acreage in 1910 to more than 4,000,000 acres in 1918.

"Dairy cows have increased ten per cent in the Southern States since 1910.

"Under the direction of home-demonstration agents $15,000,000 worth of fruits and vegetables were put up during 1918. The total value of the dried fruits and vegetables conserved for future use was more than $1,800,000 in 1918. The grand total production of the boys' clubs in the fifteen Southern States was in excess of $12,000,000 in 1918.

"I give these figures because our fiscal year ends July first and the complete figures for the fiscal year of 1919 are not now available."

Some Amazing Results

"NOW take a few results in the thirty-three Northern and Western states for the year of 1918:

"The crop of winter wheat was increased by 23,000,000 bushels as a result of the Liberty Wheat Harvest campaign. Oat production increased more than 4,500,000 bushels. Rye production increased 1,700,000 bushels. Corn increased 13,000,000 bushels as a result of the corn campaigns. Farmers preserved more than 14,000,000 quarts of fruit and fruit products and more than 8,000,000 quarts of vegetables."

W. B. Mercier, in the office for the Southern States, was quick to catch the spirit of my quest and shot this terse summary at me:

"In our territory the total number of acres in crop demonstrations in 1919 was 1,612,024, with 167,765 farmers demonstrating. There were 18,284 orchards containing 4,970,922 trees used as demonstrations. In 1919 the county agents assisted farmers in bringing in the following livestock: 2445 horses, 10,435 dairy cattle, 24,235 beef cattle, 29,254 hogs, 7952 sheep and goats and a great number of different varieties of poultry. There were built during the year 1396 dipping vats and 2662 silos. Instruction was given to 147,326 farmers in the use of fertilizer. There were 16,411 field demonstrations with fertilizer.

"Under our agents' assistance and advice 6124 buildings were erected; 12,340 improvements on farm buildings were made; 3962 new building plans were furnished; 2578 home water systems were installed; 8154 home lighting systems were installed during the year; 81,851 homes were screened against flies and mosquitoes; 10,444 telephone systems were installed; 32,616 farmers were furnished plans and induced to adopt systematic crop rotation; 18,327 new pastures were established and 6000 old pastures renovated; 8432 drainage systems were established, serving 255,818 acres; and 28,184 farmers were induced to terrace land to the extent of 1,201,052 acres.

"Garden demonstrations were carried on under a special agent in Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Maryland, North Carolina, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Tennessee and Virginia. Marketing work was also most important and successful. Another special piece of work very successfully carried out through the county agents was the distribution of nitrate of soda, sold direct to the farmers through the Bureau of Markets. There was distributed a total of 216,599 tons."

Here I threw up my hands to stop the tide of figures.

To parallel this summary of results in the South with those procured along the same lines in the Northern and Western states is neither practicable nor necessary. Work in the Northern and Western states is necessarily along different lines, at least to a large extent.

C. B. Smith, who is in charge of the North-and-West outfit of county agents, was not backward with proof from the record that his workers had been on the job with a constructive punch that made a showing in practical results.

"For example," said Mr. Smith, "in the last year our agents have organized 437 cow-testing associations, with 11,656 members, and 853 livestock breeders' associations, having a membership of 28,396. They have supervised the testing of 163,079 animals for tuberculosis and 397,666 animals for blackleg. At demonstrations they have themselves vaccinated 68,223 hogs and have induced the vaccination of 1,337,713 hogs by farmers and veterinarians. They have organized 331 hog-cholera-control clubs. In the way of registered animals for foundation stock they have procured 232 stallions, 10,025 bulls, 16,584 cows, 4017 rams, 8925 boars. They have caused the transfer from one community to another of 16,876 registered sires of all kinds.

"One of the best features of their work for the year has been the development of livestock auction sales on the Australian model. The value of the stock marketed through these auctions amounted to $1,790,330, and a careful estimate placed the returns received by the farmers for the stock thus auctioned at $166,946 more than the stock would have brought by the usual means of sale.

"It is extremely difficult to estimate in figures the values of demonstrations, to express in dollars the direct worth of specific lines of county-agent work to the communities which they serve, but we have made such an attempt with respect to a group of the principal lines of demonstrations in the improvement of seeds and crops, in fighting pests and diseases, in building soil fertility, in the improvement of livestock and poultry and in establishing better buying and marketing facilities for farmers. We tried to make this estimate on a very conservative basis. This effort indicated a total net profit on the demonstrations involved in the calculations—a profit due to increase, of course—of almost $20,000,000."

Figures, however, can never tell the story of the constructive work of the states-relations service in its completeness, for the reason that a large proportion of its financial results are not directly traceable, but to a greater extent because the finer results of this work express themselves in terms of human character and of immensely improved conditions of country living.

Now for a look at the work out in the field, as the county agents express it.

Three L's That Spell Success

TAKE results in Kentucky as a type of what the agricultural agent has done in one commonwealth to increaes production, to stimulate personal thrift and to put these two prime essentials of economic salvation on a constructive basis. This seems a fair selection, because Kentucky is a combination of North and South and is also a midway state as to East and West. Besides, Kentucky is distinctly an agricultural state containing an admixture of extreme conditions—the rich, famous and highly developed breeding farms of the great blue grass region; the little, rough clearing patches of the remote mountain districts; and the varied small-farm section of the pennyroyal.

About every stage of farming, from the de-luxe estates of America's most celebrated horse, cattle, sheep and swine breeders to the one-mule hillside patch of the struggling mountaineer, is represented in its agriculture. As a body, the county agents and their coadjutors, the club leaders and home-demonstration agents, have had to meet and deal with almost every condition of poverty and plenty known to country life. Therefore their results are entitled to be taken as highly representative of the work as a whole.

These missionaries of better agriculture in Kentucky have a slogan which is not so profane as it sounds—"Give 'em T'I" The explanation that "I" stands for lime, legumes and livestock may soften the shock sometimes carried by this slogan, but it puts a world of practical punch into this odd motto. For example, before the state was sprinkled with county agents pushing for greater production and teaching boys, girls and their parents how to get ahead and increase their bank accounts and the value of their property, there were only 1614 silos as against 4116 in the fifty-three counties covered by a recent survey. Any practical dairy farmer needs only to glance at these figures to arrive at a lively realization of what this one advance step, this gain of more than 2500 silos, spells in productive power to these counties, especially in the line of profitable dairying.

But in the matter of changing sour soil to sweet and warming up the land to strike a new pace in the race of production, the work of the county agents stands out in still stronger relief. Before these counties had a taste of county-agent influence they were using only 1905 tons of limestone; last year their lands were treated to 83,137 tons of this soil sweetener. This one achievement of the county agents has literally increased the production capacity of these

(Continued on Page 85)

LEWIS DARE

By ALICE L. TILDESLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY MARY ESSEX

"You Must Know He Loved You. He Talked About You by the Hour"

FROM the first Moultrie felt that "Lewis Dare" was not his real name. Nor could they believe him English. He did not look English, though he wore a British uniform. He had unusual eyes, deep set in an olive face, and oddly tragic. His mouth was an artist's mouth, beautiful, sensitive and sad, but set in a forced, straight line. He rarely spoke, and never without the effect of pausing to choose his words. The war had been over for more than a year when he appeared in Moultrie to claim the Langham estate.

People stopped Potter Bland, who represented Lewis Dare, as he clattered along in his rakish yellow car, and asked him, but vainly. Potter knew little. He was not cursed with curiosity. He was willing, always, to take everyone on faith.

"Major Dare must be true blue for Mayo Langham to've thought such a heap of him," he said, his fair hair blowing as he stood, cap in hand, before Marjie Webb.

Marjie looked properly sad. If Mayo had come back, she wanted people to believe, something sweet would have passed between them.

"I hope he'll take care of the place." She wrapped her arms in her fluttering apron; she made a parade of being domestic. "I'd hate Fair Acres to go down."

"He'll make it look like a palace in a park!" promised Potter. He thought everyone sincere.

Nevertheless, as he clattered on to pick up his client he wondered uneasily how long it was since Marjie had seen Fair Acres. It was not a flourishing estate. Mayo Langham had left it three years before the world took up arms. In 1915, on his way over to enlist, he had stopped in Moultrie and spent a few hours riding from one hospitable door to another to call: "Wish me luck!"

He and Potter had passed Fair Acres together and looked at the forlorn manor, but Mayo had only said: "Makes you think of Belgium!" and they had raced their horses round the curve to Cedarnook, where even Belgium was immediately forgotten. After the news of his gallant end Mayo's friends, passing the place, would say, as they noted the fallen fences, the loose shutters, the shingles falling apart, that something should be done about it. But nothing ever was.

Then came Lewis Dare, presenting for probate the last will and testament of Mayo Cabell Langham. A curious document that, written in purple indelible ink on yellow paper, stained a dreadful dark brown. By it Mayo bequeathed to "my friend and comrade Lewis Dare" all his property of every kind.

"You ought to be naturalized," observed Potter as he drew up an entry in longhand, his paper propped against the court-room wall. "Countin' on livin' here?"

"Yes"—with a slight pause.

"Better take out papers, then. I'll fix you up."

But the major had some objection to that; what, was not clear.

"Want to wait till you're demobilized," surmised Potter and handed in his entry. "Got Queen Bess round the corner. Better stock up with provisions before we go to Fair Acres. I know a fellow makes the best hot dogs in the language."

Potter knew not only the fellow who made hot dogs. He knew every man, woman and child they met, and even the glummest had a smile for him. Invariably they mentioned that Mrs. Morton was in town.

"We'll spin along Main," glowed Potter. "Mrs. Morton is in town."

The major, who had heard that every time Potter had, made no comment. They rattled along the streets, Potter eagerly scanning the sauntering throng.

"She's wonderful. . . . 'Lo, Pete! How y' comin'? . . . She deals at Timberlake's. Let's see. . . . 'Evenin', Mrs. Webb! . . . We'd better go to Hogshead's. If the kids are with her they'll be havin' ice cream. . . . Hi, Dan! Where y' goin' with the old man's Lizzie? . . . Hope I haven't missed her. . . . Oh, Doc, Mrs. Wilson wants you to go see her baby. It's ailin'. Wish you would to-night. . . . There! Hogshead's it is! . . . Holy Mabel!"

It was over so quickly that no two people agreed as to how it happened. A child darted into the street; a car, clanging along its single track, a motor truck skidding down the cross street, a blue racer roaring down Main, arrived simultaneously; the major lunged over the radiator and snatched the child from instant death.

The vehicles stopped, miraculously, in the moment the major held his struggling burden aloft. A crowd sprang from nowhere. When the small boy was set on the sidewalk they were hemmed in.

The major, backed against the mud guard, found himself face to face with Mrs. Morton. The papers always spoke of her as "the beautiful Mrs. Morton." She was not really beautiful. She had wonderful hair and a smile that went straight to your heart.

She and the major were most uncomfortable. They repeated themselves. Her "I don't know how to thank you," began to seem like a refrain.

Potter ended it with a happy "Let's celebrate on a butterscotch sundae till the mob disperses. Wonder if George K. Policeman will run me in for leavin' Queen Bess on the wrong side of the street."

The small boy made a path through the crowd with sharp elbows. Two little girls leaped to meet them, clinging to Potter's hands. The major walked beside Helen Morton, his khaki sleeve almost touching the gleaming fur of her flung-back scarf.

"I'm afraid you'll find your place discouraging. I wish I'd sent Jimpson over to build your fire. I thought of it this morning, but didn't do it. I'll call up and send him over."

"It's not necessary, thank you." He lifted his spoon. There was a scar across his hand, an old scar.

"Germans do that?" demanded the small boy.

"No"—with that pause.

"Who did?"

"That will do, Blue."

"Wull, who did?"

"Men." A curious cold rage crossed the major's face.

"But who was they?"

"Blue! . . . I hope you won't tear down the tower. We've had such glorious times there. Then there's a little room off the kitchen. Mayo and Potter and I played there when we were little."

"Mighty good old times," agreed Potter. "There's a clover leaf scratched on the window of the upper tower room—done with a diamond by Lighthorse Harry when he was waiting one night for a signal to ride to headquarters with the news—I forget what news."

"The major never heard of Lighthorse Harry," scoffed Helen, but the major admitted that he had.

"Your duty to get naturalized. Any Englishman who has heard of Lighthorse Harry belongs to us. . . . There's Wince. Say, mother wants you to open your heart and bring us a load of wood. Sure, the roads are all right. . . . Know what time it is, folks? We must rush. . . . Oh—Helen, how about the unveilin'?"

"To-morrow at three. I'm praying it'll be warmer. The committee arrives to-night. Would you mind stopping at Wilson's and telling him to be sure to meet them? And—Potter! I wonder if you could go round by Campbell's and remind the doctor that he makes the invocation?" She smiled—that smile!—and said it was a shame the pack horse they made of Potter.

But the major didn't know what she said because she smiled.

Potter wheedled the scowling traffic officer into a reluctant grin and they drove off.

"She is, isn't she?" he murmured. "Nice kids, too. Letty and Peg are steps, but Blue's hers. . . . 'Evenin', Buck! Yes, I saw her, thanks! . . . Ev'body knows."

"You are engaged?"

"Not yet. Not at all, I mean. I just hope. But she is great!"

"She is," agreed Lewis Dare.

Potter steered the car into the winding drive through the park. Snow was piled in drifts over the flower beds and against the shrubs. The naked trees moaned above them. The benches looked dismal in the chill wind. The doors of Park Hall stood open. Someone had cleared off the steps. Within they caught a glimpse of a ladder

erected under a chandelier, and a girl holding a great rope of dark leaves

"Hold the exercises there," explained Potter, "but there's the statue." He indicated a shapeless mass rising against the evening sky, some distance across the park.

The major let a lift of one corner of his lip do for answer. He did not ask what local hero occasioned the memorial. He thought it could not concern him. They completed at length the errands people had intrusted to Potter and sped out the road to Fair Acres.

It stood, black against the flame of sunset, desolate, lonely, wretched. The broken windows in the tower gaped, a gust of wind sent a shower of dead leaves scurrying from the old vines, a shutter creaked and a shingle clattered from the nearest roof.

"Oh," said Potter, "I'd forgotten how awful it was."

Smoke issued from the farther chimney

"That's the kitchen. Reckon Jimpson's over."

Jimpson was over, as was also Louzy

The kitchen was a great stone-floored room with an immense open fireplace. A rusty iron range stood opposite. A freshly scrubbed table was set with shining glass and silver

"Y'-all's things done come, but that there Louzy 'lows you layin' to sleep on 'at cot ——"

"Go 'long, niggah. You dunno how to put it up!"

Louzy opened the door to the den, which she had sweetened with soap and water. The major's traps were piled in the middle of the room.

"You'll find it mighty cold," demurred Potter as the major took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. "Holy Mabel! Those blankets aren't enough. Louzy, rustle up a comfort. Jimpson, bring in plenty of water for the major. He's English. He lives in a tub."

He took one end of the folding cot. As they fitted the canvas over the frame the major's arm, bared to the elbow, caught his glance. The scar stretched its hideous length all the way. It looked as though it had been burned in. Potter's eyes kept coming back to it, until the major, noting them, pulled down the sleeve.

Potter broke the awkward silence by pushing aside the heavy curtains. "Look, major. You can see the Morton place, Cedarnook. Why, there's a light in Helen's room!"

Louzy, bumbling in with a great Indian blanket, found them both standing there, each wearing his version of the look her lady inspired.

Later, when Lewis Dare had finished his solitary meal and stood before a recently opened box, there was a fluttering tap at the door. He dropped the lid of the box irritably, crossing impatiently to the door. Irritation and impatience vanished. Helen Morton stood in the lantern light.

"Scandalous time of night for me to come over, isn't it? But the committee needed Jimpson and Louzy. I thought of your not having a lamp and not knowing about the wild lady—so I came."

"I am obliged" with that curious pause.

"There are two lamps. It's dreary—lantern light. This one goes like this . . . . Louzy did help, didn't she? But you need rugs and chairs." She lit the lamp and fitted the globe and shade.

"It is good of you"

"It's little enough after what you did for Boy Blue. You must have thought me an awful idiot. I saw the truck and the car and it seemed impossible he could be saved, so—so I couldn't get back my senses. I couldn't stop saying whatever it was I said. I felt like a clockwork doll."

His lips quivered into a smile.

"You'd rather I didn't talk about it." She returned the smile so poignantly that it left him light-headed. "This place is a tomb. If you'll bring the lantern — —"

"I'm quite all right."

"Without a comfortable chair? On this wicked stone floor?"

He picked up the lantern with another smile and she answered with hers. "Soldiering does get you used to taking orders, doesn't it?"

He said, "It does," happily. Taking her orders was a pleasant thing.

She led the way along the dismal corridor to the hall, from which a broad staircase rose to upper gloom. Bits of fallen plaster littered the floor, a chandelier hung at a drunken angle, something pattered across the farther boards.

"I'll lend you one of the cats. Blue shall bring her over to-morrow. Whew! The dust!"

They mounted the stairs, the lantern casting ghostly shadows about the silent walls. Somewhere a low moan sounded, again and again, until it was a shriek as of one in mortal agony. The major started, but Helen laid a hand on his arm.

"It's the wild lady."

"But who is she?"

The wild lady's lamentations made it a moment before Helen could be heard.

"The wind in a passage. It comes only on nights like this. Mayo and I used to try to find her, but we never could. I was afraid she'd scream to-night. I could imagine you breaking your neck in these ruins trying to find her. The darkies say that if she shrieks the first time you enter the house it's because of your past. There she is again! What a frightful creature you must have been!"

"Yes"—whimsically, the little pause covered by the wild lady's moans.

She opened a door. A deep chair stood within Beyond, a giant four-poster loomed amid the shadows.

"That chair will be splendid! There's lots of good pieces in the house. Let's explore!"

The wails of the wild lady followed them eerily.

"I'm glad I came. A traveler who stayed here during the Civil War went out of his head after a night of her moaning. I'm scaring myself to death!"

They descended the broad stairs. A battered mirror, cracked full length, faced them at the foot, and Helen screamed. He flew to her, but she was laughing at herself.

"I'd forgotten the mirror. I thought it was the wild lady! Oh, but I'm a cheerful companion for a man who's spending the night here!"

He wrenched the mirror from its place. The paper that covered the wall behind it caught on the back and ripped away.

"It doesn't matter. It will all have to be done over," she consoled him. The lantern's rays fell on the uncovered wall. The outline of the top and part of the side of a door came to view. "That's the secret chamber! A spy hid in a secret chamber during the Revolution. We used to look for this chamber." She shivered as she spoke, and he thrust the mirror back. Her fingers were stiff with cold

"I'm a fool! I'll get you some coffee at once."

He did, seating her in the deep chair, her little feet toasting on the fender.

"They won't be anxious about you?"

He brought his own cup to the far end of the mantel.

"They think I'm in bed, bless you! Uncle Dean is entertaining them. They were relieved that I didn't insist on staying. They haven't much opinion of me. I preferred a different memorial. One that would do good to those living. But you're tired. I'll go."

He protested, but she was already wrapping herself in her cloak, and she backed away, laughing. She tripped over the box lid, and he caught her, but not soon enough to prevent her striking the box Something within knocked against the side.

"What is it? It's not hurt?"

He had the object in his arms. It was a violin.

"You play?"

"Yes"—reluctantly.

She did not press it, but she did not miss the tender care with which he set his

(Continued on Page 114)

"I'd Forgotten the Mirror. I Thought It Was the Wild Lady!"

BACK TO NATURE—AND BACK

By Edward Streeter

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

IT WAS a blistering June afternoon. The street was deserted. The world had crawled into the shade momentarily to take refuge from the sun. Beany and Gangleshanks turned listlessly in at the Tub's driveway. They had both indulged in three consecutive ice-cream sodas at Mrs. McGruder's and felt rather depressed in consequence. It was also the first day of summer vacation, and as yet nothing out of the ordinary had happened. Both believed it to be their duty to fill every moment of liberty with action. To do nothing was to admit that school had a definite place in their lives.

In the rear of the yard, almost concealed from view by a large bush, stood a tent. Underneath its shelter reclined Alexander Mayo Hemingway, more familiarly known as the Tub. Beads of perspiration rolled unhindered down his chubby face. A thick sporting-goods catalogue lay open at his elbow. Beany and Gangleshanks crawled into the tent and lay down on their stomachs beside him.

This tent had been presented to the Tub on the occasion of his eleventh birthday by his father. The latter planned to borrow it for a fishing trip later in the season and in this way to reduce the high cost of living by one purchase. Beany and Gangleshanks had each assumed part ownership in the gift as a matter of course. Before they had finished putting it up they referred to it as "our tent." Indeed, as time went on the Tub's interest became more and more problematical. They had even considered removing it from the Hemingway yard to some more-convenient place. The tent had proved a life-saver by helping to pass the last terrible week before school closed. Round it Beany had invented a game known as Indians, in which the Tub impersonated a lonely white trapper, while Beany and Gangleshanks took the part of savage aborigines.

This game had for its object the extermination of trappers. The Tub was captured and bound to the torture stake, conveniently furnished by the local telephone company. After he had been allowed to dissolve under the June sun for what was considered a dignified period he was put to the torture. This was applied through the medium of his ribs. When he had been reduced to a state of abject hysterics he was dragged round the yard by the heels as an antidote, with the result that the Hemingway laundress had already given notice.

At first the Tub had objected to the monotony of this procedure. Beany, however, with commendable patience, had brought him a book from his personal library of Indian lore entitled The Young Trapper Among the Mohicans. In the course of his adventures the hero of this work fell into the hands of the Mohicans, who showed their hospitality by sticking burning splinters into his skin. Through it all the young trapper continued to smile calmly, which so impressed the Mohicans that they liberated him when almost dead and gave him the chief's daughter in marriage.

By means of this story the Tub had been convinced that he held the post of honor in the game. When he pointed out that the original hero had been finally rewarded Beany and Gangleshanks assured him that all he had to do was to show a similar indifference. Thus far he had failed dismally.

"Le's play Indian," suggested Beany, plucking a good-chewing blade of grass. He was heartily sick of the game after a week of repetition, but there appeared to be nothing better to do.

"No," said the Tub unexpectedly. "I don' wan'a."

Beany and Gangleshanks looked at him with disapproval. They felt that this savored of radicalism.

"I wan'a look at this bu-bu bu-book."

They peered curiously over his shoulder at the catalogue.

"Where'd you get that?" asked Beany.

"Came with the tent."

The Tub continued to turn the pages. The book contained numerous cuts of those collapsible conveniences which make life in the woods a perilous adventure. There were also fishing poles, guns, cooking utensils, tents, sleeping bags and a hundred other articles suggestive of a more interesting life than their present one.

They finished the catalogue, admired the lonely moose which gazed at them from the cover, then succumbed to the heat, more discontented than before. Beany watched the shadow of a fly crawling across the outside of the tent. Life bored him.

He felt this to be a very bad beginning to a summer vacation.

At that moment the sound of gravel being crunched under wheels came to their ears. Beany, on his hands and knees, peered round the bush.

The Three Jokers Took to Their Heels and Disappeared Round the Back Porch

"It's Mr. Javers," he said, standing up. "Le's talk to him."

Since their earliest recollections Mr. Javers had dispensed fresh butter and eggs to Walnut Street. He rode about in a yellow truck on the side of which was painted in foot-high letters "Javers' Model Farm." Though no one had ever seen the farm, there was a general impression, created no doubt by Mr. Javers' prices, that it was an exceptionally model affair.

Among other qualities, Mr. Javers was deaf. Beany had discovered this one afternoon upon hearing Hannah call him a red-faced old fool, a remark caused by his having left a good portion of the Model Farm on her kitchen floor.

Instead of defending himself Mr. Javers had merely beamed and replied: "Yes, indeed."

After several cautious experiments Beany had established the fact that Mr. Javers could be counted upon to make the same reply to any remark whatsoever. Once assured of this, nothing gave them keener pleasure than to follow him about, inquiring gravely if he were not a funny-looking old monkey, or if it were true that his brains consisted principally of cheese.

To all their questions Mr. Javers would smile agreeably and reply: "Yes, indeed." Whereupon they would retire to roll on the grass with uncontrollable laughter. Mr. Javers had left a crock of butter and a carton of eggs at the back door, and was about to depart when the boys approached him.

"Goo'day," he remarked pleasantly.

"Hello, Mr. Shavers! How're all th' li'l' shavers?" inquired Beany politely.

At this burst of wit the Tub was forced to retire behind the truck, where he made a great show of stuffing a veteran handkerchief into his mouth.

"Pretty cold day, isn't it?" asked Gangleshanks.

"Yes, indeed."

Mr. Javers removed his old straw hat to wipe the perspiration from his crimson forehead. At this the three jokers, overcome by their own cleverness, took to their heels and disappeared round the back porch. Mr. Javers, after looking about to see that there were no bricks under the wheels of his truck, or that it was not tied to a clothes pole, shook his head with a puzzled air and drove away.

Though the resulting hilarity was as noisy as usual, Beany did not feel in the mood for this sort of thing. When Mr. Javers had gone and there was no longer any chance of being caught by anyone he subsided suddenly. Gangleshanks and the Tub, after several half-hearted attempts to revive interest, also lapsed into silence. They lay on the grass, where they had thrown themselves, watching the shadow of the house creep across the lawn. The germ of an idea had entered Beany's mind.

"I know what le's do," he said, sitting up. "Le's go camping." They looked at him curiously, expecting him to propose some new game.

"Wha'd'ya mean?" asked Gangleshanks finally.

"Take our tent an' go out in th' woods somewheres."

"Yaw, who do you s'pose is goin' t' let you do that?" asked the Tub scornfully.

"Why not? I guess I c'n go campin' if I want."

"Yu-yu-yes, you can!"

"Sure we can!"

Gangleshanks was irritated by the Tub's acknowledgment of superior authority. "Patch Parsons went last summer. He isn't any older than us fellas. I guess if he can go we can."

"I know I can go," said Beany with an easy air. "It's just up to you fellas."

"I c'n go all right. All I got to do's ask father. He'll le'me."

"Bu-bu-bu-bet you can't," said the Tub stubbornly.

"Bet we can," replied Beany hotly. "Golly day, wha'd they give us the tent for if they didn't expect us t' use it? I guess I wouldn't be tied to an apron string the way you are, Tub. Wha' do you say, Gangleshanks?"

"Alexander!"

It was Mrs. Hemingway's voice calling from the back porch.

"Run to your mamma, li'l' boy," said Beany, assuming the careless attitude of a free lance.

"Yes, mother."

The Tub wriggled round so that he could see the speaker.

"Is James Fleming there?"

"Yes'm."

Beany sat up slowly.

"James, your mother just called up. She wants you to come right home and get ready for supper."

II

"WELL, Beany," said Mr. Fleming, glancing mildly across the table at his son, "another year of school ended, eh?"

"Yes, sir." Beany used the respectful tone which always presaged a request.

"Well, you haven't done so badly this year," said Mr. Fleming tolerantly. He always talked like this at the end of a school term. It might have embarrassed him to

The Tub Suffered the Consequences. His Face Was Scratched, His Clothes Were Torn and He Was Even Dirtier Than Before

explain just what he referred to. Perhaps he meant to express relief that Beany had not been expelled or accidentally killed anyone. "I wish you weren't going to be hanging round here all summer, though." He continued to look thoughtfully at his son. "I think another year I'll send you to one of these boys' camps."

"That's what I ought to do." Beany lost no time putting his foot in the door of opportunity. "This town's an awful place for a fella t' hang round in. He ought t' be out somewheres gettin' hard.

Mr. Fleming had an uneasy feeling that he was about to be trapped.

"You're right," he agreed incautiously. "There's nothing like a primitive, out-of-door life for a boy—or a man either, for that matter."

"Father, me an' Gangleshanks an' th' Tub want to go campin'." Beany took a long breath and hurried on as he saw his father's mouth open in protest. "You see, th' Tub's father is crazy about campin' an all that kind o' thing. An' he's bought th' Tub a tent. An' we got everythin' we need. An' if we stay in town all th' time we're goin' t' get weaker an' weaker an' there's no tellin' what'll happen to us."

"Nonsense!" snorted Mr. Fleming as Beany paused to take in a fresh supply of air. "Nonsense! You three kids go off camping by yourselves? I wouldn't hear of it! I bet Hemingway and Braceworth won't let their boys go on any such wild-goose chase as that either."

"Oh, but they will, father! They're crazy t' have 'em go!" Beany was not a liar. He was an enthusiast. "They're crazy t' have 'em go, an' they want me t' go with 'em. Mr. Hemingway's so crazy t' have the Tub go he's given us a tent. An' we got everything else we need. An' if we stay in town ——"

"But who'd do your cooking?" asked Mr. Fleming, interrupting the argument as it came round the second time. "And who'd take care of you if you got sick? Why, it's perfect nonsense!"

"Golly day, father, don't you think we know how to do anything? We can cook as well as anybody, an' who's goin' t' get sick? The minute a fella goes away everybody thinks he's goin' t' die right away. I wouldn't be surprised if we got sick stayin' round here, though. That's what makes a fella sick—hangin' round here. You said so yourself."

Beany turned to his mother, who had carefully kept out of the argument.

"Why couldn't we, mother, just go campin' for a few days? It wouldn't hurt us. Golly day!"

"Where were you going to camp, Beany?"

There was an amused expression in Mrs. Fleming's eyes, but her tone was serious.

"Why, just out in the country, mother. You don't have to go up to th' North Pole t' go campin', you know. We'd just take our bikes an' ride out in th' country till we found a good place. Can't we, mother?"

"I don't know, Beany. It depends on what your father says."

Mrs. Fleming had learned to be noncommittal. Beany, however, long-practiced in reading tones and expressions, knew that he had gained an ally. Immediately after the meal he met Gangleshanks outside.

"Everythin's all right," he said with sublime confidence. "How about you?"

"Fine!" replied Gangleshanks, who had gone through the same kind of a battle a few moments before and was no more sure of the outcome than Beany.

"Now all we got t' do is get our stuff together."

At that very moment Mrs. Fleming was pleading her son's cause.

"All right," said Mr. Fleming finally in a martyred voice. "All right. Let the boy go. He's your son, I suppose, just as much as mine. If you don't care what becomes of him I don't see why I should. My summer is spoiled, but that doesn't matter. I assure you I shan't sleep a wink while he's gone. If that doesn't count for anything let the boy go."

Mrs. Fleming, who knew her husband better than he knew himself, told Beany that night that it was all fixed up

III

BEANY'S room was a large apartment under the eaves, with gable windows jutting out on three sides. He was standing in the middle of the floor surrounded by a strange variety of objects.

"Come on," he said to Gangleshanks, who was lying on the bed. "Le's get this stuff checked up." Gangleshanks wet the business end of a pencil stub and held it poised over a piece of paper which lay beside him on the bed. "One ax." Beany held up a small hatchet appropriated from the Tub's tool chest. "One waterproof match safe."

"We ought to have more'n one," interrupted Gangleshanks. "If we ever lost that an' got our matches wet we'd be up against it, I tell you."

"Oh, we could manage!"

"How so, I'd like to know? How're you goin' to light a fire if your matches is all wet?"

"I guess you never heard o' makin' a fire with two sticks."

"Sure I have! You can't do it, though."

"Can too!"

"Le's see you."

"I s'pose you'd want me to light a fire right here in th' house. That's about all th' sense you got. Golly day! I guess ——"

He was interrupted by the entrance of his mother.

"Here's a little bottle of tablets in case anyone catches cold," she said, placing a small package on the table.

"Oh, mother!" Beany had caught sight of Gangleshanks, who—with his hand over his mouth—was going through the pantomime of hearty laughter behind Mrs. Fleming's back. "Golly day, you'd think we were all goin' out to get killed somewheres instead of just goin' campin'. All you think of is somebody gettin' sick or cuttin' off his head or breakin' his neck. Nothin's goin' t' happen to us, mother."

Mrs. Fleming looked unconvinced.

"I don't know," she said. "If I told your father what I really think he'd never let you go. What does your mother think of all this, Gangleshanks?"

"Oh, she thinks it's fine!" replied Gangleshanks, who was only allowed to go because it was understood that the Flemings and the Hemingways indorsed the scheme so heartily.

"Well, I shall be worried to death till you come back. You see, if anything happened I should have to take all the blame. You must promise to be careful."

"Of course we will, mother. Golly day, there isn't anything to be careful about, though! There's more to be careful about right here home, like fallin' downstairs or gettin' run over." *(Continued on Page 165)*

Beany and Gangleshanks Accepted the Challenge. Their Primitive Hunting Instincts Were Roused

"Who Shall Ever Again Have the Temerity to Suggest That the Jury System Is Not the Greatest of Our Institutions?"

"Equal and exact justice to all men . . . freedom of religion, freedom of the press; freedom of person under the protection of the habeas corpus; and trial by juries impartially selected—these principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us, and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation."—T. Jefferson, First Inaugural Address, March 4, 1801.

". . . if having proper evidence nevertheless the twelve do acquit the malefactor, whereby they will do some time . . . the prisoner escapeth."—Throcmorton's Case, 1554.

"So justice while she winks at crimes,
Stumbles in innocence sometimes."
—Hudibras, Canto II, Pt. 1, Line 1177.

"For twelve honest men have decided the cause,
Who are judges alike of the facts and the laws."
—The Honest Jury.

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

Beyond a Reasonable Doubt

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"LASTLY," says Stevenson in his Letter to a Young Gentleman Who Proposes to Embrace the Career of Art, "we come to those vocations which are at once decisive and precise; to the men who are born with the love of pigments, the passion of drawing, the gift of music, or the impulse to create with words, just as other and perhaps the same men are born with the love of hunting, or the sea, or horses, or the turning lathe. These are predestined; if a man love the labor of any trade, apart from any question of success or fame, the gods have called him."

Had anybody told Danny Lowry that the gods had called him he would have stigmatized his informant as a liar—yet they had. For apart from any question of success or fame he had loved horses from the day when as a baby he had first sprawled in the straw of his Uncle Mike Aherne's livery and hitching stable in Dublin City. He had grown up to the scrape and whiffle of the currycomb, breathing ammonia, cracking the skin of his infantile knuckles with harness soap. Out of the love that he bore for the beautiful dumb brutes grew an understanding that in time became almost uncanny. All the jockeys and hostlers said there was magic in the lad's hands. He could ride anything on hoofs with a slack rein; and the worst biter in the stable would take a bridle from him as it were an apple.

"Oft, now, I hear him talkin' to 'em, so I do," Mike Aherne was wont to say between spits. "An' they know what he says, I'm tellin' ye. He's a charmer, he is; like the Whisperin' Blacksmith. You've heard tell of him, belike? Well, Danny can spake to 'em widout even a whisper, so he can that!"

That was near seventy years agone, and now Danny was a shrunken little white-haired old wastrel who haunted Mulqueen's Livery over on Twenty-fourth Street near Tenth Avenue, disappearing in and out of the cellar and loft and stalls as a leprechaun haunts a hollow tree. Nobody knew where he had come from or where he lived except that he could always be found wherever there was a suffering animal, be it dog, cat or squirrel, and the rest of the time at Mulqueen's, with whom he had an understanding about the telephone. He was short, wiry, unshaven, with the legs of a jockey; and when he could get it he drank. That, however, was not why he had left Ireland, which had had something to do with Phœnix Park; nor was it the cause of the decline of his fortunes, which had been the coming of the motor.

Some day a story must be written called The Hitching Post, about those thousands of little cast-iron negro boys who stand so patiently on the green grass strips along village streets waiting to hold long-forgotten bridle reins. They lost their usefulness a decade or more ago, and so, by the same token and at the same time, did all that army of people who lived and moved and had their being by ministering to the needs of the horse. The gas engine was to them what the mechanical bobbin was to the spinners of Liverpool and Belfast. With the coming of the motor the race of coachmen, grooms and veterinaries began to perish from the earth. Among the last was Danny Lowry, at the very zenith of his fortunes as unofficial vet to most of the swell stables belonging to the carriage people of Fifth Avenue. One by one these stables had been converted into garages, and the broughams and C-spring victorias, the landaus and basket phaetons had been dragged to the auction room or shoved into dim corners to make room for snappy motors; and the horses Danny knew and loved so well had been sold or turned out to grass.

But there was nobody to turn Danny out to grass. He had to keep going. So he had drifted lower and lower, passing from the private stable to the trucking stable, and from the trucking stable to the last remaining decrepit boarding and liveries of the remote West Side. The tragedy of the horse is the tragedy of all who loved them. Danny was one of these tragedies, but he still picked up a precarious living by doing odd jobs at Mulqueen's and acting as a veterinary when called upon, and he could generally be found either loafing in the smelly little office or smoking his T D pipe on the steps outside.

He and Mr. Ephraim Tutt, the lawyer, who lived in the rackety old house with the tall windows and piazzas protected by railings of open ironwork round which twisted the stems of extinct wistarias, had long been friends. Many a summer evening the two old men had sat together and discoursed of famous jockeys and still more famous horses, of Epsom and Ascot, until Mr. Tutt's cellaret was empty and never a stogy left in the box at all. Probably no one save the odd lanky old attorney, who himself seemed to belong to a bygone era, knew the story of Danny's glorious past—how he had risen from his Uncle Aherne's livery in Dublin first to being paddock groom to Lord Ashburnham and then to jockey, finally to ride the Derby under the Farringdon gold and crimson, and to carry away Katherine Brady, the second housemaid, as Mrs. Lowry when he went back to Dublin with a goodly pile of money to take over his uncle's business; and how thereafter had come babies, and fever, and the epizoötic, and hard times; and Danny, a heartbroken man, had fled from bereavement and pauperism and possibly from prison to seek his fortune in America. And then the motor! Lastly, now, a hand-to-mouth, furtive, ignorant old age, a struggle for bare existence and to keep the tiny flat going for his seventeen-year-old granddaughter, Katie, who kept house for him and of whose existence few, even of Danny's friends, were aware excepting Mr. Tutt.

There was, in fact, a striking parallel between these two old men, the one so ignorant, the other so essentially a man of culture, in that they were both humanitarians in a high sense. It is improbable that Ephraim Tutt was conscious of what drew him to Danny Lowry, but drawn he was; and the reason for it was that the fundamental mainspring of the life of each was love—in the case of the man of letters for those of his fellow men who suffered through foolishness or poverty or weaknesses or misfortune; and in that of his more humble counterpart, whose

Any Juryman Who Allows His Mind to be Influenced by the Mere Fact That One of the Witnesses for the Defense Is a Pretty Woman Is a Poor Weakling

limitations precluded his understanding of more endowed human beings, for the dumb animals, who must mutely suffer through the foolishness or poverty or weakness or misfortune of their owners and masters.

Danny had sat up all night with only a horse blanket drawn over his legs, taking care of a roan mare with the croup. The helpless thing had lain flat on her side in the straw struggling for breath, and Danny, his heart racked with pity, had sat in the stall beside her, every hour giving her steam and gently pouring his own secret mixture down her throat. Nobody but Danny cared what became of the mare, left there two weeks before by a stranger who had not returned for it; stolen, probably. Cramped, stiff with rheumatism, half dead from fatigue and suffering from a bad cough himself, he left the stable at eight o'clock next morning, hopeful that the miserable beast would pull through, and stepped round to Salvatore's lunch cart for a bowl of coffee and a hot dog. He was just lighting his pipe preparatory to going back to the stable when a stranger pulled up to the curb in a mud-splashed depot wagon.

"'Morning," he remarked pleasantly. "Can you tell me if Mulqueen's livery stable is anywhere about here?"

Danny removed his pipe and spat politely.

"Sure," he replied, taking in the horse, which besides being lame and having a glaring spavin on its off hind leg was a mere bone bag fit only for the soap factory. "'Tis just forninst the corner. I'm after goin' there meself."

The stranger, a heavy-faced man with a thick neck, nodded.

"All right. You go along and I'll follow."

Mulqueen was not yet at the stable and Danny helped unharness the animal, which, as soon as relieved of the shafts, hung its head between its legs, evidently all in. The stranger handed Danny a cigar.

"I'm lookin' for a vet," said he. "My horse ought to have something done for him."

"I can well see that!" agreed Danny. "He needs a poultice and hot bandages. A bit of rest wouldn't do him no harm, neither."

"Well, I'm no vet," returned the stranger with an apologetic grin, "but it don't take much to know that he's a sick horse. I'm a doctor, myself, but not a horse doctor. Have you got one here?"

"Some calls me a horse doctor," modestly answered Danny. "I can treat a spavin and wind a bandage as well as the next. How long will you be leavin' him?"

"Oh, a day or two, I guess. Well, if you're a veterinary I leave him in your care. My name's Simon—Dr. Joseph R. Simon, of Hempstead, Long Island."

Danny worked all the morning over the horse, doing his best to make it comfortable. Indeed, before he had concluded his treatment the animal was probably more comfortable than he, for the night in the cold stall had given him a chill and when he left the stable to go home for lunch he was in a high fever. Doctor Simon was outside on the sidewalk talking to Mulqueen.

"Well, doctor," said he, "what did you find was the matter with my horse?"

"Spavin, lame in three legs, sore eyes, underfed," replied Danny, shivering. "Sure an' he's a sick animal."

"How much do I owe you?" inquired Doctor Simon.

Danny was about to answer that a couple of dollars would be all right when the thought occurred to him that here was an opportunity to secure medical treatment for himself.

"If you'll give me something to stop a fever we'll call it even," he suggested.

"That's easy!" returned Doctor Simon heartily. "Come into the office and I'll take your temperature and write you out a prescription."

So they sat down by the stove and the doctor took Danny's pulse and put a thermometer under his tongue, chatting amicably meanwhile, and when he had completed his examination he wrote something on a piece of paper.

"How long have you been practicing veterinary medicine?" he inquired

"All my life," answered Danny truthfully. "But I don't get near so much to do as I used. These be hard times for those as have to do with horses."

He got up painfully.

"Well now," said Doctor Simon, "I'd feel better if I paid you for treating my horse. Just put this five-dollar bill in your pocket. I guess you need it more than I do."

Danny shook his head. "That's all right!" he said weakly, for he was feeling very ill. "It's a stand-off."

"Oh, go ahead, take it!" urged Doctor Simon, shoving the bill into the pocket of Danny's overcoat. "By the way, have you got your card? I might be able to send a little business your way."

When his magic skill with horses was matter of common knowledge among the upper circle of Long Island grooms and coachmen Danny had had a few cards struck off by a friendly printer. A couple of fly-blown specimens still lingered in the drawer of Mulqueen's desk. Danny searched until he found one:

DANIEL LOWRY
VETERINARY
212 WEST 53D STREET
NEW YORK CITY

"Here, sor," said he, his head swimming, "that's my name, but the address is wrong."

Doctor Simon put it in his pocketbook.

"Thanks," he remarked. "Much obliged for fixing up my horse." Then in a businesslike manner he threw back his coat and displayed a glittering badge. "Now," he added brusquely, "I must arrest you for practicing veterinary medicine without a license. Just come along with me to the nearest police station."

"Now," He Added Brusquely, "I Must Arrest You for Practicing Veterinary Medicine Without a License. Just Come Along With Me to the Nearest Police Station"

When Mr. Tutt returned home that evening after attending one of the weekly sessions at the Colophon Club, where he had reluctantly contributed the sum of fifty-seven dollars to relieve the immediate needs of certain impecunious persons gathered there about a green-baize-covered table in a remote corner of the card room, he perceived by the light of an adjacent street lamp that someone was sitting upon the top of the steps leading to his front door.

"Are you Mr. Tutt?" inquired Katie Lowry, getting up and making a timid curtsy. "The great lawyer?"

"That is my name, child," he answered. "What do you want of me?"

She was but a wisp of a girl and her eyes shone like a cat's from under a gray shawl gathered over a pair of narrow, pinched shoulders.

"They've taken grandfather away to prison," she replied with a catch in her throat. "He didn't come in to lunch nor to supper, and when I went to the stable Mr. Mulqueen said a detective had arrested grandfather for doctoring horses without a license and he had pleaded guilty and they'd locked him up. I went to the police station, but they said he wasn't there any more but that he was in the Tombs."

"Who is your grandfather?" demanded Mr. Tutt as he unlocked the door.

"Danny Lowry," she replied. "Oh, sir, won't you try to do something for him, sir? He thinks so much of you! He often has told me what a grand man you were and so kind, besides being such a clever lawyer and all the judges afraid of you!"

"Danny Lowry in the Tombs!" cried Mr. Tutt. "What an outrage! Of course I'll do what I can for him. But first come inside and warm yourself. Miranda!" he shouted to the colored maid of all work. "Make us some hot toast and tea and bring it up to the library. Now, my dear, take off your shawl and sit down and tell me all about it."

So with her frayed kid shoes upturned on the fender, little Katie Lowry, confident that she had found an all-powerful friend in this queer long man who smoked such queer long cigars, sipping her tea only when she had to pause for breath, poured out the story of her grandfather's fight with poverty and misfortune, while her auditor's wrinkled face grew soft and hard by turns as he watched her through the gray clouds from his stogy. An hour later he left her at the door of her flat, happy and encouraged, with a twenty-dollar bill crumpled in her hand.

"But what do you expect me to do about it?" retorted District Attorney Peckham in his office next morning when Mr. Tutt had explained to him the perversion of justice to accomplish which the law had been invoked. "I'm sorry! No doubt he's a good feller. But he's guilty, isn't he? Admitted it in the police court, didn't he?"

"I expect you to temper justice with mercy," replied Mr. Tutt earnestly. "This old man's whole life has been devoted to relieving the sufferings of animals. He's a genuine Samaritan."

"That's like saying that a thief has done good with his plunder, isn't it?" commented Peckham. "Look here, Tutt, of course I hope you get your man off and all that, but if I personally threw the case out I'd have all the vets in the city on my neck. You see the motors have pretty nearly put 'em all out of business. There aren't enough sick horses to go round, so they've been conducting a sort of crusade. Tough luck—but the law is the law. And I have to enforce it—ostensibly, anyway."

"Very well," answered the old lawyer amiably but defiantly. "Then if you've got to enforce the law against a fine old horseman like that I've got to do my darnedest to smash that law higher than a kite. And I'll tell you something, Peckham—which is that the human heart is a damn sight bigger than the human conscience."

(Continued on Page 123)

ENCORE LES FEMMES!

Woman: A Political Animal—By Elizabeth Frazer

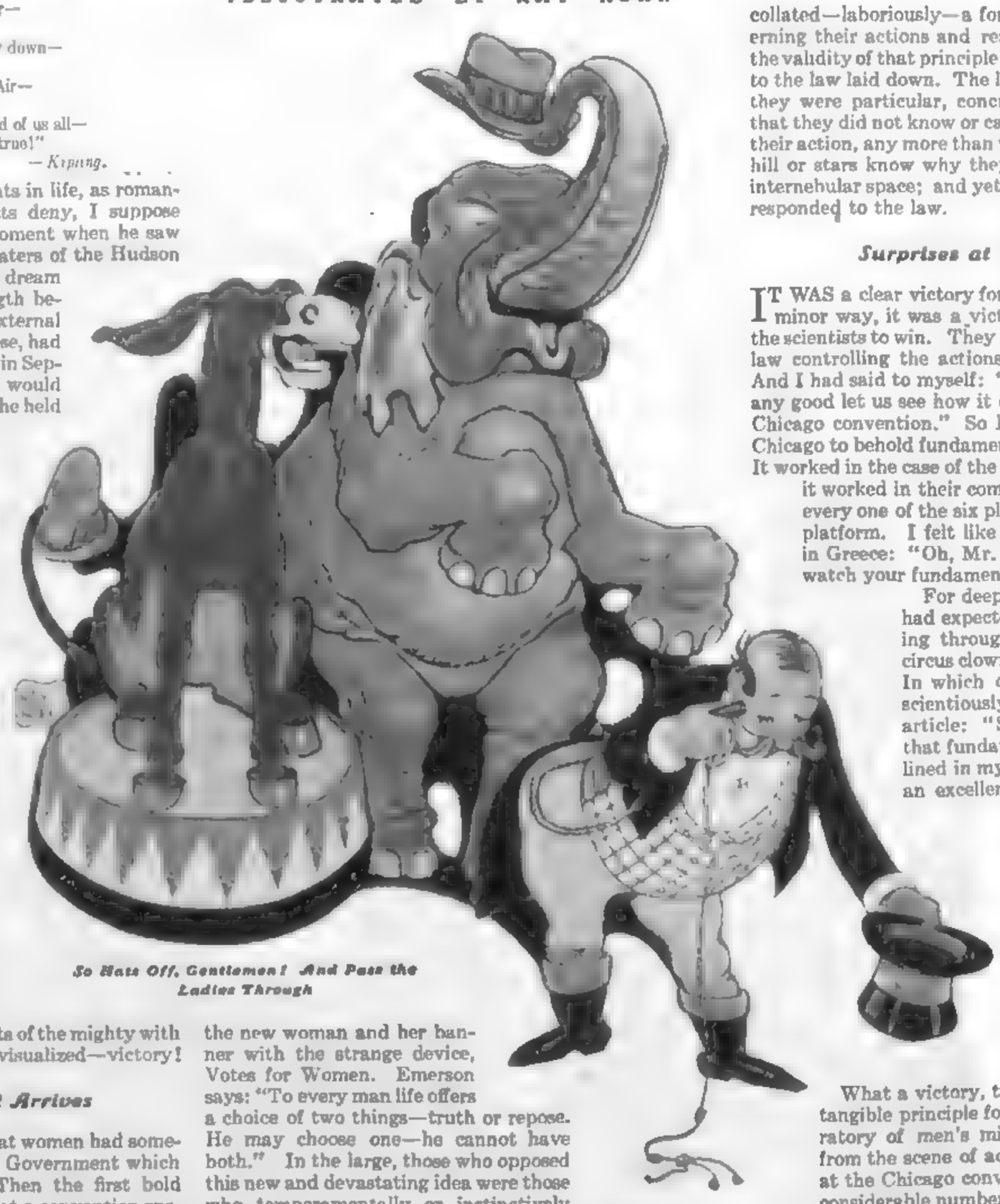
ILLUSTRATED BY RAY ROHN

"I'd not give room for an Emperor—
I'd hold my own for a King
To the Triple Crown I'd not bow down—
But this is a different thing!
I'll not fight with the Powers of Air—
Sentries pass him through!
Drawbridge let fall—He's the lord of us all—
The dreamer whose dream came true!"

—*Kipling.*

IF THERE are indeed great moments in life, as romanticists declare and crabbed realists deny, I suppose that Robert Fulton had such a moment when he saw the first steamboat plow the placid waters of the Hudson and realized that the bright intangible dream picture inside of his head had at length become a solid practical reality in the external world of men. Such a moment, I suppose, had Lincoln in the black year of 1864 when in September, after a string of disasters that would have broken the heart of a lesser man, he held in his hand the telegram of Sherman: "Atlanta is ours and fairly won"; thus presaging the end of the war and the preservation of the Union which had been Lincoln's noble ideal, steadfastly held through three and a half years of bitter agony and strife. First, the inner ideal; after that, the struggle to make the dream come true. Everything worth while seems to arrive the same way—wrapped up with pain.

And so, I suppose, such a moment of noble satisfaction had the women leaders at the Republican National Convention in Chicago, when for the first time in the history of the country they sat upon the platform in the Coliseum as national officers or down upon the floor of the convention as national delegates, copartners with the men in the business of choosing a Republican candidate for President. For upon the two front rows of that platform were ranged the standard bearers, the generals and staff officers of that great army of women who had fought the long fight for the political enfranchisement of women, and who, now sitting in the seats of the mighty with votes and party power in their hands, visualized—victory!



So Hats Off, Gentlemen! And Pass the Ladies Through

The Historical Moment Arrives

FIRST the inner ideal—the belief that women had something of value to contribute to the Government which could not be duplicated by man. Then the first bold statement of the proposition in public at a convention specifically called for that purpose at Seneca Falls, New York, in 1848. After that came the long, blind and bitterly partisan tug-of-war, more than seventy years of it, attended by scorn, ridicule and sex antagonism of the most virulent description. Good, honest, respectable people were almost evenly divided in the two hostile camps, but with this distinction—that whenever you found a man or a woman able to overcome a certain amount of emotional prejudice, and to think out the problem as an abstract proposition of justice, like an unbiased juryman weighing the merits of the case, in nine cases out of ten you found that man or woman ranged on the side of suffrage; and this even though, as was the case with many men, their emotions and instincts were often in open revolt against the types of female freaks who abounded in the movement. "Whenever," writes an eminent Englishman and believer in suffrage, "I went to lunch with Miss Blank"—a well-known English suffragette—"I came away perfectly infuriated in every atom of my being. And yet I realize that causes must be judged by their merits and not by their worst advocates." That is an extremely intelligent remark—with a ringing backhanded slap for the freaks.

As suffrage in America began to emerge as a principle it was espoused more and more by the broad, forward-looking minds. It was recognized as a big idea, a noble idea, a progressive idea, containing moreover a kind of primitive emotional righteousness which made itself felt.

In the group opposed to the political enfranchisement of women were men and women just as solid and respectable citizens as the suffragists, but wedded in their thoughts to the past, to tradition, to conservatism—in a word, to repose. They detested, with all the vigor of their natures, the new woman and her banner with the strange device, Votes for Women. Emerson says: "To every man life offers a choice of two things—truth or repose. He may choose one—he cannot have both." In the large, those who opposed this new and devastating idea were those who temperamentally or instinctively had chosen repose. So the conflict, as the nineteenth century drew to a close, resolved itself into a clear line-up of two forces—the forward-lookers on one hand, and on the other the stand-patters and those who still had their dreamy gaze fixed on yesterday. The end was certain, for life must march. Man is and must be teleological; he must live for to-morrow; he cannot stand still in his tracks. But ever since the time of Lot's wife men and women have been turning to look backward—and have been congealed into pillars of salt. It is Nature's own warning to the backward-lookers. We must obey her eternal marching orders: En route!

In 1848 the struggle officially began. In 1920 women were in national politics and officially recognized by both big parties. The forward-lookers had won.

Whether the women leaders at the Chicago convention tasted to the full their moment of triumph I cannot say, though I watched them very closely as they sat, fluttering their fans, blinking in the fierce glare of the batteries of searchlights or clapping their white-gloved hands as Senator Lodge, warm and emotional as an icicle, stepped down to the table to deliver his denunciatory keynote address. If they did not enjoy it it was their own fault; the historical moment was there. The fall of the chairman's gavel ushered in a new régime. *Vive les femmes!*

I said I could not divine whether the women tasted their big moment, but I had a private little radiant moment all my own when I discovered that the women in their activities had done exactly what, in a previous article in THE POST, I had prophesied they would do. I had said they would act in a given manner—and they had acted in that manner. They ran absolutely true to form. I had collated—laboriously—a formula, a general principle governing their actions and reactions, and they had proved the validity of that principle by reacting precisely according to the law laid down. The law was general, abstract; and they were particular, concrete. It is pretty safe to say that they did not know or care about laws which controlled their action, any more than water knows why it runs downhill or stars know why they wheel rhythmically through internebular space; and yet without knowing the law they responded to the law.

Surprises at the Convention

IT WAS a clear victory for the scientists. And also, in a minor way, it was a victory for me, for I had backed the scientists to win. They had laid down the fundamental law controlling the actions and reactions of all women. And I had said to myself: "Very well. Now if that law is any good let us see how it controls the women out at the Chicago convention." So I packed my bag and went to Chicago to behold fundamental law work. And it worked! It worked in the case of the women's nomination speeches; it worked in their committee meetings; it worked in every one of the six planks they offered for the party platform. I felt like cabling to Havelock Ellis over in Greece: "Oh, Mr. Ellis, come on to Chicago and watch your fundamental law work!"

For deep down in my heart of hearts I had expected to see the women go waltzing through fundamental law the way a circus clown waltzes through a paper hoop. In which case I should have been conscientiously compelled to state in this article: "Something is the matter with that fundamental-law theory which I outlined in my first article. It seemed to me an excellent theory, and it had the support of the very best scientists of the day, who vouched for its truth in a score of dull books. It still seems to me an excellent theory. There's only one thing which ails it—it won't work. In actual life it's n. g. The women don't obey it any more than they obey the Great Horn Spoon." And it would have grieved me to eat crow like that.

What a victory, then, to behold a theory, an intangible principle formulated in the invisible laboratory of men's minds thousands of miles away from the scene of action, actually work—and work at the Chicago convention, where certainly a very considerable number of theories did not work!

To pack a point of view in your suitcase along with your toothbrush and comb; to arrive at the convention; to watch the workings of the various committees and subcommittees, and all the little inside cliques and rings; to behold the flagrant bossism, the trading and chicanery, the squeeze-outs and freeze-outs, the kind of political morals that would be disowned by an alley cat; to say to yourself, with a sinking of the heart: "Is this, then, democracy? Or is it some dreadful misbegotten impostor—some new Prussianism, a vicious iron ring, clamping down the will of the people? But have the people, at bottom, any will? Are they not just a vast sea of floating jellyfish, mushy, squashy, lolloping to and fro in the trough of the waves? Then let them have boss rule. It's all jellyfish deserve. Hooray for the land of the free jellyfish, and the home of brave jellyfish rule!" To wander, a solitary little jellyfish, among millions of fat, hot, perspiring jellyfish, who presumably, like myself, desired decent honesty to prevail in politics as it does in business, but who, being jellyfish, lacked the backbone to rise up and kick the bosses out—and then, as you were about discouraged with life, to receive a grand double-headed surprise! For that was what happened to me. It was the women who administered the surprise, and also the men. That is what made it double-headed.

For the first few days of the convention, while drifting lonely as a cloud—or a jellyfish—I had collected a considerable number of impressions. I had drifted into innumerable conferences, male and female. I had drifted up alongside most of the women leaders and many of the men. Drifting, I had listened to a couple of hundred—or was it a couple of million?—speeches, male and female. Drifting,

I talked to various and sundry delegates, male and female; various and sundry state and national leaders, male and female. And the result of all this drifting was this double-headed surprise. The men surprised me by their badness. The women surprised me by their goodness.

Goodness and badness are, of course, relative terms, but I mean them in the simple old Biblical signification of those words. The men politicians—I am not here speaking of the several candidates, but rather of the bosses, managers, delegate chiefs, in short all the little tin gods who work the machine—seemed to me for the most part a fairly poor human lot. They were many of them stamped and branded by mediocrity like a cheap grade of machine-made goods. They were not guaranteed not to run or fade or crock. The single word that best characterizes their limitations is pliant. These gentlemen were pliant. They could be steered, now due north, now dead south, now arrested in a deadlock, commandeered now for one candidate, now for another, according as the drivers of the steam roller saw fit. What apparently moved them in each case was not loyalty to a candidate, or to a policy, or to the national welfare; not even loyalty to their own integrity and intelligence as men, but rather the desire to do as they were bid from on high.

I was surprised by these professional politicians. Unconsciously at first—and later consciously—I began to compare them with men in business; men who were the important cogs in big private concerns even as these politicians were cogs in a big political concern. Such comparison seemed to me just and warrantable. For politics was, in a fashion, business—it was the business of public government. Then how did the men of business and the men of politics match up when I ranged them mentally back to back? The result was ludicrous. It was like a cartoon of a man and a dwarf. For as I ran over the business organizations whose work I, as a correspondent, had had an intimate opportunity to observe at first hand; as I thought of that gigantic enterprise in France, the Service of Supply; or the Purchasing Board which bought the military supplies; or the complex transportation systems; or the various docking plants, those marvelous engineering feats at Brest, St.-Nazaire, and Bordeaux; as I thought of all this vast network of physical achievement there rose before my mind the big quiet army of business men who had conjured these wonders into being upon the landscape of France.

Do Politicians Lack Character?

I HAD seen thousands of them; talked with thousands; and they had laid before me their plans, hopes and discouragements as if they were an open book for me to read. As a group they had exhibited, and exhibited to a striking degree, those qualities which have made America justly known among the nations of the world—broad intelligence and integrity. What did those professional business men over there, who worked often in obscure subordinate positions and without pay, possess which the professional politicians lacked? Education? No. Social background or prestige? No. Money? No.

I pondered some time before I arrived at the bottom difference which separated—and separates—these two groups of American men. It can be stated in a single word—character. The business men, as a group, possess character. The professional politicians, as a group, lack character.

Now as lack of character is the gravest defect that can ail an individual or a firm or an organization or a political party or a nation, it is just as well to nail down this particular characteristic of the professional politicians for future reference. So much for the first part of my surprise. From a character point of view many of the politicians were not good. The women, on the contrary, were good. They exhibited as human beings the very character qualities that these men politicians lacked. I found in them the selfsame qualities that had animated the business men during the war—honesty, intelligence, and an unselfish devotion to a big ideal. That is to say, the women in their character, in their point of view, were more akin to the business men of the country than they were to the professional politicians. I did not find them hardened, cynical or bored. I found them, on the contrary, enthusiastic, intelligent, full of determination and quiet faith. Not world-beaters of brilliance. Not superwomen. Just the plain common salt of the earth. Their first contribution to national politics was character. And it seemed to me that such a contribution was not amiss.

This explains the nature of my double-headed surprise. But it does not explain what was the fundamental law which the women at Chicago unconsciously followed, crystallizing round it, formulating their policies and even their speeches round it with a unanimity as fine as it was astonishing. I used as a child to wonder if the iron particles knew when they were being drawn to the steel magnet by the deep, irresistible attraction of their atoms; I used to wonder if the tides, and the million million bright drops of water which compose them, knew anything about the mysterious compelling power of the moon. And as I sat in an obscure corner of the room at the women's headquarters in Chicago I watched women leaders from all sections of the country, members of the Republican committee of one hundred, members of the national executive committee, members of the league of women voters, rise, one after another, to their feet and say in effect: "Behold, it is good to do thus and thus"; or "We women of America must do thus." And in every case, almost as if they had been Nature's instructed delegates, their utterances and their desires were the utterances and the desires of fundamental law!

Seeing which, I said to myself: "We are all one, the particles of iron, the tides of the ocean, and women. We all follow the law. The women rise up in meeting and say: 'It is good for us to do thus,' while the iron and the tides are mute; but had they voices their chant, as they follow the law, would be the same, 'Behold, it is good to do thus.'"

If I dwell on this it is because law is not only the chant of the eternal ages, but also the leitmotif of these three articles on women. For my whole contention is that it matters not a whit in what environment, what sphere, what field of endeavor, woman—or man, for that matter—finds herself, just so that she does in that field truly and faithfully express the fundamental law of her being. For the law is everlasting; but the external environment through which woman—and also man—passes on her road of destiny is in a constant state of change and flux. Thus, no one has a right to say to women in politics: "Get out; you have no business here; this is not your road"; but only at the very utmost to say: "In my humble judgment politics is no place for women to express to the full those laws you are talking about."

And even such a judgment as that is somewhat rash. The utterer of such sentiments would do well to retire to some tranquil spot and reflect on politics and on the fundamental nature of women.

As a matter of sober fact the American man of to-day, and even more of yesterday, is not a political animal. He is a business animal. In business, with its million and one facets and allures, he can swing through a tremendously wide arc of individuality; he can satisfy to the full the restless, original, creative or power-loving faculties of his masculine desire. Business, in America, is at present man's line of least resistance, the line of his dominant strength. It is the great stimulator of his imagination.

It may be that with America coming more and more to the fore as an international factor the next decade will see a big change in the direction of the political current. It may be that in the future of our national development the best class of our young men will be attracted to politics, as hitherto they have been attracted to business. But at present the American man is not a political animal.

The American woman is a political animal. For that matter, all women are. History reveals their instinctive powers in that direction. "It is remarkable," says Budach, writing on this subject, "that throughout the ages women have shown less intellectual ability in the creation of religions than in the different sphere of politics." And he adds reflectively: "It is probable that women are more fitted for politics than are men." The context reveals that by this he does not mean that women are better fitted to create abstract systems of government, but rather that probably they are by nature more fitted than are men in the practical everyday working out of these systems. Mills, in his famous essay, notes the same quality in women.

And Havelock Ellis, one of the greatest living students of women, says: "Among all races and in all parts of the world women have ruled brilliantly and with perfect control over even the fiercest and most turbulent hordes. Among many primitive races all diplomatic relations with foreign tribes are in the hands of women."

And he adds soberly concerning the modern woman that whenever her education has been sufficiently broad and sound to enable her to free herself from sentimentality and fads she probably possesses in as high a degree as man the ability to govern well.

Swimming With the Tide

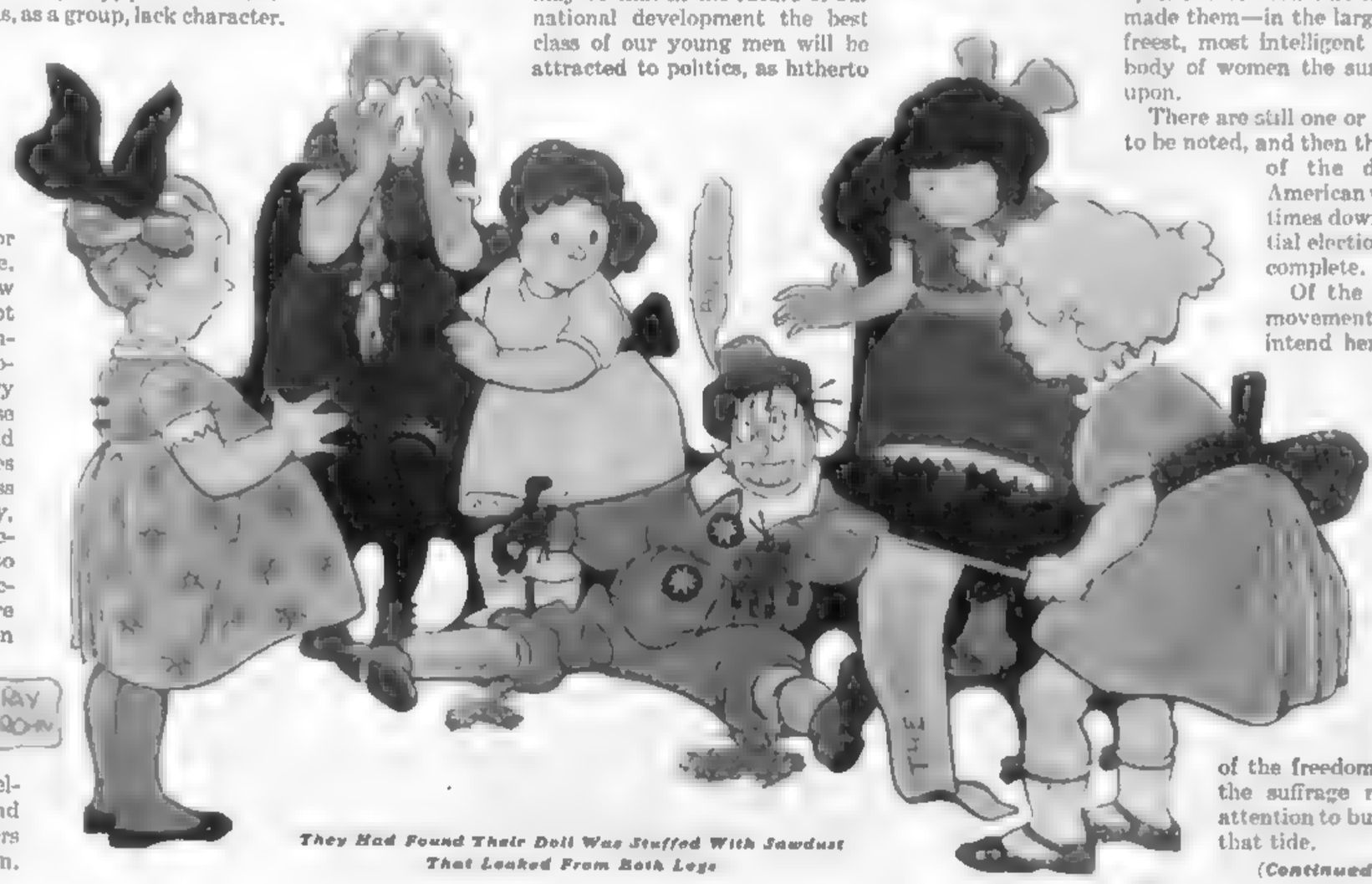
SO MUCH for instinctive aptitude. But American women in particular, far more than those of Europe, have received a fine preparation to play the game of politics—and to play it with intelligence and power. And it is precisely at this point that the present article joins on to the two preceding ones. For in them I sketched the stream picture of the development of American women during the pioneer period up to 1840, and after that during the rise of industrialism; and I tried to show how in both periods women, under the grim necessity of a tremendous external pressure, were forced to break away from their old conservative traditions; forced to think new thoughts and to do new things in a new way—and so became poised, self-reliant, strong.

In the pioneer period it was the stark urge of the law of the survival of the fittest which shaped them along rugged lines of resourcefulness and power. It made them forward-looking women sheerly because to remain backward-looking in that environment would have resulted in disaster worse than that which befell Mrs. Lot.

In the second, or industrial, period the external pressure which drove women out of their homes—which by the law of their being they love and guard more than roving, individualistic man—was that exerted by the big triune forces of coal, iron, steam. The development of these forces remade America—and they remade women's lives. Out of family life these three compulsive forces dragged reluctant women, who had, under the new conditions, three alternatives: To swim with the current of the times, to climb out on the bank or to drown. The vast majority, being forward-lookers, elected to swim with the tide of their times—and that tide swept them out upon the broad open sea of economic independence and made them—in the large—the strongest, freest, most intelligent and characterful body of women the sun has ever shone upon.

There are still one or two other factors to be noted, and then this stream picture of the development of American women from early times down to the Presidential elections of 1920 will be complete.

Of the woman-suffrage movement as such I do not intend here to speak, save only to say that it was perhaps the greatest single influence in sharpening and bringing to a point those other more subterranean and unconscious forces that were advancing woman's cause. The whole tide was setting in the direction of the freedom of women; and the suffrage movement called attention to but did not produce that tide.



They Had Found Their Doll Was Stuffed With Sawdust That Leaked From Both Legs

(Continued on Page 177)

NONE BUT THE BRAVE

By Thomas Joyce

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

IT IS useless to pretend in spite of the lady novelists that shyness is an advantage to man or woman. Though at least half the heroes and heroines of fiction are as timid as rabbits and blush upon the smallest provocation, though boldness and even self-possession are considered almost a vice in pretty girls and villains are always noticed to be cool and collected, yet no one who looks upon the world without prejudice can fail to see that the cool and collected among men and the bold and self-possessed among women are far more likely to make heroes and heroines than the bashful.

I knew a man called Craig, a shy man, who jumped into the sea off a Brighton pier to save a girl. The sea was not smooth and it was some time before a boat reached them. Meanwhile another young man, eager to assist, had followed Craig into the water and a life buoy had been thrown to them. Craig found at once that the other young man could barely swim. In fact without Craig's help he would probably never have reached the buoy to which he clung until the boat arrived, while Craig kept the woman afloat.

This latter turned out to be a well-known musical-comedy beauty. The next day's papers contained large pictures of her and of the other young man, whose name was Jones. Moreover, a whole column of text described how Jones jumped into a raging sea to rescue the renowned Miss Flossie. Craig, in short, had managed to get away without revealing his name. The enormous crowd that waited on shore to receive the heroes frightened him out of his wits and he left Brighton as soon as he had changed his clothes. Jones received an Albert Medal in bronze.

Craig, when he saw this news, remarked to me rather bitterly: "Bronze? It ought to be brass for a fellow like that."

I did not think this a very just remark, and said so, because Jones had been just as brave as Craig, though not quite so useful.

"That's true," admitted poor Craig, "and after all he's welcome to the gong. I don't want it."

But the truth is that Craig did want it. He wanted a medal perhaps even more than Jones, because to a shy man, feeling an inferiority which he knows does not exist in reality, distinction of any kind—a uniform, a title, fame, even a medal—brings extraordinary consolation. He can always think among strangers, "Damme, what about my title," or "I have a name as big as any of them, if they knew it," or "They don't know that I have a life-saving medal," or "They haven't seen me in my sword." Needless to add that Craig could never have worn his medal or his uniform or given his name to anybody until he was asked for it. But the fact remains that any distinction, however small, anything to seal his self-respect, would have greatly decreased his shyness.

At the very time when Mr. Jones was being eulogized for the second time, at the presentation of the medal and a gold watch by the mayor of Brighton, Craig, who was staying with the Simpsons, would have given a fortune to anyone who should come to the Simpsons and say: "Do you know that Arthur Craig is a hero who would have had a medal and a watch just like Mr. Jones if he had not been too modest to give his name to the reporters?"

Craig was in love with Margaret Simpson, and he felt that he would be more courageous with her if she knew him to be a brave man. Probably many men are brave because they know it is expected of them. But as it was, Craig could hardly even converse with Margaret, and this was the more embarrassing since they often found themselves alone together. Craig indeed did not know whether to bless himself for his luck or his misfortune when day by day he spent hours with Margaret cudgeling his wretched brains to discover suitable conversation.

Once, so much did he fear that he was boring her into dislike, he attempted to avoid her for a whole day. But that day was on the whole the most unhappy that he spent at the Simpsons'.

Craig Jumped Into the Sea Off a Brighton Pier to Save a Girl

However, on the very next morning after this unfortunate experiment Craig and Margaret found something to talk about—the greatness of Charles Merridew. A violent leader in the Morning Post which excited the breakfast table had revealed to them their hero worship. They discussed Merridew for two hours afterward on the upper slope of the lawn below the terrace. It was most interesting for Craig to find that the Simpsons knew Merridew pretty well—that he had often stayed with them. And if Margaret had details of his private life, such as his taste for hard-boiled eggs and soft toast, his love of fine linen and his habit of talking aloud to himself in his bedroom, which was news to Craig, Craig understood his political position far better.

He was able to explain to Margaret what Merridew stood for and what he was aiming at.

"He's really a very big man," said Margaret, reflecting on Craig's last remarks. "One doesn't realize it of people one knows so well."

"He's a tremendous man, and not merely a politician either. In fact I don't like his politics, so I couldn't think much of him if he wasn't big outside 'em. But he has such pluck. He doesn't even mind being unpopular."

"Yes, and it's such real courage too. I mean to—to face crowds of people like that."

"Rather," Craig heartily agreed.

"And you know they wanted to kill him at that last election—all the antitemperance people."

"He's a really brave man," cried Craig.

"Really brave," echoed Margaret. "Do you know that he was here the very evening of that meeting where they smashed up the whole hall and hurt poor Mr. Thomson so badly? And he was perfectly cool about it all. He played bridge after dinner and then went on to another meeting somewhere else."

"Wasn't he hurt, though?"

"Oh, yes!"

"And didn't say a word about it, I suppose. By Jove, yes, he's a great ——"

"But of course he told us. He had to. The poor man had had a fearful crack on his head. We had to tie him up."

"Gad, they cut his head open, did they?"

"Practically. It must have been awfully painful. Not exactly cut open. It wasn't actually bleeding. But one of those inside bruises, you know."

"Inside?"

"Yes. It hurt him so much that we thought it must be on the bone. But he made nothing of it, and after I put on a bandage with some eau de Cologne he pretended to be quite cheerful. I wonder you didn't see the picture of him. He was in all the picture papers that week, with the bandage."

"With the bandage?"

"Yes. He looked rather well in it," Margaret mused. "But of course he is a good-looking man."

"Very," Craig agreed.

He threw the more conviction into the "very" to make up for a slight though temporary disloyalty to their great man. He had caught himself smiling at the diagnosis of the injury and not a little amused by the notion of Merridew being photographed in his bandage.

"But politicians have to do these things," he reflected, and added with sympathy: "Poor devils."

"Good-looking, brave, clever, rich—he deserves to get on," Margaret murmured.

And Craig, who felt that he had a claim to at least one of these attributes and might have claimed all but the last, wondered again at the fate which only gave him a chance of proving his worth in order to deprive him of any benefit from it. Not any of the house party had heard about Craig's escapade at Brighton, and it was impossible for Craig to tell them. Even a man who is not shy will hesitate to say: "I did so-and-so and so-and-so and ought to get a medal." Of the only two people who knew of the Brighton affair, myself and Amiss, who had been walking with Craig on the pier when the girl fell over, I was then in town and Amiss at the Brownlows', twenty miles from Hornbury House.

Craig admits he depended on Amiss. Amiss is a great gossip and knew the Simpsons well, much better than himself. Moreover, the Simpsons were old friends of the Brownlows, and one day actually drove over to see them. Craig did not go on this expedition, which rather surprised the party, all except Margaret. Margaret did not see any reason why Mr. Craig should want to sit in the back seat of the cabriolet, bodkin between herself and Alice Barton, for some two hours on a pleasant afternoon. But Mrs. Simpson and Barton and Alice were surprised enough to talk about it. Of course they talked with caution. All Andrew Barton said was "Craig's a quiet sort of fellow—he doesn't care for large parties," with the faintest emphasis on "large." Both the ladies understood him, and Mrs. Simpson, who was not so subtle as Andrew, remarked to Alice in private that she supposed there were too many chaperons for the young man.

"Or he's heard about ——" Alice filled this up with an eloquent glance. Her conversational methods followed her brother's, at some distance.

"Oh, Mr. Merridew's not a serious rival."

"Not with Margaret?"

"Margaret? Goodness knows what Margaret thinks! No, I mean that Mr. Merridew is not serious."

"Must he marry money?"

"No, but he ought to marry position."

Thus did Mrs. Simpson, like a wise woman, discount her fondest hopes, and if she was glad to see Craig and Margaret separated for an afternoon and to think that there was some better reason for the separation than a whim, she did not show it. Craig was not pressed to go. But Mrs. Simpson was a good hostess who did not press any guest to do what he did not like. In fact a guest at Hornbury House, if he chose, was allowed to do nothing at all, which shows that the Simpsons were very well bred. So that her indifference to Craig's idleness was not remarked. He saw the party off, and spent the afternoon in the orchard lying under an apple tree and gazing at a sky of green leaves starred with blossoms. And he thought: "Now they are arriving. Now Amiss is asking why I didn't come. And now they are hearing—Margaret is hearing—that I might have been just as famous as that fellow Jones if I hadn't been too modest."

He sighed as he reflected on what might have happened if he had not been too modest, but he sighed again when he remembered that crowd of welcome—the hands outstretched, the glittering, curious eyes, eager men with notebooks and cameras—because he knew that he could never have been such a hero as Jones. It was not in him. He had run away from his fame. But Jones was born to be acclaimed.

All the same Craig was enjoying Margaret's surprise to hear of his exploits—perhaps even feeling flattered by her good opinion of his modesty—when he heard the motor returning up the drive. This was early for its return. He was scarcely astonished when he came out through the laurels into the sweep to hear from Barton that they had never reached the Brownlows'. Having burst a tire and punctured the tube, they were glad to get home—with frequent pumping—in time for tea.

Craig had hoped much from this excursion. But like other men of small social self-confidence, he believed that hope itself was dangerous. It exposed one to misfortune. For this reason he was more disappointed than surprised.

"It was quite providential," said Mrs. Simpson, who was standing on the doorstep watching the chauffeur and Alice Barton prodding the burst tire and guessing its mileage before sale.

"Surely not very lucky to get a puncture too."

"I didn't mean the wretched tire. I meant finding Mr. Merridew. Oh, of course you haven't seen him! Margaret took him off to his room as soon as we arrived. He was at the station when we came past, and you know there are never any cabs. So reckless of him. Alice dear, whatever you may say about French chalk, I'm sure it's not good for Georgette, and you're getting it all over you."

Merridew may have been reckless to risk a walk from Hornbury Station to Hornbury House, but he had fully weighed the risk and decided that it was worth taking. He had several times before tried the effect of an unexpected visit upon his friends. At first, when he was plain Charles Merridew, without either notoriety or prospects, the results had not been good. He had not had the welcome that he could have wished. But latterly he found that the warmth of his reception was if anything heightened by a sudden arrival—that his friends not only enjoyed his presence but liked to think that he had remembered them amid the whirl of parliamentary and political duty, which gave him no time to warn them of his coming even a day before.

On his last visit to the Simpsons he had had a great success in this way. He walked in among them while they were having tea in the orchard—a most fortunate appearance. Mrs. Simpson had only been able to gasp out "Well, well!" and "Dear me!" Margaret upset her tea, and three other members of the party all showed very proper gratification and surprise.

He had not been so lucky on this occasion. The Simpsons had rather surprised him than he the Simpsons.

He feared he had not been looking his best as he stood by the station door and argued with the station master about the absence of all means of transport for his luggage.

He was sure his tie was crooked. He had his hat on, and he looked better without his hat. But on the other hand, the thing had not been a total failure. Mrs. Simpson had exclaimed, Margaret had colored and looked startled, and if the Bartons showed no unusual emotion of any kind, it was well known that neither Andrew nor Alice had ever been seen discomposed in their lives. They had the Aberdonian phlegm.

Surprise well managed is the most effective weapon of the general, of the lawyer, of the artist, of the writer, of the debater and politician—certainly of the lover. Merridew was the more anxious to make an effective beginning of his visit because he wished it to have an effective climax. He intended to propose to Margaret, and, he hoped, he believed, that she would be sufficiently surprised to make a very effective and delightful situation—just such a situation as he knew how to enjoy.

Certainly Mrs. Simpson was very much surprised when he declared his intentions to her.

"I never dreamed," she said, "and I'm sure that Margaret—dear child, you know how quiet and retiring she is—is much too shy to suppose anything."

"She couldn't be more shy than I am," said Merridew, smiling with delight.

"Oh, but you're not shy!"

Mrs. Simpson was too excited to be tactful. She had been expecting this crisis for two months and it fluttered her to think that what she had expected was actually to happen.

"Perhaps I don't look shy. I have taught myself not to as well as I can. But I assure you I am really a nervous man—very shy and nervous. It has always been a great drawback to me—in a public career, you know."

"Delightful, delightful," murmured Mrs. Simpson "Dear Margaret, and how kind of you to tell me. Most young men nowadays are so—what shall I say—thoughtless." She smiled upon the smiling Merridew. The word "young" had made up for her former small errors. Merridew was forty—a young man just beginning to enjoy the reputation of youth. "When will you speak to her? Would you like me to—er—to give her any hint? Because I am quite sure she has never imagined—and with a young girl, especially rather a shy girl like Margaret, you know that sometimes it is better to—er—to prepare a little."

Merridew was grateful, but thought on the whole that hints were unnecessary.

"I don't know how I shall dare," he said cheerfully "I never faced anything worse in all my life, but I think I ought to do it all myself." He paused and shook his head. "Yes, it's a great deal worse than the last election. I wish I were braver."

Mrs. Simpson recollected herself and sympathized with the young man on his unfortunate self-consciousness.

So for Five Minutes They Proceeded in Single File at a Pretty Fast Rate

Craig did not encounter Merridew till a few minutes after this conversation, when all the party were assembled for tea. He had hesitated whether to come in early and perhaps meet Merridew, to whom he had not been introduced, alone, or to come in late and receive the glances of the whole group. In the end he decided to come early, after such long hesitation that he arrived just after Alice, who was always late for everything. Thus everyone saw him introduced.

"Mr. Merridew—Mr. Craig," said Mrs. Simpson, and then to Craig: "Mr. Merridew is our member, you know."

Craig advanced his hand and then thought that Merridew did not intend to shake hands. He drew it back therefore just as Merridew attempted to seize it. Craig finally made a hasty grab and turned scarlet.

"Perhaps you know Mr. Merridew," said Mrs. Simpson, kindly assisting him.

"Oh, yes."

"Really, I didn't ——"

Merridew was surprised.

"I mean, I know of him of course."

Merridew smiled politely and dropped into his chair. Craig turned quickly to find a seat, and nearly fell over Margaret's legs. Margaret herself was blushing.

"Clumsy brute," thought Merridew, noticing her color while Craig stammered an apology. But Margaret was blushing in sympathy. It always made her feel uncomfortable to see another in the discomfort of that awkwardness which she so well understood in herself. She was sorry for the poor young man.

Craig finally got into a chair on her other side. Andrew Barton gave him his tea. He was temporarily distracted and unable to wait on himself. But some minutes later, when Merridew was holding the rest of the party with his short explanation of the difference between guild socialism and syndicalism, Margaret suddenly said to him in a low voice: "That's the kind of thing that always happens to me."

(Continued on Page 100)

FÉLICE

By GERALD MYGATT

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

Now That She Was Away, He Was More Nearly Happy Than He Had Been for Months—That is, He Would Have Been Happy if Police Hadn't Insisted on Being so Queer

THERE has always been some name for them, but it is not well to go back too far, for a few of the earlier terms applied sparingly by the good folk of a simpler civilization than our own are not pleasant to the ear. A less sophisticated generation had the civility to miscall them flirts, but the generation of the present, gasoline fed, machine finished, trained from birth to move among actualities that would have driven our grandmothers to smelling salts and our grandfathers to strong drink, is the one that has done the trick. It has named them vamps. A brief perusal of the word vampire in the family dictionary will effectively demonstrate the accuracy with which the nail has been hit upon the head.

So also, perhaps, but in a different way, will the story of Félice MacKannan.

In the town of Aldervale, which is one of those premeditatedly picturesque, immaculately kept communities of the prosperous—they call them commuting towns—which fringe the city of New York in a great three-quarter circle dedicated to the god of golf and sundry corollary deities, certain parts of the story of Félice MacKannan are public property. That is natural enough, for when a community has a private drama of its own being enacted day by day under its very nose, even the cynical, who next to the good are the blindest of all humans, must open their eyes—and ears. But the sagest of Aldervale's buzzing feminine inquisitors never knew the story of Félice in its entirety. In fact, most of them did not consider it the story of Félice at all, but thought of it as the romance of the blond Esther Benlar and Hugh MacKannan, who happened to be Félice's husband. It was a very pretty romance; so pretty, indeed, that a few of the younger matrons of Aldervale did their best to rival it with similar romances of their own. One or two of them, it was thought, succeeded rather well.

Hugh MacKannan met Félice de Dordain in France. At that time he was Lieutenant MacKannan—which, if you know the Army, means that he was a second lieutenant, for otherwise he would have been First Lieutenant MacKannan, with the accent on the First—attached to a certain M. O. R. S., which is army shorthand for Mobile Ordnance Repair Shop, billeted in the remains of a hamlet not far from Mourmelon-le-Grand in the district of the Marne.

Why they called this particular detachment mobile neither Hugh MacKannan nor any of the rest of the outfit could figure, because it had been stationary for the entire summer of 1918, and seemed destined to remain so for the rest of its unnatural life. They were certainly out of luck. On this point every man in the company, from captain to kitchen police, was agreed. They even made up songs of pity about themselves, and sang them on frequent occasions, and Hugh in common with the rest of them told everybody he met that it was a darn shame, and that if something didn't happen mighty soon there was going to be the devil to pay, and so on and so on *ad infinitum*. Then something did happen.

One evening in August Hugh MacKannan, solely for want of something better to do, hopped into a side car and was bumped and jolted for five immortal miles or so to a certain house, once a château, where he knew a friend of his, the adjutant of a field artillery battalion, was billeted. After considerable difficulty he managed to find the place just as darkness was falling—a cheerless stone building of some size surrounded by tattered trees. It might easily enough have been uninhabited, but the front door was wide open, and inside somewhere somebody was playing an out-of-tune piano. So Hugh walked in, and halted abruptly as the piano playing stopped.

For the player was a girl and she was alone, sitting at the far end of a great, high-ceilinged room in the light of two solitary candles. Hugh could see her peering toward him through the half darkness. Then as she uncertainly rose he stepped quickly in the direction of the piano.

"I was looking for Lieutenant Adams," he explained in French. "Is he not billeted here?"

"Yes," said the girl in English, "but all the officers are at a meeting. They will be back soon, I think. Will you not wait?"

"Thank you," said Hugh.

That was how he met Félice.

He was in love with her at that moment, and he knew it. Dainty she was, and quite small, and in the French fashion exceedingly pretty of feature, with dark hair and large dark eyes and a clear white skin, almost colorless. She was dressed unobtrusively in black, and Hugh knew she must be mourning for someone close to her whom the war had taken away. As she spoke she smiled, but she smiled wistfully, unhappily, as if with an effort; and it was that smile more than any other one thing which drew Hugh toward her. Things happened that way in France during the war, just as they happen that way all over the world at any old time. It was simply that they happened in France more easily, more frequently. Hugh MacKannan had been both inactive and lonely for long weeks. Now suddenly he knew he would be neither.

Perhaps it was mostly that; perhaps it was the girl's tired wistfulness; perhaps it was the war weariness in her soft, carefully modulated voice; perhaps it was the contrast of her unexpected daintiness in a world of mud, munitions and men. But whatever it was, it gripped Hugh MacKannan with a grip of steel and consecrated him then and there to the service of a girl whose name he did not yet even know.

Hugh learned it soon enough. For a breath-taking month he kept his side car busy every evening he could get away and at the same time find a valid excuse for visiting the gray-stone château across those five jolting miles of spring-torturing terrain. He courted Félice openly, and Félice could not but thrill to it. It was perhaps natural enough, she mused, for the artillery officers to make much of her. Those who were billeted upon her mother's bounty were forced by circumstance to see her every day, and they would, of course, show her every courtesy and attention. But for this tall, chic young American to travel ten miles to see her and to do so two or three or four times a week—ah, that was truly romantic! As the days went by Félice's eyes began to glow. Life, after all, was not so hopeless, so terrible.

When Hugh MacKannan finally asked Félice de Dordain to marry him she knew forthwith, beyond all shadow of a doubt, that she was the happiest girl in France—yes, in all the wide, wide world. There were a number of reasons why Félice was sure of this. Chief of all and all in all was the fact that she loved him, adored him, but it was the other reasons that gave the one reason its wondrous glamour. When one has had to flee breathlessly from one's beloved home before the savage rush of a ruthless invading enemy; when one has had to spend two years with one's tormented mother among kind friends in England because one's father and two brothers have been taken by the war; when one has at last managed to return to one's dear birthplace only to find it little more than a shell of its former self; and then when one discovers there a new army—strong, confident, untired—aiding France in her extremity

as Lafayette had aided the land of their forefathers—when one has been through all this one is so shaken, so relieved, so ready to be grateful that it is not difficult to make pictures in the heart. Particularly if one is just nineteen.

To Félice it was wonderful enough that Hugh was an American, but that he loved her as she had come to love him—that was heaven. Nothing, she knew, had ever been more beautiful than their love. She just knew it. And her American was so extraordinary in every way. He looked so splendid in his snug uniform of khaki color—Félice could never remember to call it olive drab—with its polished Sam Browne belt, its gilt bar on either shoulder, the rakish cap with its piping of red and black. Hugh was so tall and straight and smiling, and so dear. Each night Félice prayed on her knees to the good God that she should be made worthy of this love that had come to her. When the armistice was signed Félice wept for joy.

They were married early in December. In January—thanks to the efforts of a more than kind-hearted headquarters—Hugh MacKannan received special orders to proceed to Washington for discharge from the service. Félice laughed and cried at once.

"My dearest," she said to him, "we must remember that it will be most hard for my mother. I am the last one she has."

Hugh smiled reassuringly and kissed her.

"Your mother shall visit us, dear, just as soon as we can get a house. She can stay with us always if she likes."

"Oh, but she will not," said Félice, her brown eyes opening wide. "She is a Frenchwoman, and her memories are here. She has lost so much—and now she is losing me. I am so very sad for her, Hugh."

"Aren't you a Frenchwoman?" her husband asked, still smiling at her.

"But no, Hugh—I am now an American."

He kissed her again.

"My poor mother!" murmured Félice. "She has nothing before her now, and I—I have everything." Her eyes shone. "Oh, my Hugh, life is so wonderful when it stretches before one."

It was early in February when the MacKannans came to Aldervale, and the heaven which Félice had pictured in her dreams was as nothing to the heaven in which she now found herself. In the first place there was Hugh, a Hugh dressed in civilian clothes, but a dear and romantic Hugh, nevertheless; a Hugh who had to be taken to the station each morning in a glistening, new, snug little car with plate-glass windows on all four sides, a Hugh who could be met each evening with the most wondrous regularity, a Hugh who gave her so much and in so many different ways.

In the second place there was the home itself—they had managed to get the Harris house on Marvin's Lane, a comparatively new and extremely artistic adaptation of the New England farmhouse, with broad white clapboards and shutters of bright green—and Félice knew she would never tire of its prim and dainty cheeriness. And there were bathrooms, three of them, and a gas range and a machine in the cellar that made the water run hot every time one turned on a tap, and there were electric lights and steam heat and a big linen closet and dozens of other things which Félice kept delightedly finding day by day. What more could any girl ask? Yet Félice had more.

"My dear," said the stout Mrs. Fancher to the willowy Mrs. Kennison, "I called there yesterday afternoon, not knowing what I was going to find—and she is perfectly charming. Hugh is such a dear. We've all known him so long, and I was afraid, but everything is all right."

"She seems very pretty and sweet," Mrs. Kennison observed. "I've seen her, of course, and I'd meant to call."

"You must, dear, right off," was Mrs. Fancher's dictum. "We all must. Why, she is charming! And I understand that her father—he was a colonel or something and was killed at the first Marne—her father was one of the old nobility—a count or something. Her name was de Dordain, and the prefix, you know ——"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Kennison brightly. She had dropped in at Mrs. Fancher's for tea, which strangely enough was served in small glasses poured gingerly from a tinkling silver affair instead of in cups. "Oh, yes," said Mrs. Kennison, "the prefix, of course."

"She is so entirely ingenuous," the stout Mrs. Fancher went on, "and yet sophisticated, too, in a way. The French all are. I am sure Hugh has done very well, and I am going to take them up. I am planning a dinner for her now for next Friday—before the club dance, you know."

"Her clothes are French, aren't they?" asked Mrs. Kennison, homing straight to the inevitable.

"My dear, they are delicious. I made her show them to me. She hasn't very many, of course, but what she has! She showed me one peignoir ——"

Their voices hushed and their heads came close together. Félice did not know it, but she had become officially fashionable, and from that day on her heaven was complete.

First Aldervale called upon her. Then Aldervale showered her with invitations—invitations to tea, invitations to bridge, invitations to dinner, invitations to dances. Just as the French had gone wild about the Americans, so Aldervale went wild about Félice MacKannan. It was still the period of good feeling between the two nations. The Army was only beginning to come back with its tales of alleged Gallic extortion after the armistice. The French themselves had yet to find that the United States in the wrangle over peace was a different United States from the nation that had so unselfishly given of its blood and gold to wage a righteous war.

Aldervale had contributed to Liberty Loans, had done its share for the Red Cross, had sent books and phonograph records, had paraded, had waved flags, had cheered. But Aldervale had wept comparatively little. So now, finding its chance, it did its weeping vicariously over the half-orphaned daughter of France whom Hugh MacKannan had brought home with him. This was entirely delightful to Félice. It was glorious to be fêted so. She had always known, she rapturously told Hugh, that Americans were just like this. And while Hugh rather felt that Aldervale's demonstration was ephemeral, he, nevertheless, liked it mightily himself. It was certainly decent of everybody to make such a fuss over Félice, and even over him—darned decent!

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She Found the Way to a Tiny Vine-Embowered Summer House in the Garden, and There She Suddenly Melted Into His Troubled Arms

MARK TWAIN'S PARTNER

By MICHAEL J. PHILLIPS

IN THE seven years that Mark Twain, in his young manhood, wandered over the West the person who undoubtedly made the deepest impression upon him was Calvin H. Higbie. He speaks highly in Roughing It, which is a record of those times, of Higbie, and dedicates the book to his one-time partner in the following language:

"To Calvin H. Higbie, of California, an honest man, a genial comrade and a steadfast friend, this book is inscribed by the author in memory of the curious times when we two were millionaires for ten days."

As the book reveals, their intimacy lasted for a considerable period. They worked together and played together; they were poor together; and they came within an exceedingly narrow margin—a matter of ten hours of labor—of becoming very rich together. Had the latter eventuality come to pass it is interesting to speculate on the effect on American literature. Mark Twain was indolent, and so frankly confessed on many occasions, in print and out of it. He wrote, part of the time at least, to earn his daily bread. Had he, in his middle twenties, come into possession of a large sum of money, it is at least possible that several of his books might not have been written.

In the dedication Twain refers to the discovery of a blind lead in an established silver mine which was located by Higbie while he and the young Missourian were living together in a Nevada mining camp. The blind lead was immensely rich, and in order to become its owners it was but necessary for Higbie, Twain or the third partner in this enterprise, Allen, to work one day on it in the first ten after posting their notice. Through a misunderstanding none of the three did so, and the vein, undoubtedly worth millions, was lost to them. This incident had much to do in drawing the two young men together.

Mark Twain's Cabin in Aurora, Nevada, Now a Local Show Place. Above—Aurora, as It Appears To-Day

A Story Never Fully Told

HUNDREDS of thousands of persons through the medium of Roughing It know what Mark Twain thought of Higbie. But very few know what Higbie thought of Mark Twain. For more than a third of a century the California man tried to tell his impressions of his partner through the channel of the printed word, but circumstances kept him silent. After Twain had left the West and had become a prominent figure in letters Higbie realized that there were commercial possibilities in his association with the author. He refused to talk for publication. He corresponded with Twain, who was then in the East, soliciting advice as to the best manner of putting his reminiscences in shape for publication. He entered into several tentative contracts with trained writers to prepare his article, but from one cause and another these fell through. He died September 29, 1914, at his home in Greenville, California, almost in poverty and bitterly disappointed that fate had kept him from seeing his cherished Mark Twain story in print in its entirety.

Practically the only legacy which Higbie left to relatives—he never married—was the manuscript which he had himself prepared, telling of the lively days in Nevada. Higbie was a civil engineer whose early life was a succession of adventures in mining territory. He made and lost at least one fortune.

Higbie was living in Tuolumne County, California, when stories of rich strikes of silver in the Washoe country, Nevada, impelled him to join a stampede for the new camps. This was in the spring of 1860. With seventeen other adventurous young men he started out on horseback.

"Although it was the middle of June when we reached Yosemite Valley," says Higbie in his reminiscences, "we had to leave our pack and saddle animals there and clamber on foot over Goat Trail, which crosses the Sierra Nevada Mountains. We did not see ground, because of the snow, from the time we left Yosemite until we reached the vicinity of desolate Mono Lake on the east side of the range.

"The traveling was hard in midday, as the crust would break and let us sink to our knees in the soft snow. We had to camp several times during hot days and wait until after sundown, when the crust would hold us up. In fact, we traveled a great deal by night. Several times near the headwaters of the Tuolumne we had to cross the river on snow bridges. Some of these bridges were composed of snow thirty feet thick. Every passing cloud above us seemed to discharge hail or snow, though the valleys below were warm and smiling. In the cañons, the sun set in midafternoon. Freezing temperature generally followed its disappearance.

"Making camp was a simple matter. We cut fir or balsam boughs and laid them on top of the snow to the depth of a foot or more, spread a blanket on top of this foundation, and then, wrapping everything else available about us, slept and shivered until morning. There was no lying abed after dawn for the luxury of one more nap either. In fact, there was considerable rivalry to see who would be the first up to start the fire."

Higbie dropped out of the treasure seekers' caravan at Mono Lake. He accepted a contract to bring water from the head of Walker River to the town of Mono for mining purposes, and remained there during the summer. With the coming of cold weather he returned to California, spending several months in San Francisco. In the spring of 1861 he crossed the high Sierras again, and located at Aurora, Nevada, the newest rich mining camp, where he staked out several claims. Aurora was a typical boom town, with many of the inhabitants living under canvas on the lee side of bare rocks. He did not go out to civilization that fall, but remained in Aurora during most of the "great-flood winter" of 1861–62.

With the Pony Express

"THAT winter was a terror," he wrote. "Rain fell heavily and continuously, and soon all the roads were washed out. No great supply of provisions had been laid down, and no pack trains could get out or in, as they had been in the habit of doing in ordinary winters, with the result that nearly all the supplies were exhausted long before winter was over. Everybody was on short rations—mighty close to actual starvation. When a donkey train did manage to struggle through there was great rejoicing, though it had brought nothing but flour. People who had paid fifty dollars in advance for a fifty-pound sack of flour would seize it when their names were called and rush off home. Money was plentiful and no one complained of the price.

"But this one train did not relieve the situation permanently. When the family where I was boarding got down to three biscuits and a pint of beans I thought it was about time for a change of diet. I saddled up my old roan horse and struck out with a Pony Express rider who had been stormbound in Aurora for a month. We had no particular destination in mind, except some place where there was more food.

"All the bridges were gone, and all the rivers were running bank full. Walker proved to be a formidable-looking stream. So ugly was it that the express rider's horse refused to enter. We fastened our picket ropes together and attached one end to my saddle horn and I plunged in. After some desperate swimming by the roan we made a landing on the opposite shore, though the flood had carried us fifty yards downstream. Then I yelled to the Pony Express driver to hang on, and put spurs to the roan. The other horse was dragged bodily into the water, and with our help he managed to make it safely."

They spent the night at Wellington Station, en route to Carson City, and found the Carson River impassable at the old crossing. Higbie refused to attempt it, but the express rider, who was carrying some letter mail and eleven thousand dollars in currency and checks, plunged in. A current like a mill race promptly swept horse and rider downstream in a deep channel between banks of shelving ice, and death seemed certain. Fortunately,

Higbie had insisted that the rider take one end of his picket rope, and with it the engineer jerked him from the saddle and onto the ice. Then the rescuer ran downstream, climbed out over the water in a willow tree and seized the horse by the bridle as he was being hurried past. Higbie was all but torn from the tree by the horse's struggles, but managed to help him ashore. At a point five miles up the river they found a foot log across the stream. It was about two feet wide on top, and slippery, but by blindfolding the horses they were able to lead the animals across.

After riding the rest of the day and far into the night in wet clothes, for they were compelled repeatedly to ford sloughs in their path, they reached an old station and roused the keeper and his family. A roaring fire was built and supper prepared for the two tired and hungry men.

"Early the next morning," continues Higbie's narrative, "we started down the left bank of the stream, veering away from it now and then to reach high land. When we had gone about ten miles the express rider bade me good-by and turned off toward Carson City, but I kept on down to Van Sickles Station at the foot of Kingsbury Grade, which is on the Overland Route to Sacramento. Before long I came onto a grand blockade."

A Snow Prison

"THE grade from Van Sickles to Tahoe had been cut most of the way in solid rock and was a fine piece of work, but the tremendous precipitation had loosened the rocks and earth above to such an extent that slides from a hundred feet to a quarter of a mile in length had slipped out, carrying grade and everything else down the mountain. Some slides were so great that huge trees were standing nearly erect on top of them. Under the circumstances it was a problem how to get up the grade from Van Sickles Station. Numerous Overland Mail coaches, Wells, Fargo & Company fast express wagons, and many private vehicles were waiting for a chance to get across. Men had broken the road to the first slide, but so far had not been able to get over it.

"After much discussion it was decided to use a sort of stoneboat, hitch two horses tandem, lash a trunk and a woman passenger on, send one man with each horse and one with the passenger, and start round the head of the slide on the upper side. There were snow, rocks and brush to contend with and the side hill was steep. It took expert navigating to keep the stoneboats from turning wrong side up and shooting passengers, trunks, horses and men in a tangled heap onto the slide below. After much labor everybody and all of the baggage were transferred without serious accident up into Lake Tahoe Valley, to Yanks Station, which is at the foot of the main summit.

"Here we found a great blockade of snow. In those days we knew nothing of using snowshoes on horses, and everything was done by main strength. Every morning the men of the cavalcade would take out over a hundred horses. Each person would ride one horse and lead another alongside, bucking into the towering snowbanks again and again, and thus gradually wearing a path. When the lead team was worn out it would fall back and the next in line would be whipped at top speed into the soft snow.

"Several times when a mile or more of roadway had been broken a wind would spring up and drift it full behind them, so that the crews were imprisoned. Their situation at such times was serious, since horses and men were exhausted. Everybody else in camp would turn out and shovel, frequently until late at night, to release them. It took a week of this heartbreaking labor to reach the summit, where we met a similar party working from the west. For a distance of six miles on the summit, I believe, the snow, from estimates we were able to make, was more than twenty-five feet deep.

"Shortly after the cavalcades going in opposite directions had passed and we were headed down the mountains westward, our procession met about two hundred mules laden with rich Comstock ore, which was being packed out to Folsom, where it was shipped away for reduction. There was but a single track broken, and so they had to turn out to give us the right of way. Immediately on doing so every mule disappeared almost completely, only the long ears showing. We accomplished the passing to the accompaniment of heartfelt swearing in Spanish on the part of the drivers."

Calvin H. Higbie

Inland Seas Left by Floods

"SHORTLY afterwards I went to Folsom, boarded the cars on the first railroad that was built in California and rode to Sacramento, where I took steamer for San Francisco. On the way down I saw the effects of the flood, which had subsided somewhat but was still high. One could see only the high points of land above water, and nearly the whole of Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys was an inland sea. I observed many houses built on what was considered high ground which were anchored by ropes to large sycamore or live-oak trees, and were floating on the tide.

"I remained in San Francisco the balance of the winter and started back to Nevada in the early spring with Charley Stewart, though my stay in Aurora until hunger drove me out had considerably reduced the period of vacation. We had a span of mules and a light spring wagon. On the trip from Folsom all the way over the mountains freight of all kinds was scattered along the road. Machinery that people had offered twenty-five cents a pound to have taken through was dumped off with other impedimenta and abandoned. Teams would start with a ton or more of freight, but would soon commence throwing off a little at a time. This would continue until the wagon was empty, and often it proved more than a load for the team."

The argonauts arrived in Aurora with seven dollars and a half in cash and took possession of an abandoned cabin on a hill somewhat out of town. Provisions were scarce and dear. When Higbie went to the store to lay in a supply he exchanged his entire capital for eatables that just filled his hat. A day or two later, as the two were strolling down the principal street Stewart found a twenty-dollar gold piece.

His eyes sparkled gleefully as he held it up and said: "Cal, I was watching a faro game yesterday over here, and if I can't beat that dealer I'm an Indian. Anyway, twenty dollars is no good to us; it would only prolong our starvation. What do you say to bucking the game?"

The Turn of the Tide

HIGBIE was a young man whose creed always had been to take a chance. His answer was to seize Stewart by the arm and propel him hastily toward the game. The hunch proved sound, and Stewart soon won a hundred and sixty dollars. On Higbie's suggestion Stewart sent half the winnings home to his wife. With the balance they invested in beans and bacon and other necessaries. This find was the beginning of their prosperity, and everything they touched thereafter turned out well.

Higbie tells of his meeting with Mark Twain as follows:

"Soon after, I acquired a large lot in the lower end of town with a cabin on the rear end of it. Our new home was just eleven feet square on the outside, constructed of slabs and with a canvas roof. It had, I remember, four pairs of rafters. I put a small stove in one corner, a small table in another, and a rude bunk of willow poles in the third. As a door occupied the fourth corner there was barely room to thread one's way amongst all this furniture. Stewart soon left, to be near his contracts some distance out of town, so we split the blankets and I stayed alone.

"I was right on the main road leading to Bodie, was young and strong and healthy. I had every prospect of making my fortune within a short time, and I wouldn't have traded that little shack for a mansion on Fifth Avenue, New York.

"While in Aurora in 1861 I had located some quartz claims for myself, several San Francisco persons, and Orion Clemens, secretary of state under Governor Nye, of Nevada. We had incorporated the various claims and were loaded down with beautifully engraved mining stock, which was impressive in appearance and a great comfort to look at. I was appointed superintendent of all the claims by the various companies which owned them. Under the local mining laws I, as the discoverer, was entitled to four hundred feet of the surface—a square four hundred feet on each side—and everything supposed to be beneath the surface as well. Each additional person named in the location notice was entitled to a two-hundred-foot chunk, so you see we controlled considerable real estate.

"Orion Clemens had gone back East and in the spring of 1862, when he returned, he brought his brother, Samuel L. Clemens, with him to Carson City. After a few weeks at Carson, Sam started for Aurora with a letter of introduction from his brother to me. In the letter I was informed that Sam was to do assessment work on our holdings, although, in

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Mr. Higbie's Home at Greenville, California

FOUR FLIGHTS UP

"I See No Reason Why Boggs' Bakeries' Business Should Not Develop Into Rather a Neat Thing for You"

VII

By Henry Payson Dowst

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

A FAR more important result than the advent of a few extra dollars' worth of immediate business following Merriweather's winning of the prize had been, as Marjie said, the stimulation of a dormant and lagging ambition. At first Merry had been inclined to believe his success entirely fortuitous. There must be some mistake. It could never happen again.

Marjie Paul was at considerable pains to induce her employer to cash in not alone financially but in a heightened morale. Ben was lazy. He was inclined to sag back, to rest on his laurels. And though he did not yet realize it, he possessed something of the artist's temperament, than which there is nothing more drugging.

The photographer's habits did not automatically change on receipt of the fifty-dollar check. He went about the rather humdrum routine of his business exactly as before. He did not, it is true, compose any more art studies like the Rock of Ages or choir boy. The newer, more interesting creation had effectually sold him off that sort of thing. But he continued to take an increasing number of pictures of the three-for-a-dollar grade, and the slightly more expensive cabinets, which he dispensed by the dozen. They were all easy to make. Their production was quite mechanical with Ben, and they seemed to satisfy his trade.

One or two young women had demanded that Merriweather photograph them in the style of Mystery, but he told them that was a special composition for exhibition purposes only, and very expensive. If they cared to spend twenty-five dollars a print, why he'd see what could be done. They gasped and retreated.

"Looks like you were laying down," remarked Marjie. "Are you satisfied to find out you really can make good pictures, without followin' up the lead?"

"Well, no, of course not, Marjie. But I haven't seemed to feel just like tackling another job of that kind. It takes the ginger all out of me. Remember what a wreck I was when we got that one finished? It's a strain on a fellow——"

"Aw, bunk!" cried Marjie rudely. "You better get onto yourself. You haven't tried a thing since you sent that print to Utica. You don't think winning that prize was the crownin' event of your life's work, do you?"

Ben looked rather sheepish. He had no valid excuse, though he insisted that the regular trade had kept him humping.

"Well, you're pretty well caught up this afternoon," pursued Marjie. "It's a good time to get at it."

It is to be noted that this colloquy took place after Ben had received his check but before his picture had been published or had set in motion those forces which were afterward to work marked changes in his life; and also before the recorded visit of Mr. Lindenthal and Mr. Boggs. Marjie, with an instinctive foresight, had seen that the results might well be far-reaching. She didn't want Ben to miss out when opportunities came his way, but he would miss out unless he did a considerable volume of practicing. He needed to study, to inform himself, to try new things, to develop his half-wakened artistic sense. If he didn't it would become dormant again.

So Marjie, by a combination of raillery and cajolery, had made Ben Merriweather work. Once roused, he showed a gratifying enthusiasm. He actually did possess extraordinary talent. He had a nice feeling for color masses. Though unschooled in the subtleties of his profession, he had intuitions. For days he would neglect his staple routine and devote himself to working out new problems.

He studied fabrics and furniture. He wandered among the big and fashionable stores, searching and always finding. He possessed the photographic eye, the eye which registers impressions later to be called up at will with a high degree of accuracy. Sometimes he made pencil notes to supplement these mental jottings. And of necessity he went alone. He would have valued Marjie's suggestions but someone must take care of the studio. It was better so, for in his solitary wanderings he learned to think without crutches, as she had expressed it.

In these expeditions he covered a great part of Manhattan Island. Always he returned to Eighth Avenue with something gleaned from the day's observations. This might be a rough sketch of some bit of architecture, the rude tracing of a tapestry or of the corner of a lace tablecloth, or it might be only the memory of a gown exhibited on some window dresser's wax figure.

Ben possessed no money to devote to the purchase of properties. He could not fetch back to the studio the actual tapestry, or even a small piece of it. He could not buy the lace. In many cases he could not, with that fumbling pencil, so much as suggest these things on paper. Ben was not what you would have called a draftsman.

Yet he did own a primitive and rugged ability to draw. Far back in his boyhood he had had a few simple lessons in the rudiments of form and proportion. These lessons he had carelessly tucked away on some dark shelf in the back of his brain, where for a couple of decades they had lain gathering cerebral dust. Now Ben trotted them out and blew upon them, as one puffs at the top of a long-neglected book.

With big sheets of wrapping paper laid on the floor, Ben would profane the sacred name of art with vast, horrendous blotches of crayon or charcoal. Most of these he destroyed; now and then he laid one aside. While her employer writhed in the throes of such creative travail, Marjie attended strictly to her retouching. She had too much sense to be flippant. It all looked like something produced in a psychopathic ward to her. But she remembered how Ben had made up the background for Mystery. Mystery was right, she had told herself a hundred times. To-day the picture didn't mean any more to her than it had meant on the day Ben had composed it.

But Marjie knew just how far she could go with Ben. It was all right to badger and browbeat him into the right sort of industry. It would be all wrong, once having got him started, to jolly him while he worked. It was enough to have started him. Once in a while Marjie, stealing covert glances at Ben's sketches, felt something vaguely like a thrill. Occasionally what he produced had the power to stir emotions within her. She did not or could not catalogue these emotions.

For instance, Merriweather had gone into the public library and hit upon some odd prints of ancient architecture. These had impressed him strangely. Now he was laboriously tracing on sheet after sheet a series of great, rough-drawn columns, rude portals opening before interiors of somber mystery. He fairly slaughtered crayons in making these sketches.

Marjie watched him at work. He finished a weird-looking representation of some structure, done in contrasty blocks of light and shadow. It had a brutal, naked and savagely cruel look. Ben had managed to reproduce the

atmosphere of desolate ruin by a few fallen stones and the very crudity of his technic. To Marjie the whole thing was indescribably raw and ugly. Ben stood off and viewed it, his brows knit. Plainly in his sense of it something was wanting. The thing was dead, flat, dumb. He looked up and caught Marjie's eye.

"Rotten, eh? Gee, why do I waste time floundering and fumbling with things I don't know anything about?"

Marjie answered nothing. Seriously she wondered how this untutored dabbling was ever going to get Ben Merriweather anywhere. Then she saw him drop suddenly to his knees, pick up the crayon and hastily depict something which resembled—yes, it was—a human figure. It was a tiny thing, scarcely more than a speck upon the tortured immensity of that big sheet. But it made Marjie Paul shiver. There sprang at her an overpowering sense of space, of colossal distances and heights. That human atom, insignificant, helpless, futile, popped into sight, peering fearfully among those awful, shadowed ruins. The pillars instantly became the crumbling supports of a disintegrating universe. Marjie beheld, as through this waif's own timorous eye, the waning light of the world's last day. The carbon blacks beyond those columns were the impenetrable shadows of eternity.

So Marjie Paul shivered. I am telling you why. She could not have told you. She just knew that her employer had created something indescribably fine in its crudity. It possessed the beauty of the primitive. It was just as dead as it had been before the introduction of the tiny interloper, yet this death was a vitalized, a vivified death that came at you and startled you and sent the chills down your spine.

Ben did not destroy this sketch. He put it aside with those few previous attempts that he had thought—for some reason or other—worth keeping. Marjie never saw it again. She did not need to. Ben did not have occasion to use it in his business of making photographs. It did not lend itself to any of the background treatments for which he was feeling in his unguided fashion. But it did serve to tell Marjie something about Merriweather. It showed her a side of his character she had not fully sensed. It taught her that though he was a lazy, slipshod, heedless victim of his own indifference to the things which constitute for most men ambition—that though he was the sort of person who might go through life a complete failure or a huge success, according as he was influenced by people and environment—he was a born artist and perhaps a great one.

There came times later when flashes of Merriweather's genius saved many a piece of seemingly hopeless work from stale mediocrity. Often it looked like a trick—like the introduction of the tiny figure in the drawing. Marjie could see that the composition had lacked bigness because it included nothing that told you how tall or how thick were its architectural elements. Those columns might be two feet or two hundred in height. The thing might have been flung together of child's building blocks; it might have been piled stone on stone by the very hands of Jove. But the instant you saw a man you knew that here was something fearful and noble in the overwhelmingness of its bulk. Because you knew how small the man was, you saw how great was the structure.

Yes, that was a trick. But it was the trick of an artist. Similar tricks Ben Merriweather learned to play with draperies, with all sorts of objects—and especially with lights. That came later, and you shall know in what manner. Just now Ben had no money to buy costly equipment. He worked with the raw materials furnished by Nature. He learned to utilize every slant of the sun's rays, how to temper the glare of a hot summer sky, how to catch the soft gray of afternoon. And what he learned stood him in good stead.

Nor did he learn all these things alone, for Marjie Paul was his only model in those early days. She was more than a model; she was an adviser and a useful ally. She stood between Ben and interruption at times when she had, perhaps by means of sarcasm or irritation, spurred him on to the creative mood. For Ben had the most abject relapses. He might go to bed burning with the fire of genius, toss and roll about on his disordered cot in the rear of the gallery until dawn began to pale the big skylight, and then drop off to sleep like a log until the noise of Marjie Paul coming to work roused him. At such times he would as likely as not waken to a day of utter stupidity. He would be as dull as an oyster, shuffling and puttering about with octogenarian scuffings of the shoes he was too indolent to lace.

At such times Marjie found it the wisest thing to drive him out into the street. If she could inspire him with enough ginger to want to see a movie, this meant complete success, and he would return about closing time refreshed and good-humored.

Of course Marjie's days with Ben were limited to the hours between nine and five. At other times she belonged to pa and the twins. Ben invited her several times to spend the evening with him, but she steadfastly refused. There was so much to do at home. Once she spent a Sunday with Merriweather. They wandered about the lower edge of Manhattan making snapshots with an old hand camera, squabbled amiably all day and had a pretty good time. Ben guessed, after all, Marjie saw enough of him week days. He wasn't sure he wouldn't prefer his Sundays to himself. Marjie was a good girl, faithful and useful. Ben was absolutely kind to her, always considerate. It was the rarest thing in the world for him to say a cross word to Marjie. Scolding was her privilege. She bullied him, and he got used to it and rather thought it was good for him. It didn't occur to him that any other assistant would have behaved differently. A girl was a girl—had to be nagging someone. Probably that was why God abstracted that rib from Adam in the first place—to provide the poor fish with a mentor who would keep his feet on the ground.

And Marjie wondered, too, if she weren't entitled to her Sundays to mend her clothes and fuss round the flat and talk things over with the twins. The twins needed quite as much bossing as Ben Merriweather, and they were her own flesh and blood. Still she was fond of Ben. She felt responsible for him. It was she who had yanked him roughly out of his comfortable, unambitious indolence. It was up to her to stand by him and keep him headed in the right direction. She wasn't going to let him slump back, and on the other hand she hoped the fire she had kindled wouldn't start to spread and do a lot of damage. You never can tell about those temperamental guys.

Life for Marjie was pretty solemn and exacting, but it was stimulating, too, with a lot of problems that returned payment for their solution in zest of living. Only one thing really bothered Marjie. She wished to gosh she wasn't such a roughneck! She had never played anywhere but in the streets of New York. She had only the education which she had herself obtained with what discretion she might exercise through an instinctive decency and a sophistication she had been born with, as some more fortunate babies are born with silver spoons in their mouths. No such article had served Marjie Paul for tooth-cutting purposes.

And at the age when the little girls of the well-to-do are beginning to learn the arts of ladydom, walking daintily to and from private schools in the direct charge of governesses and watchful maids, Marjie Paul had gone at least once a day, unattended and with a dime in one hand and the handle of a pail in the other, to the corner saloon for pa's pint of beer.

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"I'll Make You a Photograph of These Biscuits That Will Make People Ask How You Folks Managed to Break Into Windsor Castle"

THE ROSE DAWN

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

XXIX

THE boom and boom methods were under way and in full swing before even a ripple reached Arguello. People knew vaguely that there was something doing down south. But Arguello was cut off from easy communication, so that she did not at once feel the impulse of new movements. Her inhabitants did not travel much except in the course of business, and those who did travel were not of the type to be interested in or to catch new methods. It remained for Ephraim Spinner, the man of quick perceptions and quicksilver imagination, to see and bring back with him an idea. This idea he hastened to share with Boyd.

"It is the waking up we've been waiting for!" cried Spinner. "And we can be in on the ground floor if we want to be. It hasn't struck here yet, but it is going to."

Boyd listened attentively—made no decisive comment, but took a trip south. Spinner offered to accompany him and show him the ropes, but he preferred to go alone. The morning after his arrival he breakfasted in good season, and sauntered down Spring Street to see what he could see.

He had not long to search. Down the street came a brass band dressed in gaudy gold-and-white uniforms, blaring stridently to the zenith. At its head strutted a drum major with tall bearskin shako and whirling and throwing aloft a brass-headed baton that glittered in the sun. Behind it marched two men dressed as flunkies in wine-colored, brass-buttoned, stripe-waistcoated liveries, with white stockings. They bore an outspread banner of white bearing a legend in gold:

BANKSIA HEIGHTS SALE OF
LOTS TO-DAY
FREE RIDE AND FREE LUNCH

Next in line pranced a pair of milk-white horses caparisoned in red-lacquered harness and drawing a low-necked hack, on the back seat of which lolled two individuals resplendent in shiny top hats and frock coats.

After them trailed a long procession of surreys and other vehicles. As these evidently represented the free ride advertised on the banner, Boyd stepped off the curb toward one of them. Instantly it pulled up and he climbed aboard.

A half hour later he found himself at Banksia Heights. The procession had wound its noisy way here and there in the downtown streets of the city, displaying its banner, dispensing impartially its pandemonium, collecting here and there—on the strength of the free ride and the free lunch—occupants for the long string of vehicles. It was a gorgeous day, bright and mild, typical of March in Southern California. Boyd was interested in the crowd that debarked at Banksia Heights. They were many, and a good proportion looked prosperous; but they had most evidently come for the lark and the picnic and the free lunch. It did not worry them one bit that they were accepting what amounted to hospitality from a stranger under what equally amounted to false pretenses. For not one of them had the faintest notion of investing in Banksia Heights.

But neither did it seem to worry the two men in the shiny silk hats. Indeed, they looked rather pleased than otherwise as they superintended the debarking of the band from the omnibus that had picked it up after its processional function was over.

"Get under that oak," they instructed the drum major, "out of the sun, and just raise hell," which same they certainly did.

Mrs. Stanley's Supposed One Million Two Hundred Thousand Dollars' Worth of Real Estate Had Been Sold to Her—After Debts Were Paid—Just Ten Thousand Dollars

The leaves of the oak tree shivered in their brassy blasts, and the idly waiting crowd thrilled to the desired supernormal simply because each and every one of them had been brought up on country circuses, and the blatant blare of such a band would thus ever possess the power to quicken the blood.

The land sloped away gently toward the distant sea, spread out like a carpet. Acres of lupine, blue as the heavens; acres of golden poppies, yellower than the soft sunlight; acres more of yellow violets or varicolored bellflowers rolled away over the low rises; and the squares of grove or grain, the gleaming white of houses, the lazy smoke of the city, lay in the mellow sunshine. The clear, liquid notes of meadow larks made themselves heard in spite of the band. Back of all rose the Coast Range, over whose nearer foothills could be discerned the wild lilac or mountain laurel, the wild pea and gooseberry.

Stimulated and upheld by the familiar band and the prospects of the free lunch, the tourists looked about them and felt something of the spell of the country's beauty. For it is a singular fact that the average tourist never sees anything unless measures are taken. He is a good deal like a dog that way. If we are to believe what dogs tell us, there are few things they enjoy more than a good walk with plenty of smells to investigate. As such is the case, one would think dogs would go on many walks; but they rarely do, unless their master takes them.

Tourists are good, conscientious beasts also. They will take infinite trouble to go anywhere any guidebook or railway folder tells them they ought to go; and they will spend any amount of money and personal discomfort to see any waterfall or busted adobe or view or prehistoric ash barrel that any halfway competent authority will tell them about; and they will pay prices per hour to be driven any approved drives, whereon they exclaim over whatever the driver points out, or remain timidly silent if he does not point out anything. But they very rarely go out and find things for themselves, and they rarely see country. Between stations on the trains they read books or play cards—unless, of course, the railway folders tell them to observe. When the train stops they come to and hang out the windows and stare, fascinated, at the news stand or the station building—which needs painting—or the buildings across the street. They would never have thought of going out to Banksia Heights, or anything similar, unless lured thereto by the band and the free lunch. But once having arrived there, they could not help but be influenced, each according to his receptivity, by the charm and peace and mellowness of the day.

The taller of the two men in silk hats looked on this assemblage with a satisfaction that at first was not shared by his colleague.

"There's not three people in this crowd who have come out to look at lots," the latter confided disgustedly. "The most of them are just out for a free picnic. They don't know one earthly thing about real estate—or California."

This was the owner of the property. That is to say, he had paid a small amount down and was expecting to clean up at a profit before the next payment came due.

"Just exactly what we want," asserted the other shrewdly. "That's the sort of fellow who thinks he's smarter than any other. I've handled this sort before. There's two types here—the real green ones and the wealthy superior ones who've just come out to see the thing work and are too smart to come in. Like that fellow over there," said the auctioneer, indicating Patrick Boyd. "Know who he is?"

"Not a notion. But I saw Colonel Carstair—you know, the banker from St. Paul. He's an old friend of mine. I told him if he saw anything that looked good to him at the auction to bid it in and hold it for a rise. I told him he needn't pay a cent on it—just to write out a check and hand it in for appearance's sake, and I'd destroy it."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing much. But he's here."

"Well, they've gauped round enough. Let's get at it."

The auctioneer mounted a rostrum near the center of the tract. Clerks took their places at tables below. He held up his hand and the band stopped with a blast. Behind the rostrum hung a huge canvas marked as a plot. An assistant placed the tip of a long pole against one of

the lots. At the same time another assistant with a flag stationed himself on the actual lot to be sold.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," began the salesman, pushing his tall hat back in an engaging fashion, "I want to make you a little talk in general before getting down to brass tacks and the things that interest us all the most. I can make it very short, because you've got it right in front of your eyes. I refer to California and its future, and especially Los Angeles."

He went on briefly, as he had said, to point out climate, soil productivity and future, together with a few convincing statistics. When he had finished he leaned forward and flashed his teeth in a friendly fashion.

"That's off our minds. But it's true, and you know it's true. But what we are interested in is Banksia Heights, and especially in that part of it where the young man is holding the flag. It is, as you see, in the natural line of growth of what is soon to be a metropolis of the Pacific Coast. Plans are already drawn, and can be inspected in our city office, for all the usual and necessary public improvements. I don't think anybody present has ever seen a fairer outlook, felt against his cheek more salubrious breezes, planted his feet on soil better adapted to the establishment of a home. Now as to this lot. It is one of the finest on the tract. Its purchase carries with it the privilege of taking the next two at any time during the next week and at the same price. Somebody make me a bid. Quick!"

A lank, saturnine individual, who had been openly sneering round since his arrival, promptly spoke up.

"Five dollars!" he cried.

The auctioneer stood on tiptoe to see the speaker. He recognized him at once as the owner of a rival tract who was trying thus at once to cast discredit on values, and also to start the bidding on so low a scale that it could never mount to desired heights

"Thank you! Thank you, sir!" cried back the auctioneer with every appearance of sincerity. He turned to the others as though taking them into his confidence. "Friends, you see standing here before you a poor, forlorn, broken-winded, shattered wreck from Kansas. I do not know him personally, but I can tell he comes from Kansas by his thin, gaunt form, his haggard features and his pinched nose. Half starved from living on a soil that can produce nothing better than rattlesnakes, his health broken down by blizzards and his bank account busted by bad crops in the off years and grasshoppers in the on years, he has wandered out here to buy a home and mend his fortune. He says that he has only five dollars left, all that his folly in not coming to California in the first place has spared him of a handsome fortune. He offers it all here—all he has left in the world—for a home in Banksia Heights. Don't outbid him, friends! Don't, I beg of you, ladies and gentlemen! I declare this lot sold as an act of charity to our bankrupt, broken-winded, deplorable friend from Kansas. John move the flag to Lot Eight. What name, please?"

But the rival had sneaked away amid the delighted laughter of the crowd. Lot Eight was put up. After some hesitation a solid, respectable-looking man with the appearance of a small-town grocer bid a hundred and fifty dollars. Everybody looked at him, but he bore inspection well. There were dozens like him all about. Nevertheless, he was a hired capper. The boom real-estate man was the precursor of the movie director in his appreciation of the value of types.

"My dear sir," cried the auctioneer disgustedly, "you don't realize! I am not offering you this map. I am offering a genuine fifty-foot lot made out of dirt. Come now, let's have a real offer!"

Boyd, wandering round, had unexpectedly run into three of his old cronies—namely, Saxon, Marcus Oberman and George Scott.

"Well, well!" he cried. "What in thunder are you three terrapins doing down here? I thought you never got more than ten miles from the Frémont bar."

"What are you doing here yourself?" countered Saxon. "The same to you."

"Oh, I just came down on business. Saw this procession going by and thought I'd come along and see the fun. Great show, isn't it?"

At the auctioneer's last appeal a voice spoke up from the outskirts of the crowd.

"One hundred and seventy-five," it stated with deliberate dignity.

"Hanged if that isn't Jimmy Carstair!" cried Boyd delightedly.

"Who's Jimmy Carstair?" asked Scott.

The others stared at him incredulously.

"Jimmy Carstair? You must know him! He's one of the richest men in St. Paul!"

"Oh, him!" said Scott with new respect.

"I wonder what he's doing in this?" speculated Boyd. "He generally knows what is what. Let's see if he really wants this lot or is bidding for fun. Get out of sight, fellows. One hundred and eighty!" he called.

But he had been seen and recognized by others in the crowd—lesser fry, taught by the popular periodicals of the day to look up to captains of industry. These began to buzz to each other. If the big men were interested there must be something in it.

"Two hundred," spoke up someone from the middle of the crowd. The auctioneer took a look to see that this was not one of his various cappers, and was immensely heartened to discover that it was not.

"Two hundred and ten," spoke up one of the latter on receipt of an almost imperceptible sign. It was time to feel out the temper of the crowd a little.

"This is too silly!" cried the auctioneer with an appearance of vexation. "If some of you don't look out this bargain is going to go off and hit you." He leaned over and appeared to consult the owner, who shook his head. "Well," he said impatiently, "there's no accounting for a

(Continued on Page 149)

"We Will Now Adjourn to the Viands. Eat Hearty, and Remember to Think How Fine it Would be to Eat All Your Meals Under Your Own Vine and Fig Tree"

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 11, 1920

Hall-Marked Securities

VERY few of us pretend to expert knowledge of the precious metals; but when we buy a berry spoon marked STERLING, or a ring stamped 18K, we are reasonably certain that we are getting what we are paying for and feel assured that if we have not got it the police will make short work of the man who swindled us.

We should like to see a somewhat similar system applied to publicly offered stocks and bonds.

There is nothing startling or even novel in this proposal. Financial analysts and statisticians have for years been rating securities for their clients; but they work for the few who can pay liberal fees rather than for the many whose means do not enable them to afford expert assistance. We have long needed some competent and disinterested body of experts to pass upon the merits of publicly offered securities; and now that the bond houses are preparing to float new issues in unparalleled volume and to press their selling campaigns into the remotest country districts and among the very smallest investors, the necessity for such a board or commission is more pressing than it has ever been in the past.

It will no doubt be pointed out that the percentage of gold or silver in a ring or in a spoon is a matter of definite and unvarying fact, ascertained by chemical analysis, whereas the intrinsic merit of a corporate obligation is a question of judgment not similarly susceptible of official certification.

We should meet this objection by observing that commercial ratings are also matters of judgment, and that billions of dollars of credit are extended and withheld every year under the guidance of the ratings made by Dun and Bradstreet's. The correct rating of a bond or stock is not much more difficult than that of a mercantile house and if it is made by a competent and disinterested analyst it is as worthy of respect as if it were a commercial rating prepared by a reputable agency.

In London, the Goldsmiths' Company, an ancient trade guild incorporated an even century before Columbus discovered America, sets its hall marks upon objects of gold and silver, and thus attests their fineness. The law of the land is behind this old company and woe to him who counterfeits its marks. For the honor of the trade and for the protection of the public it stamps its hall marks upon all the goldware and silverware turned out by that trade. Why should the idea be thought fantastic if a national organization of investment bankers resolved to establish and maintain a board of disinterested experts whose duty should be to study and analyze all publicly offered securities, to assign them a rating based upon their merits or demerits, make public the ratings thus arrived at, and modify them from time to time as altered conditions might dictate? Is it not a recognized duty of upright and reputable men in any business to protect the public, as far as they are able, from the trickery and chicanery of the less reputable members of their calling?

In view of the early history of banking a comparison of security ratings to hall marks is not at all far-fetched. Banking, among English-speaking peoples, is a young profession. It is a modern offshoot of goldsmithing. In olden times the craftsman who hammered out gold jewelry and made silver tableware was virtually the only business man in town who had strongly guarded vaults for the protection of his goods. Furthermore, he was a member of an old and honorable guild that practically guaranteed his integrity. He was, therefore, a safe and convenient person with whom to lodge one's money and valuables. Those who left coin in his keeping paid their debts by drawing orders upon him. They instructed their debtors to make payment to him. And so it came to pass that craftsmen who had more aptitude for money handling than for the fashioning of jewelry or lovely silverwork gradually forsook the bench and became bankers while the most skillful artificers remained old-fashioned goldsmiths.

The elder branch of the trade still puts its quality mark on its wares. It is hard to see why the younger offshoot should not resume the ancient custom and do so likewise.

Leaders in most callings recognize the fact that it is incumbent upon them to maintain the ethical standards of their occupations. Physicians discountenance quacks; lawyers are quick to effect the disbarment of attorneys who swindle clients and thus bring disgrace upon the whole legal profession; and stock exchanges punish with an unsparing hand erring members who transgress the strict code laid down for them. The aim of these disciplinary measures is twofold: First, to protect the public; second, to keep the occupational reputation so unspotted that the rank and file of its honorable practitioners may enjoy the confidence of the public and the material benefits that confidence brings.

Reputable investment bankers, though they are filled with righteous indignation when they read of the barefaced frauds perpetrated by stock swindlers, are almost powerless to curb their activities. What they can do is to raise and clarify the standards of their own fraternity. In the nature of business these bankers are called upon to underwrite and distribute many security issues whose soundness is questionable, whose future is uncertain and whose quality is frankly speculative. There is no reason why they should not do so. The world must have its pioneers and bold adventurers or there would be no progress. There are always plenty of speculators who desire a large return and who are willing to assume the risks that pioneering involves.

There is a proper market for such securities, but they should be so described and distributed that they will go into the hands of those who are willing to take a chance rather than those who buy with the intention of making a sound and conservative investment. A rating made by a disinterested board of experts would put such a bond on its proper footing, and an unsophisticated buyer would not be talked into the belief that it was safer and more desirable than it actually was.

The moral influence of the right kind of rating board could become enormous. It would, to be sure, have no inquisitorial powers. It would have no means of compelling promoters to answer its questionnaires; but the underwriters of every high-grade security issued would be only too glad to furnish the completest data, well knowing that if their offering deserved a high rating it would receive one, and that its sale would be thereby assisted. Such a board would occupy a position similar to that of the commercial agencies. No merchant need give the information for which they ask, but mercantile houses that are on a sound footing and discount their bills promptly are usually very willing to take advantage of every opportunity to insure favorable listing. Those that decline to make financial statements may, indeed, be sound and solvent; but the presumption is that if they are overreticent about their standing there is something about it that is either shady or shaky.

Security ratings made by a national board should be immediately given the widest publicity. Rating sheets should be mailed at brief intervals to every financial editor and should be posted in the lobby of every bank and trust company in the country. The board's ratings should be so widely disseminated and so accessible to the plain people that any farmer's boy in Michigan or any village school-teacher in California with a hundred dollars to invest should be able to consult the rating sheets and get at a glance the composite opinion of some of the shrewdest judges in the country on any or all of the baby bonds offered by the local banker.

The establishment and operation of such a system would be practical recognition of the principle that the less experienced and informed an investment banker's customers are the greater becomes his moral obligation to safeguard their interests. Wealthy investors, directors of savings banks and officers of insurance companies who have spent their lives learning to read between the lines of bond circulars are not too proud to seek professional guidance. They not only subscribe to bureaus that prepare security ratings but they retain statistical experts to draw up special reports upon corporations whose securities they contemplate buying.

If canny and experienced bond buyers in the great money centers are afraid to buy without expert assistance, how much more must such guidance be needed by small and inexperienced investors, who have had no opportunity to gain even the rudiments of a financial education! And yet, if such a plan as is here proposed were worked out and put into practical operation, investment bankers could assert with pride that their business was so clean, so highly standardized and so open and aboveboard that any shop girl or country boy could get for the asking just as shrewd and expert an opinion of any new security as could be obtained by a Wall Street broker.

As far as investors are concerned the service here indicated should be absolutely free. It should be the investment bankers' contribution toward the conservation of our national savings.

If American bond houses are to raise anything like the sums that financial magazines predict will be required to keep our industries going during the next few years, their legitimate profits will be so enormous that they should seemingly be able to absorb the cost of such a service. If not, there is no reason why the rating board should not assess a fee upon the concerns whose securities it rated, the amount being based upon the size of the stock or bond issue involved, just as the New York Stock Exchange imposes a listing charge upon the corporations whose securities are dealt in on the big board.

There may be some surer method of safeguarding the interests of little investors; but certain it is that if industry sends the bankers out to each village crossroad in the land to gather in every idle twenty-dollar bill, some practical means must be found to certify the wares they propose to sell.

It is not to be supposed that such a system as is here indicated could be made one hundred per cent perfect; nor can it be denied that such an effort would be infinitely better than none at all. If there is a sounder and more practical plan than to establish a board of disinterested experts to rate each new offering as it is issued, let the investment bankers work it out to the smallest detail and put it into early operation.

Millions of investors, keenly aware of their own inexperience, are waiting to buy securities plainly and honestly marked 18K, 14K, STERLING SILVER, Quadruple Plate or even Solid Pewter. It is no crime to sell pewter. The criminality lies in stamping it STERLING or in hinting that it is something just as fine.

Undreamed-of opportunities await the investment bankers of America when they shall have worked out clean-cut plans for selling their wares on the hall-mark basis.

Immediate Possession

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THERE is only one way of eating your cake and having it too, and that is by eating it in bed. This is a scientific discovery of my own, and the formula for it begins with the reading of a popular novel. After having read through the introductory chapters to the beginning of the mystery, waded through its thickening waters until its leading characters have been all but engulfed by the tidal wave of impending disaster, you ought to be at about Page 197. With the average reader who runs along in high at the rate of about six chapters an hour, the bedside clock should normally register eleven-thirty P. M. as the hero locks the attic door against the detectives who are closing in upon the heroine who has just been concealed in an old clothespress full, fortunately, of worm-made air holes and empty of everything else but heroine.

Then while the ensuing paragraph sets forth the hero's pig-headed conviction that she is innocent of the crime for which they are coming after her, sixteen chapters to the contrary notwithstanding, and he is resolving to defend the clothespress with his hip-pocket flask if necessary, there should, according to calculations based upon many years of personal observation on my part—there should, at the end of this standard paragraph, develop in the reader a sensation of emptiness in that region known as the pit of the stomach, a sort of gone feeling, if you know what I mean; a vague, faintly unpleasant hollowness not entirely to be accounted for by the emotional strain of $1.75, net, worth of detective story.

In point of fact and pit of stomach the sensation—with all due respect to your favorite author—is probably hunger. But what to do? What? You waver between the call of Hunger and the call of the hero: "Stand back, you scum, or I'll shoot Little Joe!" and its probable consequence. But if you are the norm of novel reader which I take you to be, you will cast the final vote in favor of your stomach as weighed against your—save the mark!—intellectual curiosity. Reluctantly you will lay the book open and face-downward upon the bed. The situation will, after all, wait, while your appetite, as Mr. Shakspere so truly said, will not. Besides, that scum stuff has unaccountably made you think of cocoa; also of cake. Surely there was a large piece of cake left over from supper? It might by some miracle of oversight on the part of the visiting district coon still be counted among your assets. At any rate it is a possibility worth investigating. You swing both feet over the edge of the bedclothes and begin a stealthy progress toward the unsuspecting cake safe. You work the combination with fast-beating heart. The hero of the detective story which you have just parked on your bed has nothing on you emotionally at that moment.

Once He Even Expanded So Far as to Offer Me a Cigar, a Courtesy Which, Being a Lady, I Suspect Was a Mere Matter of Habit

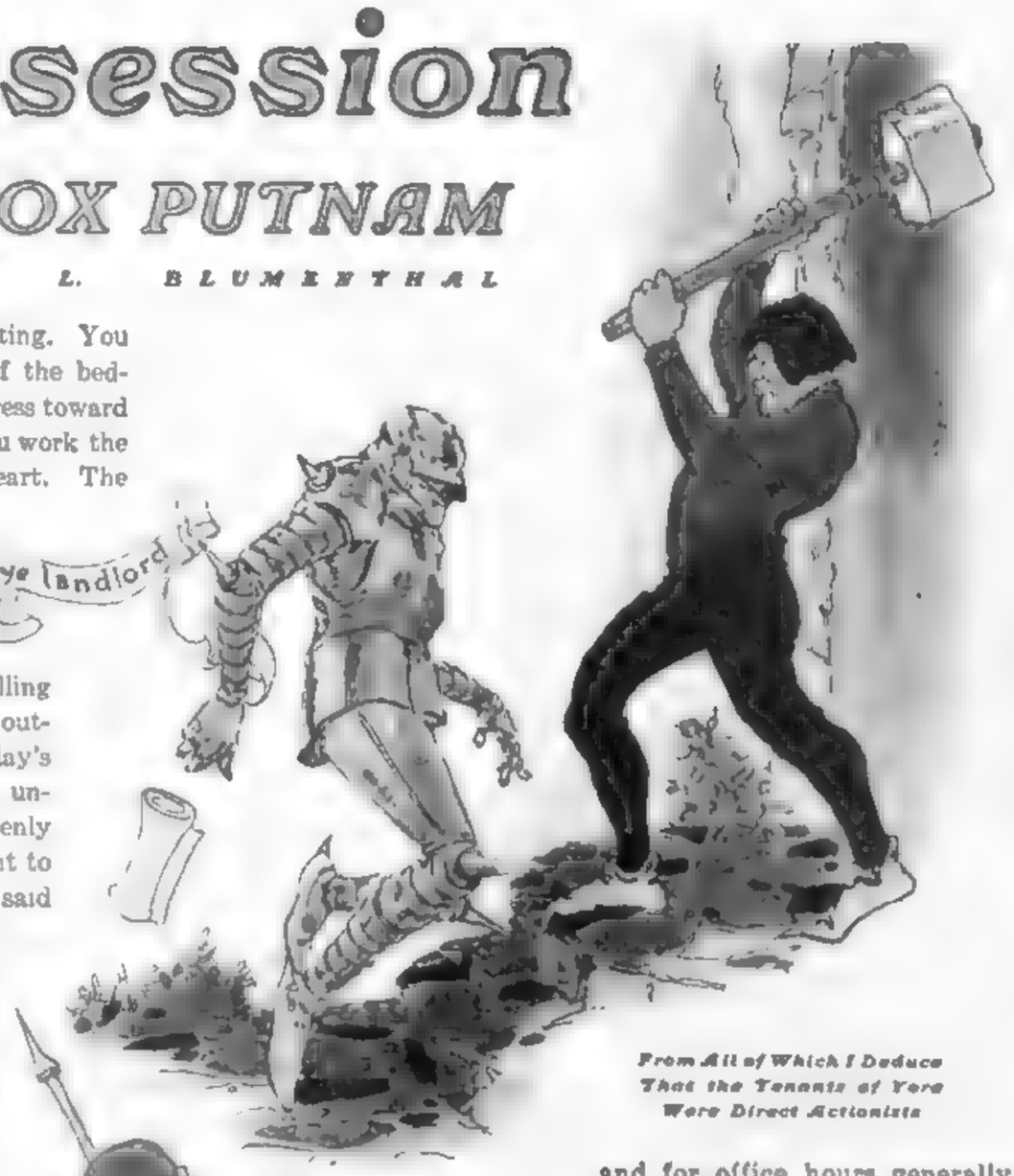
At last the click and the falling sound within! The door swings outward, revealing the heel of yesterday's bread, the misplaced end of an underdone sausage, and—oh, heavenly vision!—the piece of cake. I want to modify that last just a little. I said "the" piece of cake, but on second consideration I realize that such a statement, granting the existence of the aforementioned dusky V. D. C., is asking too much of the credulity of my audience. What I really meant was that you found a part of the piece of cake. Either it was larger than you had remembered, or else Delilia the Delphiniam of Darktown had less nerve than usual that evening.

Howbeit—pretty classy word, that—howbeit, you are too hungry and glad and everything to be overcritical. You seize the cake and retreat to bed with it, having decided to forgo the cocoa; and once more snugly ensconced begin to devour simultaneously the cake and the remaining three chapters.

And that is the whole secret of how to eat your cake and have it too. Believe me, if you follow directions you will have it all right. No matter how carefully you hold the sheet under your chin during each bite, or brush out the bed afterward, you will still have that cake. You will notice it at wakeful intervals throughout the night; sly crumbs will emerge from hidden folds and crannies and work themselves into the small of your back. I solemnly assure you that the only way to get rid of a cake which has been eaten in bed is to take the bed out in the back yard and burn it, and then begin paying installments on a new and innocent bed which has never been eaten in.

And this, more-or-less-gentle reader, is the only genuine way of getting round the old copy-book statement—the only real refutation of the otherwise unassailable truth that you cannot eat your cake and have it too. This despite the obstinate convictions of a species of semihuman animal identified generically in common parlance as the landlord.

There is nothing exactly new about the present unpopularity of landlords. Indeed, upon looking the matter up historically I find that in the good old days of Yore landlords were even worse hated than they are at present, incredible as that may seem. Of course never having lived in Yore I can't speak from personal experience, but I have seen pictures of 'em taken there in suits that had overalls beat a thousand years for durability, being as they were presumably designed for wear on rent-collecting days



From All of Which I Deduce That the Tenants of Yore Were Direct Actionists

and for office hours generally. These nice practical suits were constructed entirely of steel, with a nifty vacuum hat of the same material, and it seems the well-dressed landlord carried something snappy in battle axes instead of the usual Malacca affair. From all of which I deduce that the tenants of Yore were direct actionists. And in view of present-day tendencies perhaps it would be good business if some of the old munition works which the temporary peace has crippled were to buy off a good designer from some tailoring concern with a reputation and get busy preparing for the fall trade. About October first there ought to be a big demand for ready-to-wears in this line.

How history repeats itself! In the old days the landlords actually did have a corner on what the newspapers love to refer to as the real-estate mart, and now they have at least an option on the four corners of every decent residence district going. The chainless-armor days belong only temporarily to the past—and the submersible, self-starting eight-cylinder protective clothing of 1921 may soon be in the class with silk shirts, hand-monogrammed hankies and other common necessities of everyday life, as led by landlords.

While the World War was on, my personal, particular landlord seemed a rather decent sort of chap in a striped-madras shirt and a light-oak office, with only a low flimsy railing between him and the public which he served. I said "served."

I cannot go so far as to claim that he was ever exactly humble with me, but he was kindly—he took really pleasant, not too patronizing, notice of me, especially when I had just paid my rent. And a good rent it was, too—seventy-five dollars a month for seven rooms, five of them light, and a bathroom with the electric switch where even a stranger could find it quite easily. Well, he ought to have been friendly with all that money coming in regularly every month, and I'll admit he was. He used to smile and be positively chummy as he took my check. Once he even expanded so far as to offer me a cigar, a courtesy which, being a lady, I suspect was a mere matter of habit with him—just an empty form. But no matter; let that go. His heart seemed to be in the right place if his cigars were not, and I was grateful for the kind thought. But since the war stopped and we began our great task of Redestruction, you wouldn't know the lad! And strange as it may seem, at first I was rather in sympathy with his gradual metamorphosis.

"Mrs. Putnam," he said to me earnestly on the day he first slipped the chain jack under my seventy-five dollars per, "Mrs. Putnam, you know how it is—costs have gone up so since the war that I am afraid we are going to be obliged to raise our rents. We hate to do it, but you know how it is."

There was a sort of partnership in sorrow in the way he pulled that "we" stuff, as though I was to be in on the raise or he in on the pain it cost me, or something. I agreed, and went home gently depressed, but not at all angry. Indeed, I felt rather pleased with myself for my deep understanding of the economic situation of the world. Saphead! If I had but nipped that budding raise—had I stamped upon it, knowing that there just naturally was a worm i' the bud, a tolerable business relationship might have been saved. But no, I sympathized—actually said to my acquaintance while retailing the news to fill one of those awkward gaps in the conversation, you know—I actually said that I supposed landlords had to live, the same as the rest of us!

And I meant just that. I meant that he had a right to live the same as the rest of us. I didn't mean that he should live a whole lot better than the rest of us. It was far from my intention to coöperate in the purchase of his high-powered limousine or aid in removing those flimsy railings of varnished oak from about his desk and pay for the replacing of them with a solid-mahogany partition which had barbed wire in the ground-glass windows and a bomb-proof door. Yet this is just what my original weakness has led to.

I did just the same in all other lines of business too. In the beginning I gave in to the butcher, the clothier, the grocer and the milkman, meekly, even generously, on their plea of higher costs—and now lookit where they've got me through my original sin of saying yes! That original-sin stuff which got started in Eden and ended in an eviction there, is just starting to register with me. None of it need have happened in the beginning of things if Eve hadn't been determined to have that apple at any price. Do you get me? Right-o!

But to come back to my landlord. Come back is right; at least a come-back is what we decided on after the fifth boost on our flat. We came in on the opening, stood pat when he raised us to eighty-five, asked to see him at ninety, and when he laid down a full house—there was already a waiting list, it seems—and it cost us one hundred and twenty-five iron men, we quit.

"George, this is outrageous!" I exclaimed to my husband across the reading lamp on the evening when the notice of the schedule which was supposed to become effective May first, along with the other bomb outrages, arrived. "George, this is outrageous!"

His name isn't George, but he answered by his real name that it was outrageous, and that by Jove we would move, that's what we would do!

"I just hate to do it," I agreed, "but I suppose it is the only solution. And another place ought to be easy enough to find, because our requirements are so simple, after all. Just a nice sunny room for poor dear Little Linolea, and plenty of space for Aleck-boy to play without disturbing the neighbors."

"And not a cent over a hundred a month!" my husband agreed in that firm masculine way of his, which I admire so much when it doesn't interfere with my own opinions.

"Good!" said I. "You find it, dear, just as you describe it, and it will suit me perfectly."

Well, in a way it was hard to give up the old place. We had been there for years, and had become used to the elevated trains gallumping by the cheery breakfast table and the friendly sound of the cable cars squeaking on their brakes below. Besides, Aleck-boy and poor dear Little Linolea had both come to us there, and it was home to them. Then, too, they might not be welcome in some other flat building. You know how ridiculous the restrictions are.

But I need not have worried about their welcome into another flat, because there just simply wasn't any other flat. At first, of course, I didn't believe my husband about it. I laid his statements about terrible hours of fruitless, useless search to the same fount of creative imagination from which spring his hard days at the office, when he dictates six whole letters, uses up five telephone calls, smokes three cigars, and at five o'clock staggers home exhausted. Believe me, no housekeeping woman would call the average man's work a dayful. But that's another article.

Well, anyway, at first I didn't believe my husband, who for publication purposes we will continue to call George, when he said that there were as many vacancies in the apartment houses of our city as there are cavities in a set of hen's teeth. I didn't believe him; I merely thought him incompetent, lazy and untruthful. I determined to see for myself. And so locking in my darlings, after telling Aleck-boy to be careful of Little Linolea, I departed on the conquest of Granada; and Quovada, and Monte Verdi and the Goldberg Arms; and all the other great apartment houses after which well-known geographical points have been named.

And then, like the King of France and William Jennings Bryan, I marched back home again, and cursed the race of landlords. I cursed them fore and aft, by and large, great and small. And then, feeling a little better, I cold-creamed my face and sat down to think—what to do? Yes, what to do.

At any rate I had one consolation in my state of imminent homelessness—I was not a landlord! I was not one of that low race! My contempt for them was unspeakable, much less printable, yet I got a certain sense of pleasure from my own purity. From the vast height of my moral superiority it appeared to me incredible that there existed a class of persons who conspired to strike at that very root of civilization—the w. k. home; who were willing to take advantage of a climate which necessitated a roof and four walls with an occasional whisper of steam heat in order to maintain life, and through this to gouge the helpless flat dweller; who made vast fortunes out of the simple domestic necessities of respectable and desirable citizens; who kept down the birth rate—I mean the landlords did—by refusing homes to little children and even sometimes, in extreme cases, to helpless lap dogs! The more I thought of these abnormal profiteers the worse I thought of them. Eventually I was worked up to a point where if I could have used my emotions as motor fuel they would have got me somewhere. And, in point of fact, that's just what happened. I got somewhere. To be exact, I came to a conclusion, one of those exciting discoveries of the obvious which might reasonably have occurred some years sooner, but which somehow or other had not.

Why not own our home?

Briefly, that was the substance of my musing. Why not own a home in the country? Why not commute from Forty-second Street to some place that was a real place, and spend forty minutes getting there instead of commuting from Forty-second Street to Two Hundred and Umpty-Umpth Street and spending forty minutes to reach a mere flat? I make Forty-second Street my objective, obviously, because the Public Library is there.

Of course we had friends who for years and years had lived in the suburbs and sung their praises. But we had never taken those praises very seriously. Truth to tell, we had held these acquaintances in mild contempt. A commuter was a sort of animated parcel-checking room. He never knew how the big scene in the last act came out unless we told him. Also, he did horridly dull things with gardens while we were salubriously occupied with the afternoon cocktail in some cozy café.

But now with no bars left it began to seem as if there might be something to suburban life after all—provided of course that we could find a really charming suburb with a hundred trains a day and all modern conveniences. Besides, it was apparent that we would never become demoralized by the life. We were different. We would take our snap with us, and remain peppy to the end. Besides, it would be so good for Little Linolea and Aleck-boy.

I was going to meet my husband and have dinner downtown the night I got this big idea. We used to dine downtown a lot—and I could hardly wait to get to the Rotisserie to tell him.

"Why, that's just what I've been trying to get you to do for years!" was all he said, in that annoying way which all well-regulated husbands have of taking the credit. "A little place in the suburbs; just the thing!"

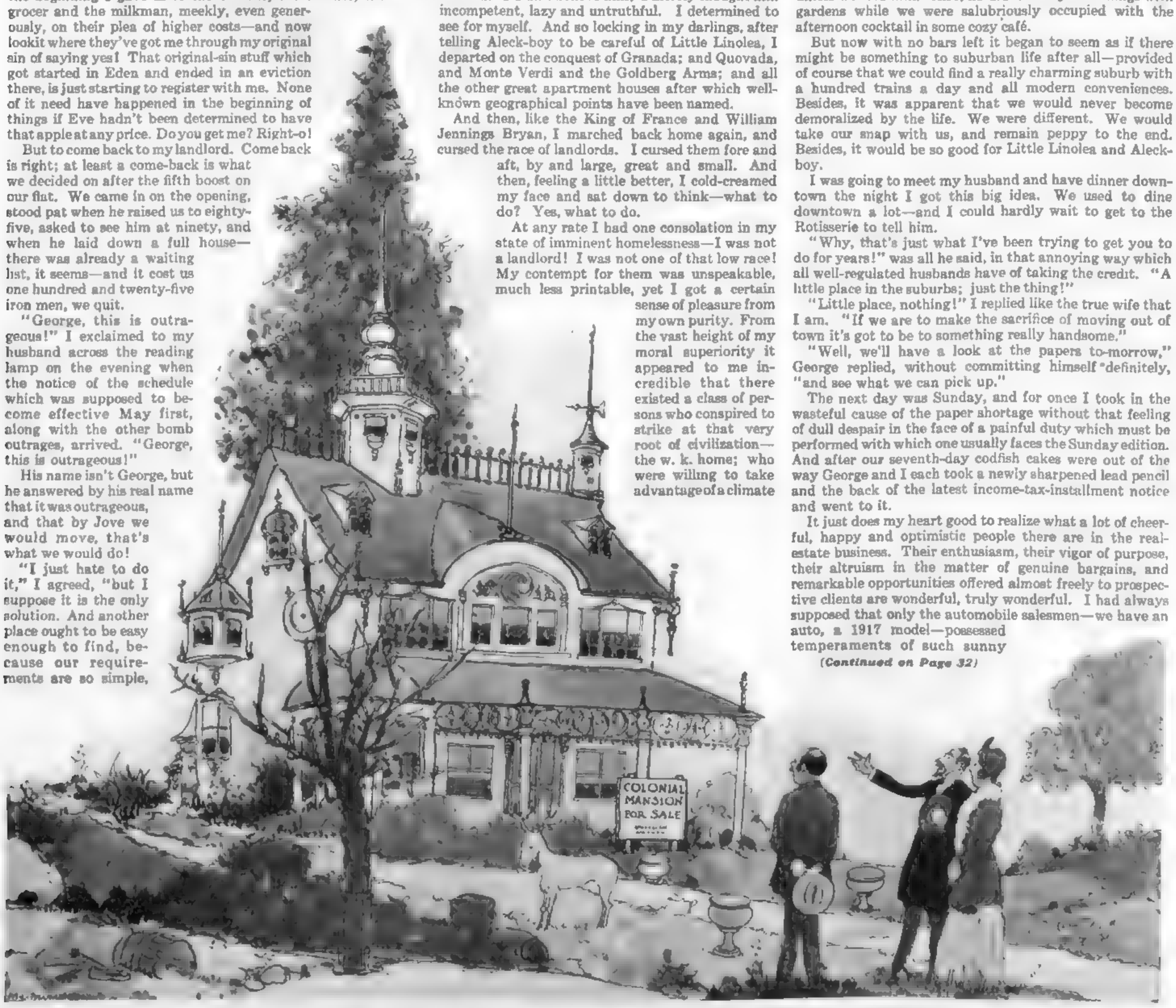
"Little place, nothing!" I replied like the true wife that I am. "If we are to make the sacrifice of moving out of town it's got to be to something really handsome."

"Well, we'll have a look at the papers to-morrow," George replied, without committing himself definitely, "and see what we can pick up."

The next day was Sunday, and for once I took in the wasteful cause of the paper shortage without that feeling of dull despair in the face of a painful duty which must be performed with which one usually faces the Sunday edition. And after our seventh-day codfish cakes were out of the way George and I each took a newly sharpened lead pencil and the back of the latest income-tax-installment notice and went to it.

It just does my heart good to realize what a lot of cheerful, happy and optimistic people there are in the real-estate business. Their enthusiasm, their vigor of purpose, their altruism in the matter of genuine bargains, and remarkable opportunities offered almost freely to prospective clients are wonderful, truly wonderful. I had always supposed that only the automobile salesmen—we have an auto, a 1917 model—possessed temperaments of such sunny

(Continued on Page 32)



As for the Outside! What Did We Care if the Old Colonial Was Really Mid-Victorian Embellished With a Valance of Wooden Crochet Work Which We Could Not Afford to Remove?

"Like Great Alexander, who got up his dander
And cut a big knot, so they say
I come on the scene with my appetite keen
And cut all these troubles away."

Cutting the knot

There is nothing like a keen natural appetite to put an end to most of the knotty health problems.

Good digestion and nutrition follow good appetite, and are followed in turn by stronger nerves and better physical condition—as sure as night follows day.

This is what makes the remarkable value of Campbell's Tomato Soup.

It is a natural appetizer.

Made from fresh vine-ripened tomatoes, it is blended with other choice food-products which heighten both its nutritive value and its delightful flavor. It is at once a most inviting meal-course and a definite means of improved health and energy.

Get the full benefit. Keep a supply on hand.

21 kinds **15c a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30)

hopefulness. It is a great relief to come in contact with this confidence, especially as contrasted with the customary pessimism of, say, garage repair men. The real-estate advertisements made me fairly yearn for a closer contact with the happy people who had written them. I could enviously imagine what their annual banquet must be like. What smiles, what quips, what laughter must prevail! Yes, laughter is right. Ever since we bought our house I have been imagining those glad ha-ha's!

But I anticipate. Let us return to that fatal Sunday paper, on that fine morning early in April—the first I think it was—it ought to have been.

The only real difficulty we experienced was in making a choice—or even several choices. The notices pulled us so many ways at once, geographically as well as emotionally speaking. There were one and two family houses old and new; gentlemen's estates at $1000 and upward; ladies' estates at $10,000 downward; and as for the Real Country Homes, Homes at Actual Bargains, Ideal Dwellings and Sacrifices to Settle Estates—I really don't see how they did it at fifty cents an agate line and goodness knows how much for migs and alleys.

Here and there an Important Notice caught our hungry eyes, or Home-Seekers' Opportunities tempted us. Good Bargains vied with warnings to See Rockville Roost Before You Buy! For more than half an hour we had a spirited family discussion regarding the equally unseen merits of Sixty Acres With Trout Brook at Greenham, and a Real Bargain for Quick Buyer at Cow's Neck. Personally, I was strongly drawn to An Old Magnet Factory Suitable for Remodeling at Muffler-on-the-Sound, but George wouldn't hear of it. He was all for the Most Attractive Place in Soddom, Very Easy Terms.

But when it came right down to brass tacks and our checking account plus the little old savings-bank book, we noticed the Dangerous Curve Ahead sign and came down to fifteen miles an hour. In other words, we quit fooling and began to thin out the fifty-thousand-and-upward cottages, and started marking homes which would allow us to keep our Liberty Bonds and a few chickens. Also, we eliminated all those glorious Chances of a Lifetime—whether our lifetime or that of the agent was not stated. Well, anyway, we eliminated all which did not bear the magic words "immediate possession."

But finally, after what the judge calls due consideration—meaning a big meal and a free fight—our joint and disjointed selection narrowed down to two places for actual, physical inspection and the application of our preconceived ideas. One was This is Unique—a Plumber's Own Home at Reasonable Figure, and the other was Old Colonial House 'Mid Beautiful Trees. We cut them out of the paper with a hairpin—the inevitable first step toward property ownership—and felt that we had accomplished all that could reasonably be expected of us for one day.

Now far be it from me to knock the notion of home owning. Be it ever so humble there's no place like that on which you've paid the first installment with the full and satisfying realization that it is an installment and not rent, even though it takes as much actual cash out of the bank. Because you are taking it out with one hand, but putting it back with the other.

Still more important than the eventual cessation of rent days is the preservation of the home idea. I have a sneaking liking for homes despite the fact of being an educated, economically independent female with quite modern ideas in some respects. I like the home because, after mature judgment based upon some experience in experimenting, I have found it to be a pretty satisfactory solution for the living problem. A hotel offers more privacy but also a greater lonesomeness. You can't very well go round a hotel in a kimono or a smoking jacket—not that I really believe smoking jackets actually exist outside of Christmas-gift ads. But in case they do exist you can't wear them round a hotel—it wouldn't look right. Then, too, there is no place like home for a good, wholesome old-fashioned family row. Or a wedding, or a birthday party for the kids, or a place to put away your winter underwear, or to accumulate trash. It just can't be done satisfactorily in a flat—particularly a flat rented from somebody else.

And though I realize that the home has many disadvantages, such as furnaces, leaks, room for blood and law relations, and so on, I still maintain that its desirable qualities outweigh its drawbacks. "The home," somebody once said—"the home is the bulwark of the nation." I'm not just sure what that word "bulwark" means, but if it means what I think it means I sure agree with him. And I'm also sure that a home which is owned and occupied by an individual means a whole lot more to him than a rented one ever can. It gives him a grip on Mother Earth instead of a grip on a barrel about his middle.

You become substantially a part of your community if you own a house and lot in it, even if you own it on deferred payments—not too deferred, that is. You at once begin to get interested in things like taxes and public works, and to wonder whether or not Hiram Smith is the proper man to elect to an office which will give him the spending of the funds which you have through taxation provided for these things. The town becomes actually and physically your town to a far greater extent than your acre or two, and you may actually go so far as to mix into politics and look into the character and ability of Representative Smith.

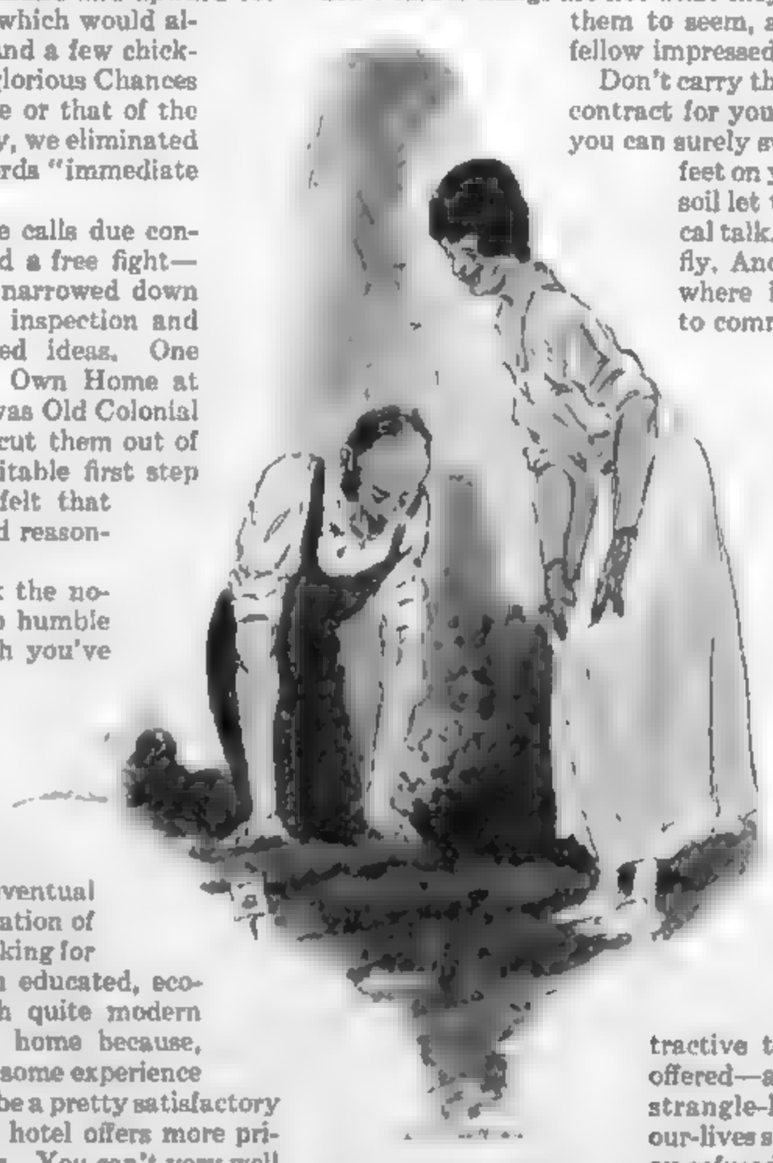
I tell you what, it was the flat dwellers, the homeless city folk of Russia, who invented the revolution there, backed up by those peasants whose land was being stolen from under their feet. Believe me, you have a hard time interesting a property holder, a home owner, in any red stuff unless it's for a new hall carpet!

There is only one real danger in this home buying, and that is the temptation to bite off a larger-sized place than you can chew. I have a notion that we Americans are the biggest installment buyers in the world. We get pianos, automobiles, diamonds and even clothing that way, and strut round looking like a million dollars with only a reasonably certain salary between us and the workhouse. And this insane desire to put up a big front applies too often to real estate as well. A mid-Victorian gentleman, who for many years I thought was a real poet until it was explained to me by some of my intellectual acquaintances that he couldn't have been a real poet because his stuff rimed, once pulled a line about things not being what they seem. I'll say he said a mouthful. The piece went something like this:

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers
And things are not what they seem.

We modern Americans should worry over that. We don't care if things are not what they seem; we only want them to seem, and to have the other fellow impressed by the illusion.

Don't carry this tinsel ideal into the contract for your home. Buy a place you can surely swing. And with your feet on your own bit of garden soil let the flat-dwelling radical talk. Parrots talk; eagles fly. And they build their nests where it's hard for anyone to communize 'em, too!



The Garden Was Perhaps Our Chief Delight

We saw this point as applied to the Plumber's Own Home immediately. It was a handsome place all newly decorated with the best and latest open fixtures, and for sale only because of the owner's having gone in for the Presidential nomination and needing larger quarters. But it was far too pretentious for our little family and, besides, it had only one bath. But the real objection was the price and the attractive terms which we were offered—a dollar-down-and-a-strangle-hold-for-the-rest-of-our-lives sort of an affair, which we refused with thanks. In our years and years of marriage we have not been able wholly to escape parlor Bolshevists, measles or book agents, but thank heaven, we have slipped by chattel mortgages of all kinds.

Not that we actually paid cash for the Old Colonial House 'Mid Beautiful Trees, I must confess. We didn't because we couldn't. But we could and we did undertake its purchase upon terms which amounted to less per month than our rental would have come to had we decided to let the landlord have his own willful way. And these payments were to come to an end in our lifetime. In fact, we had every reason to look forward to a mortgageless middle age. It seemed a reasonable compromise for people in our circumstances, and being a sound business proposition did not detract in any way from the delicious sense of ownership which at once filled our breasts while surveying our own, our very own house and yard, than which no other house and yard are more beautiful.

A great deal besides his commission must be granted to the agent who sold us the place. But it will have to take the form of credit rather than cash. If real estate had not attracted him as a profession it is highly probable that he might have gone in for companionship to a blind man. He could visualize. There was no doubt of that. It was a regular talent with the creature. He had the gift of words—in the common parlance of twenty years ago, the gift of the gab. He could describe a thing or a place with a fervor, eloquence and conviction that made the object of his description fairly leap into life.

This was great stuff and quite remarkable enough when you were sitting in his little private office and hanging on at once to his words and your pocketbook. But his genius didn't end there. Almost anyone can make you see a pretty good chromo of something hypothetical. But this bird went further. He could show you a country place and make you see Never-Never Land. Only you at once canned that Raven line and simply asked: "How much?" He was one of those men who can expatiate upon the beauties of carved woodwork so charmingly that you overlook the lack of plumbing.

He actually went so far as to stand with us in the yard of the Old Colonial and make us see landscape gardening when the only landscape gardening in sight was upon his face, he being a bearded man of the dot-and-dash variety. Under the suggestion of his fervid imagination we could see rows of stately poplars where as yet only the ash can grew; and he positively had us smelling imaginary mignonette which was to be covering the surface of the spot whereon the last owner had been in the reprehensible and geographically strange habit of dumping oyster shells. Though, of course, he may have been in the fish business, or perhaps just opened oysters in his spare moments; people do run to such odd fads.

Inside the house the narrow hallway melted away at an unspoken word and a most eloquent gesture on Mr. Hoosis' part, and in its stead we beheld a spacious entrance with stately columns lifting curly heads to the third story; tapestries and suits of armor and everything fitted right in without hesitation. I even went so far as to redecorate the drawing-room three times in less than fifteen minutes under the spell of our guide's eloquence. There was only one bathroom and no wardrobes, but what of it? A very little money would put them in! As for the absent back-stairs and the hypothetical sleeping porch—just think how much cheaper it would be to add these than to build nowadays! This last impressed me profoundly.

"George," I said earnestly, turning to my husband, "George, how true this is! Just think what it would cost to build this house to-day. Mr. Hoosis says that sixty years ago the man who put it up spent five thousand dollars on it and everybody in the town called it Smith's Folly because it was considered such a huge sum to have spent for so small a place—only eleven rooms and three open fireplaces. Why, you couldn't equal it for a hundred thousand to-day!"

"Well, you couldn't for twenty thousand, anyway," semiagreed George. He is always reducing my margins like that. "And it's a pretty good buy at twelve thousand right now, with all those four acres of land. We could put some of it into building lots."

"We could, but we won't!" I declared. "I intend having a sunken garden over there."

"Sunken is right!" said George pessimistically. "At the rate you are planning for we'll be over our heads in debt. I thought this move to the country was to be an economy."

"And so it is," I declared. "Just think how much cheaper it is to buy an old house than to build a new one. Why, dearie," I went on enthusiastically, "I believe we have hit upon a way to solve the building crisis! Just let everybody buy an old house in a neighborhood that's a little out of the way, like this, where land is cheap, and what will become of the horrid building profiteers? They won't need to strike because there simply won't be any work for them! The country is just full of old houses in good condition, or in condition which can easily be made good, and there they stand marked For Sale, and nobody will buy them because they are a little out of date. Just because there is maybe no gas, or no bathroom, or the roof is old-fashioned without being quaint, they remain empty. And why? Why, George?" I said, but without giving him any chance to answer. "Because people want hardwood floors and tiled kitchens or they won't move in! In this very town of Homesville there are eleven old houses for sale and not a single modern place for rent."

"But this house looks kind of inconvenient for the hired girl," ventured George. "You know pumping the water is not really going to appeal to her, unless she is reducing."

"First catch your hired girl!" I reminded him. "And if I can't make this place convenient by the expenditure of a little time and a few matched boards, I'm not fit to be the chief executive of any household. Besides which, if enough of us upper middle classes would move out to Homesville, why, we could get together and, first thing you know, we'd have a town water supply and maybe gas."

"But how are you going to get any folks together except to watch a fire or to try your homemade hooch?" George remarked skeptically.

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Styleplus Clothes

Trade Mark Reg.

Style plus at medium prices

The first time a man buys Styleplus the good looks of the clothes are the main attraction.

But each season thousands of men all over the country buy Styleplus as a regular thing.

That means the style is backed up by good wearing quality. Experience *proves* the big values in these famous clothes at medium prices.

Our label in a suit or overcoat insures all-wool fabrics, styled and tailored *just right* and guaranteed for real service. Models that please every taste.

Buy Styleplus, save on the first cost and profit right along on the dependable quality of the clothes.

Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc.,
Baltimore, Md.

STYLEPLUS – *The big name in clothes*

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Power for Automobiles

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

THE prices at which gasoline is now being retailed in most parts of the country run from thirty-three cents up according to the locality. One big producer is quoted as having said recently that the fuel will not go higher. Other well-informed people are also optimistic concerning future prices and supplies. However, the rank and file of motorists, as well as most of the automobile companies, are quite disturbed over the outlook. Large automobile manufacturers are spending thousands of dollars in experiments not only to perfect ways to get greater efficiency out of our present fuels but to find substitutes for the different grades of gasoline now used. The general tendency of the motor-vehicle industry just now is toward expansion, and it is disquieting to have to face the problem of a possible curtailment in the use of cars propelled by internal-combustion engines.

I will not attempt to discuss the justice of present gasoline prices. My aim is to deal in general fashion with the physical phases of the problem, touching on possible benefits that may be derived from the application of mechanical genius to the design of engines and the more efficient use of our liquid fuels.

In the early days of the internal-combustion engine the gasoline then produced was the top of the toppings, and was a fuel so volatile that a very simple process was required to provide a mixture rich in hydrocarbon vapors. As the automobile industry grew, the demand for fuel increased, the toppings were insufficient to supply the need, and the refiners were compelled to throw in some of the fractions that were formerly run in with the kerosene. With the introduction of this lower grade of gasoline came carbon troubles, which have continued to increase as the years have passed, and a less volatile fuel has been used. These deposits of carbon in our automobile engines not only represent a waste of gasoline but are destructive to the engine itself.

Recent investigations have brought out the fact that the waste of fuel in many of our automobile engines to-day amounts to as much as fifty per cent. A considerable part of this waste can be corrected by using leaner and more economical mixtures in motors having higher engine speeds and higher gear ratios. It is likely that even greater progress would have been made during the last few years in engine design if the demand for automobiles had not been so great. When a manufacturer is able to dispose of more cars than he can produce there is no urgent need for him to make large expenditures in changing his plant and radically revising the design of his product. Though the growth of the automobile manufacturing industry has been great the market for motor cars has grown even more rapidly. This condition has tended to foster repetition rather than reform in motor-car design.

A big company using motor busses in one of our large cities decided that since its consumption of gasoline amounts to more than 1,500,000 gallons annually, any fuel saving that might be effected would be well worth while. One effort was made along the line of heating the air before mixing it with the fuel. An insulated oven inclosing the exhaust manifold was installed on each bus, and the hot air was conducted to the carburetor through an insulated pipe, the air entering the carburetor at a temperature of 250 degrees Fahrenheit. The result was a fuel saving amounting to more than ten per cent and increasing the company's net profit by something like $50,000 a year. As the matter of fuel costs becomes more vital to those who bear the expense of automobile operation there will be a more insistent demand for cars possessing greater fuel efficiency.

Heating the air going to the carburetor is but one of many things that can be done to increase engine efficiency. The carburetors of to-day are far from perfect, and gas-engine experts tell me that future designs will give more accurate metering throughout the ranges of engine speed and throttle opening. It is also suggested that carburetors be built to produce intense agitation of the fuel particles during the starting period only when the engine is cold. The operators of automobiles are also partly to blame for fuel waste through their failure to exercise patience in starting. As a result of allowing too little time for the starting operation there are many improper readjustments of carburetors.

Before I mention the possibility of the return of the steam automobile into more general use let me draw a picture of the gasoline situation that will make plain many points not altogether clear in the minds of the public. First and fundamental is the fact that the manufacture of motor vehicles is an industry that has experienced an unprecedented growth. It is now a business with an annual output exceeding $2,000,000,000 in value. If we add tires, accessories and automobile parts, the value of the production last year totaled nearly $3,250,000,000. Twenty years ago the production of gasoline amounted to less than 300,000,000 gallons a year; to-day the output of gasoline is running at the rate of about 4,000,000,000 gallons yearly. Automobiles and accessories are dealt in by 50,000 firms, and 352 factories manufacture motor vehicles. There is now one car in the United States for every fourteen people, while in some states—California, for instance—there is one car for every six people. In proportion to population, Des Moines, Iowa, and Omaha, Nebraska, have the greatest number of motor vehicles, while New York City and Philadelphia have the fewest.

Though the development of the automobile from a mere toy to a commercial necessity is largely responsible for the enormous increase in the number of vehicles now used in the United States, it is well to remember that economic factors also have played an important part in this expansion. In 1903 the average retail price of a car was $1438. At this same time the daily wage of the average union workman varied from $3.50 to four dollars a day. At the present time the average retail price of a car has come down to about $1150, while the workman's wages have advanced to more than seven dollars a day. The result is that less labor is needed to buy an automobile now than in past years.

The United States is more nearly motorized than any other country. While we have one car for every fourteen people, as before stated, Canada has one car for every twenty-one of her population; the Hawaiian Islands, one car for every twenty-nine persons; New Zealand, one for every forty-eight; Cuba, one for every ninety-seven; Argentina, one for every 113; Great Britain, one for every 180; Australia, one for every 185; France, one for every 198; Porto Rico, one for every 219; Switzerland, one for every 262; Sweden, one for every 550; Belgium, one for every 625; Germany, one for every 866; Mexico, one for every 969; Italy, one for every 985; Spain, one for every 1380; Russia, one for every 12,000; and Japan, one for every 15,000. The foregoing tabulation indicates several things, but none more clearly than the superior purchasing power of United States citizens.

In order to understand the motor-fuel situation the reader should know that of the annual production of gasoline in the United States, now totaling more than 4,000,000,000 gallons, nearly one-third is used for purposes other than driving motor vehicles. It is also well to understand that what is called gasoline is now far from being a product that is constant in its characteristics and qualities. Gasoline varies according to the locality where it is purchased and the process employed in its manufacture. During the last ten years the production of crude oil from wells in the United States increased more than ninety-four per cent, but the production of gasoline increased more than 550 per cent, while the number of motor vehicles in service increased 1700 per cent. Two facts stand out: A far larger percentage of the output of crude oil is being turned into gasoline; this increase in the output of motor fuel has not kept pace with the increase in the output of cars.

Gasoline derived from petroleum is produced by one of three methods. The oldest and most important process is the straight-refinery method, which produces what is known as straight-run gasoline. In this method crude oil is treated in stills, heated by coal or oil, and the vapors, passing through condensers, are liquefied and run into receiving tanks. The product thus resulting is treated chemically to improve its color and odor. Gasoline produced in this way varies according to the physical and chemical nature of the crude petroleum used.

About ten per cent of the nation's supply of gasoline is manufactured by the casing-head process. This gasoline is obtained from natural gas and not from petroleum. When first placed upon the market casing-head gasoline was not received with favor by motorists, but methods of blending this fuel with other grades of gasoline and naphtha were developed and greater satisfaction was given. In fact, many people prefer this blended fuel because of the greater ease with which a cold engine can be started with it.

(Continued on Page 36)

Over and Over Again, the Cadillac Proves Its True Greatness

There is no single quality in motoring more valuable than the quality for which the Cadillac is most noted.

We mean, of course, the Cadillac quality of traveling indefinitely without giving a particle of trouble.

When all is said and done, this is the great secret of that unshakable loyalty of Cadillac owners, against which rivalry contends in vain.

In the degree in which it manifests itself, this everlasting dependability is a rare and an uncommon quality, too—the greatest test and proof of value that any car can give.

Isn't it natural that the Cadillac owner, having attained a sense of complete confidence that his car can always be relied upon, should be utterly unwilling to run the risk of losing that satisfaction?

It is a source of intense pride to the organization that has ceaselessly striven for seventeen years, to intensify the dependability of the Cadillac, to see how large a part it plays in the owner's satisfaction.

All over America, tens of thousands of American women start out day after day, with serene confidence that the Cadillac will carry them to their destination—be it near or far—without a moment's cause for worry.

In this simple fact alone—that so many thousands of women depend upon it implicitly—is perhaps the strongest evidence that can be educed that the Cadillac is the truly great car it is considered the world over.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

C A D I L L A C

CADILLAC
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 34)

The third method for making gasoline is known as the cracking process, which is based on the known fact that when organic compounds are heated to a sufficiently high temperature they decompose and form other compounds, a large percentage of which are of smaller molecular weight and lower boiling point. In the early days the cracking process was used chiefly in the production of kerosene from fuel oil. This latter process was carried on at atmospheric pressure, but experience proved that in getting gasoline from petroleum by the cracking process it is necessary to carry on the distillation under pressure. Approximately ten per cent of our present supply of motor fuel is derived in the operation of the cracking process. This grade of gasoline is generally marketed in the form of mixtures with straight-run and casing-head gasoline.

Figures collected by the United States Bureau of Mines show that ten years ago the yield of gasoline from the crude oil that was refined was less than eleven per cent; at the present time the yield is more than twenty-six per cent. In order to get this greater yield from the crude oil the refiners have been compelled to manufacture a grade of gasoline of a very much higher boiling point—that is, a fuel that is less volatile than formerly. There is some divergence of opinion as to whether refiners can further raise the percentage of gasoline derived from the crude oil. One authority is of the opinion that the refinery equipment now employed can be increased at least ten per cent in efficiency. This same expert voices the belief that if it were not for the great demand for fuel oil the cracking process could be developed to produce double the quantity of gasoline now being manufactured. He also adds that there is small likelihood of any early decrease in the demand for fuel oil. The result must be a keen competition between the users of gasoline and the consumers of fuel oil.

Years ago gasoline was graded on the basis of its specific gravity. The more modern plan is to gauge the value of gasoline by its volatility or distillation range. There is of course a direct relationship between volatility and specific gravity, but there are modifying conditions that render it unsafe to try to determine the one by simply measuring the other. When gasoline first came into use as a motor fuel it was merely a by-product of the refining industry, derived in the production of kerosene or lamp oil. The end point of this early gasoline was about 300 degrees Fahrenheit; the end point of the average gasoline now used is about 430 degrees Fahrenheit, which indicates the large increase that has taken place. In order to make this lower grade, less volatile gasoline work satisfactorily in our present automobiles, the motor companies have been obliged to improve their engine designs greatly.

In other articles I have touched on substitutes for gasoline, referring especially to the possibilities that lie in the greater manufacture and larger use of alcohol. It is also worth noting that a splendid grade of motor fuel is being derived as a by-product in the coking of coal. During the war the benzol, toluol and other coal-tar distillates were consumed almost entirely in the production of explosives for war purposes, but during the last year a considerable quantity of these mixtures has been marketed as an engine fuel. There is small hope, however, that the gasoline situation will be materially relieved by the increased production of coal-tar distillates. Benzol differs in many ways from petroleum gasoline, and though it is not a perfect fuel in all particulars it has certain advantages over gasoline, especially in its freedom from all tendency to knock. Benzol also has a higher calorific value. In this connection, however, we must not forget that if all the bituminous coal mined in the United States were to be treated in by-product ovens and a light oil produced from the whole tonnage, the total output of oil from such a source would amount to less than 800,000,000 gallons, whereas, as before stated, the present consumption of gasoline in this country totals more than 4,000,000,000 gallons annually.

This serious motor-fuel problem has caused some of the country's leading engineers to turn their attention to the perfecting of a steam automotive system. Strong claims are made by several responsible people concerning the merits of the latest designs for a steam-propelled automobile. These engineers are working on the idea that only about twenty per cent of the crude oil now produced is available for gasoline of the grade now used. Twelve per cent of all the crude oil produced is available for kerosene, and fifty per cent for fuel and gas oil. The balance is used for lubricating oils, and so on. They believe, therefore, that their real problem to-day is to use the eighty per cent of the crude oil in place of the twenty per cent.

The steam car of twenty years ago very well answered the demands of the public of that time for a self-propelled vehicle. The original steam cars possessed many virtues, including a high degree of flexibility, that were not equaled by the early designs of gas cars. However, the steam cars required expert attention and labor; the life of the boiler was short; there was danger from fire and explosion; two different kinds of fuel were required, and both under high pressure; a pilot light was needed, and this would frequently clog with carbon and go out at a critical moment; it was necessary to carry large quantities of water, which would run the car only a short distance; and in cold weather there was always more or less trouble from freezing. In addition to these faults the original steam cars were equipped with numerous automatic devices that were more or less unreliable, and it took twenty minutes to get up steam.

Notwithstanding all this, it is a fact that from the very beginning the designers of gasoline cars have been endeavoring to produce a machine that could approach the performance of the steam car. One development has followed another, the twelve-cylinder engine being perhaps the final effort in this direction. But with all these innovations the gasoline car is not yet able in some ways to deliver steam-car performance. Few operators of gas cars or trucks are able to start their machines without racing the engine and giving the car a jerk. Many truck drivers allow their engines to run while loading or unloading. Most gasoline engines, particularly tractors, suck dust into the cylinders, which acts as an abrasive upon the cylinder walls and bearings. Air washers have not wholly eliminated this trouble.

In cold weather it is not uncommon for persons who drive their own cars to lay them up because of the increasing difficulties encountered in starting. During the starting operation the heavier portions of the fuel pass through the cylinder without being burned at all; or are deposited on the cylinder walls and then run down into the crank case, there tending to dilute and wash away the lubricant. Sometimes the difficulty in starting makes it necessary to crank the engine for a considerable period, and this results in a heavy drain upon the battery in the case of cars equipped with electric starters.

The gasoline engine must reach a certain minimum temperature before it operates smoothly and most economically. There is also a high temperature above which engine operation becomes unsatisfactory. The less volatile the fuel the higher is the minimum temperature below which satisfactory operation is not obtained. This means that with heavier fuels a longer time is required in warming up, during which the quantity of fuel used is necessarily greater. The narrower the temperature range the more complicated are the devices necessary to secure satisfactory operation, and the more intelligent the operator required.

The steam-driven car will operate with a low-grade fuel, and with steam at 600 pounds pressure and having a temperature of 750 degrees Fahrenheit, such an engine will give an efficiency of about fifteen per cent at the rear wheels. Though this performance is slightly below that of the gasoline-driven car it must be kept in mind that the gas engine is at maximum efficiency only at full power, while with the steam engine almost the opposite is true. As most cars work at one-fourth engine power ninety per cent of the time, the steam-driven car will show fifty to seventy-five per cent more fuel mileage with a cheap fuel.

A draft horse can exert a tractive effort of 1100 pounds for a short distance at low speed. The same horse, walking three miles an hour, can maintain a steady pull of only 120 pounds. Therefore, speaking of the horse as we would of a motor, we would say that his starting torque is more than nine times his running torque, which means that the animal is an extremely flexible motor, capable of varying his tractive effort over a wide range in response to constantly varying demands of load. It is this flexibility that enables coal dealers to send out a load of coal weighing four tons net behind a two-horse team, something no one would dream of doing with a two-horse-power motor truck. In this connection it must be remembered that the horse is not aided by any gear-changing mechanism, but goes every inch of the way on high gear. The steam engine possesses the same kind of flexibility.

The steam-car enthusiasts tell us of a new day that is coming. A number of these men hold the belief that the wisest plan in engine design is to remove the troublesome features of the steam car rather than add complications to the gas engine in an effort to duplicate the performance of the steam car. One of the latest designs of steam cars described in a paper recently read before The Society of Automotive Engineers is reported to have averaged about thirteen miles to a gallon of kerosene on average roads with seven passengers in a machine weighing 4200 pounds. The car ran 1325 miles on a twenty-five gallon tank of water, or fifty-three miles to a gallon. The temperature of the water in the tank at the end of the run was 130 degrees.

This same car is said to raise steam from a cold boiler in less than one minute. No manual operation of any kind is required in starting, other than closing an electric switch. Kerosene or a heavier fuel is used, and is completely burned. There is no gear shift; the machine can be made to creep along no faster than one-quarter of a mile an hour on hill or level, and on the other hand can be reversed while going at full speed ahead.

Business Methods and Ideas

THERE is a rather prevalent idea that most of our citizens who are possessed of superior human skill in any line of science or business have gravitated to one of our great cities. This is a mistaken conception, as anyone will discover on investigation. Last week I met one of our small-town folk who definitely confirmed my belief that seekers after business knowledge will find a lot of clever teachers to learn from and pattern after living outside the country's metropolis.

My first recollection of the man referred to dates back to the time when I was a lad in knee breeches. He lived in a small farming village and was the whole works in the little store of his invalid father. Before he was old enough to vote this young man shook himself free of things rural and went to a near-by city, where he procured a job as traveling salesman for a dry-goods house. After several years of this work he decided to cash in on his experience, so at the first opportunity he invested his savings and his services in a little business in the livest and most promising town in a Southern state.

The other day he showed me the record of his company's results for last year, and the figures repeated the same old story of the farmer boy grown rich and prosperous. With an income exceeding that of the nation's chief executive, he is now in the enviable position of being able to work for the love of it rather than for the dollars it may net him. Probably the best way to explain how he did it is to record some of his present business methods and ideas, using, as nearly as I can, his own language in telling the story.

During the last year or two, while the demand for most kinds of merchandise has been exceeding the supply, we have tried to conduct our business as though the reverse condition was true. There is no greater mistake than to permit prosperity to breed a spirit of independence in salesmen, for such an attitude on the part of the seller will kill good will; and though the injury to the business may not be evident to-day, there is another time not far off when the volume of goods may be greater than the volume of customers.

In line with this policy we have taken care to see that neither our advertisements nor our sales people have scared customers into buying. We hold the idea that it is a poor plan to base sales on human fears and weaknesses. No one can be sure just what prices and conditions will be six months hence, and for this reason we have ruled against all talk founded on the argument that if you don't buy at once you will probably pay more or fail to get the stuff at all a few weeks from now.

There is one thing a customer seldom forgets, and that is, having been done by a salesman. Scare thoughts in business generally end in very much the same manner as did the old story of the youngster who cried "Wolf!" when there was no danger, and as a consequence failed to get help when real trouble appeared.

If one thing more than another has been responsible for our success, it has been the company's undeviating policy of hewing straight to the line of truth in our dealings, not only with customers but also with our employees. When there is a sale of goods at reduced prices in any department we make sure the reduction is just as advertised. This is not only a matter of honesty with us, but we realize that in order that the salesman may do efficient selling he must have full faith and confidence in the company's action as well as in its goods. Knowing that the cut in price is real, the seller has less trouble in convincing the customer that the sale affords a real opportunity to pick up a bargain.

In our advertising by mail we have found the four-page folder a more economical medium than a smaller and thicker booklet. With the folder there is but little cost for cutting, binding and trimming, while such a circular can be quickly folded once or twice to fit into a smaller-sized envelope. Such a folder can vary all the way in size from six by seven inches to twelve by eighteen inches. With the smaller size, the piece can be folded once and mailed without being put into any envelope at all. In this plan the address and a one-cent stamp are placed on the front, while the story is told briefly on the inside pages. In mailing such a piece we never even use a sticker.

Most of our circulars are written in narrative form. The nearer we get our selling talks into the shape of a story the more effective we find them. Actual concrete descriptions in advertising hold attention better than recitals in the abstract. It is always best to follow the line of least resistance in language, as well as in ideas and style. The language of the man on the street may not be highly literary; but it is the kind of talk that will be read with closest attention. We find that women can write the best advertisements intended to attract their own sex. When writing for women readers most men seem to get effeminate and fancy in their style.

Some of the best advertisements we have run contained boxes inclosing lively little editorials on popular themes of current local interest. Such advertisements not only help mold public opinion, but attract attention. One of our successful plans has been to collect the dates of customers' birthdays and mail out cards and other small tokens of remembrance to this list. In circularizing prospects we have found it best to use first a reply postal card, and if a further presentation is invited, a more expensive and elaborate communication covering the proposition is mailed.

(Concluded on Page 66)

PATHÉ *is* SUPREME

EACH cabinet a casket of artistic scheme and handicraft: harmonious to the eye, and beautiful: each one a temple of all music: a well-spring of inspired utterance bringing you the delicacy and tumult, the soothing charm and surging thrill of the greatest of all the arts.

Every Pathé Phonograph is magnificent in music and supreme in Tone. In the final choice, you will choose the Pathé.

Pathé

PHONOGRAPH

COSTS NO MORE THAN THE ORDINARY PHONOGRAPH

PATHÉ FRÈRES PHONOGRAPH CO.

EUGENE-A-WIDMANN, *President*

BROOKLYN, N.Y.

516

HIS BIG MOMENT

By V. H. CORNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD LUND

THE Central High team was a great team, first, because for three successive seasons, the last two of which it had not been once scored on, it had held the state championship in prep football against all comers; and it was a great team, secondly, not so much for its sensational game with Vanderpool, the big Tri-State university, as from the fact that each individual member of it had in himself the elements of greatness; he could have great moments, in other words, and become something he was not, through the inspiration of the spoken word—and Travis was a great coach because he knew what words to speak.

The game with the university only brought all this greatness out. Its being played at all was a mere fluke, of course. The Vanderpool coach made an error. He thought the game with the college team in Central High's city was scheduled for the twenty-fourth of the month instead of the twenty-sixth.

The Vanderpool coach was a little, wiry, high-powered individual who dominated his team in one way as Travis did his in another. The big fellows whom he had under his small thumb had about the same dread of his stream of rapid-fire conversation when things went wrong as the boys of Central High had of Travis' sneer or cutting sarcasm. Sometimes when Remming—that was the coach—was not present, Grody, quarterback on the team, and the college mimic, would impersonate him, thus: "Ladies and gentlemen! Coach Remming, of Vanderpool, when the team has lost a game: 'Yum! Yum! Yum yum yum! Yum yum yum yum! Yum yum!'"

When Grody did it it was not monotony. It was a series of staccato expletives and epithets, jostling and crowding and tumbling over each other's heels to be the first one out. Grody always had to take half a dozen encores.

"Ladies and gentlemen! It gives me great pleasure that my poor efforts —— [Bow with hand on heart.] I thank you. [Bow.] Well, if you insist. Yum, yum! Yum! Yum! Yum! I thank you!"

But when Remming was doing it Grody was always the most silent of his small audience; the most silent, and—if he could possibly compass it—the most inconspicuous.

The Vanderpool Tigers were known throughout half a dozen states at least. The motto their coach had taught them was: "We eat 'em up!" And this hungry menagerie, with its trainer, arrived at the terminal station in Central's city at nine-something on—supposedly—the morning of the game, only to find that its natural victims, the Ramblers, had rambled off at eight-something to meet a third team at still another point of contact.

Coach Remming, after the manner of a good many little men, particularly if the error has been their own, made things warm round the terminal station.

"What'd you let 'em go for?" he exploded on the instant. "Why, they're off! They're all off! It's our date!"

When he became reluctantly convinced that it was not, he walked excitedly about in the general waiting room and the barber shop and restaurant with his short quick strides, angrily voluble, gesticulating, interjecting. He made the man who had sold the Ramblers their tickets feel that he was entirely to blame, and roused a like sense of culpability in the breasts of wholly innocent persons waiting for trains. An interested little crowd drifted up to the bunch of young college men with their suitcases, idly watching the antics of their coach. Remming talked to the crowd—told it all his troubles.

It was then that from some hot-head on the outskirts came the brash challenge: "Stack your team up against Central High!"

"What's Central High?" queried a bored Tiger.

Somebody told him, and he laughed. All the other Tigers laughed. Their coach turned on them sharply. The little man's mind could, in an emergency, work almost as rapidly as his tongue. It was working now.

"Tell us about Central High!" he requested a bystander. Gate receipts were gate receipts, and somebody had to pay for his blunder.

It happened that the bystander could tell him. He had a young brother on the Central team. This young brother was a wonder. The team was a wonder. He happened to catch a glimmer of amusement on the faces of two or three of the Tigers.

"They'd give you a run for your money!" he too rashly challenged.

To Travis, over the telephone, Coach Remming said in his sharp quick staccato: "What is this infant prodigy of yours?"

Travis wanted to know "Why?"

Remming retold all his troubles. "Some of your leading citizens," he ended with a laugh into the transmitter that scraped the other coach, "are suggesting that we play 'em!"

"They'd give you a run for your money," he said dryly.

They were an aggregation not often got together in prep football. And they had one peculiar feature: This was the third season Travis had trained them as a unit without the replacement of a single member. Five of the boys were seniors of nineteen and twenty, three or four had made the

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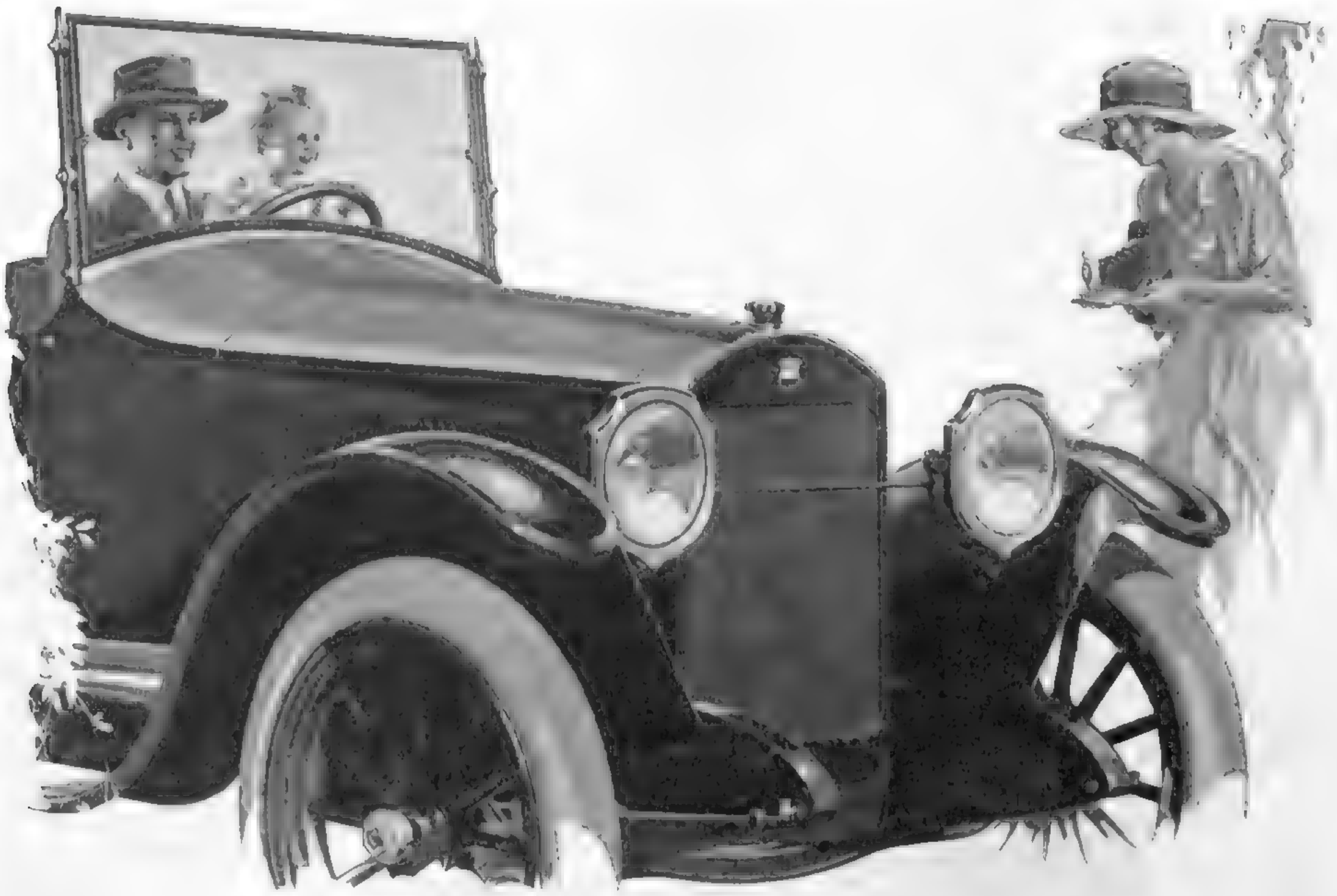
The Tigers Trotted Out on the Field. They Were in the Pink of Condition, and They Came Out Plainly for a Jollification



The more alert you are for signs of good quality in a motor car, the more you are bound to be impressed by the delightful difference in the way the Liberty rides and drives.

The conscientious driver is particularly taken with the ease and silence which mark the shifting of Liberty gears. The gear-shift lever is so placed and shaped that it is within easy reach of the right hand, and the distance of each "throw" is very short. Good engineering design has practically eliminated the gear grinds and crashes which are not only offensive to the ear but ruinous to the gears.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit

LIBERTY SIX

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team in their freshman year, and Horky Bennington and one of the two big McPherson brothers had failed to finish with their class. It was Horky's fourth straight year of football.

Mat Otis was captain; a grave-eyed, serious youth who would probably be class valedictorian for the year, an odd combination.

Douglas, just past seventeen, was the youngest member; he was the prodigy. Too slim and light for football, he had one marvelous quality: He ran like a young deer with head up running with the wind. There were also Deck and Butler and Needham, and Spence, the tackle, and one or two others whose aspirations reached the stars. Spence had a short squat body but quick and lithe as a cat's, and muscular arms and shoulders. His low skimming dive never failed of its purpose when it caught a runner at the knee.

Baldy Finlanson, for the First and Only Time in His Career, Failed to Meet Expectations

The two tall raw-boned Scots, the McPhersons, were the last of five brothers who had at one time or another played half or full back on the Central team.

The Vanderpool coach was anxious for an interview; Travis ungraciously assented. When the two met, Travis felt an immediate antagonism. Without intending any personal affront the attitude of the important little man was that of a natural superior—the college coach to the prep-school coach. And Travis happened to be in a mood in which it was easy to feel antagonism. Remming began to affect him like a darting, stinging insect buzzing about him; he wanted to strike it.

A game was arranged, however. The Tigers, when they could be persuaded to take it seriously, took it seriously by grinning wickedly.

"The slaughter of the innocents!" declaimed that great back, Tony Bradshaw, about whose famous eighty-yard run the line of verses beginning, "Who tackled Tony?" was written. "Lead us to it!"

"Oh, well," drawled another, "bring on your kids if you will make us steal their candy!"

The game had been set for three o'clock, and at two-forty-five, such is the power of advertising, there was an almost capacity crowd in the grand stand. Even a newspaper may have its little joke, and one of the dailies had got out an extra. Also, through all the principal streets had been borne banners with this announcement of Travis' team of wonder boys:

CHAMBERS FIELD, THIS AFTERNOON!

Come out and see the invincible Central High whip the Vanderpool Tigers!

In the center of the grand stand, eight hundred strong, was banked the school, meaning, of course, Central. To the school its football team was not merely a football team—it was not merely even a great football team. It was one thing, and that only—the team. It was what had never before been and would never again be. All schools have their football heroes, but this was different. The school owned the team—or thought it did—souls, bodies and victories. Not only that, the school played all the games just as much as the team did. To hear the school while the team was playing—more.

The school's colors were purple and gold, and the grand stand bloomed purple and gold. Purple-and-gold pennants, purple and gold on hats, caps and coat sleeves; purple-and-gold hair ribbons, and even purple and gold socks—one of each.

The school orchestra, also in colors, was stationed at a point of vantage, and an immense purple banner with "Central" in big gold letters across it floated to the breeze from the front of the grand stand. So did the yellow tie of Baldy Finlanson, Central's locally famed yell leader, balancing himself on the railing beneath the banner. Baldy had white eyebrows, a purple shirt and a voice like a megaphone. He also had dramatic possibilities. He was an ex-Centralite and an ex-football player, and the school adored him. He was a striking figure as he sat lightly poised on the rail in front of the tiers of seats, the ends of the yellow tie flying and the purple shirt open at a throat that was all ready for business.

The orchestra was playing, and by way of warming up the school was singing lightly and carelessly: "We'll ride old Vandy on a rail—on a rail."

The Tigers trotted out on the field. Their muscles rippled under their tawny hides—or at least that was the suggestion. Certainly they were in the pink of condition, splendid in their orange-and-black trappings, and they came out plainly for a jollification; while back in the clubhouse, huddled together for mutual support in the last moments, a little bunch of scrubs—this by way of comparison merely—waited the cue for their own entrance.

Mat Otis, the captain, was speaking. He was saying anxiously, even appealingly, to the tall, muscularly built man with the big handsome head and the noticeable stoop, who listened with an ironic expression of lips and eyes: "Coach, we can't whip that team!"

"Oh—you can't!" said Travis. The irony was in his voice, too, but it was hard to know just which way he meant it. Nor did his next words help. "I thought you might think they'd be pickings for you! They'll be on a strange field," he added in a musing tone, "and not looking for anything. Or haven't you got anything?"—sharply.

"Why—yes—of course," they assured him hesitatingly. "You know we've got something. But ——"

"Well, I'd use it, anyhow!" And suddenly he threw the team his rare brilliant smile. They felt just for a moment as if they could whip the world. "And I wouldn't let myself get rattled!"

Then he said something special to two or three of them in a low voice as they went out.

They straggled through the clubhouse gates feeling a good deal like early Christian martyrs being sent out to make a meal for the lions—or, in this instance, Tigers. But on the school, and particularly on its yell leader, the effect of their entrance was galvanic.

Baldy jumped down from the rail, his body stiffening, even the ends of his yellow tie quivering with a contagious excitement, and standing just in front of the school, which leaned to him eagerly, spread his arms wide as if about to pronounce a benediction upon it.

"Altogether—nine rahs for Team!" he boomed in his megaphone voice, and waited an instant, arms spread, while the school took a mighty breath and made ready to pound out the syllables with its eight hundred pairs of fists:

"Rah-rah-rah! Rah-rah-rah ——"

"If spirit could win they'd have this game cinched already!" a spectator remarked when the noise had partly died away, clapping vigorously.

For the school did not suspect that the team felt like early Christian martyrs. Or at the most, they didn't suspect that anything could possibly happen except the thing that always did happen—that is, to have the Christians turn round and eat up the lions. Why, wasn't there Douglas, always good for at least one touchdown? And then, wasn't there ——

To be sure, there was Douglas. Any team that had once played the team, knew that if Douglas ever got away with the ball you might as well fold your arms and take a long breath—if you were quick about it!—while you waited for the rest to happen. But the Tigers had never played the team. That was what the coach had reminded Douglas and one or two others of, just as they went out.

Not all the onlookers were aware that the game had really started, when the knowing ones began to gasp and stand up in their seats. Then they all saw that a slim Central boy with something in the crook of his arm was speeding down the side line as if the devil were after him. He was—several of them were in the next instant—but they overtook him only when he was squatting on the ball between the goal posts—"as if he'd roosted there a week!" a Central supporter chuckled gleefully.

Deck, who was the team's toe, kicked goal. Baldy in a joyous frenzy, white eyebrows and yellow tie ends above the purple shirt working, leaned out over his flock. The flock voiced its approval.

Travis, on a side line, became aware of that darting and buzzing about him of the Vanderpool coach, which so unreasonably irritated him. The little man was all alive with wholly unpartisan interest and admiration. "Did you see that? Who is that boy? I want that boy! How'd he ever get away like that?"

Travis half turned his head. "Oh, I've trained 'em that way," he said carelessly. "They always do that at the opening of a game—do it automatically. They ought to have known better than to try it on a bunch like yours. I'll make 'em apologize."

Remming laughed, still good-naturedly. "No need to bother! A bunch like mine'll attend to that!" he said with that short jerky utterance that was beginning to make Travis wince. He turned to the opposing coach only half veiling his feeling toward him.

"Yes?" he said with an upward inflection.

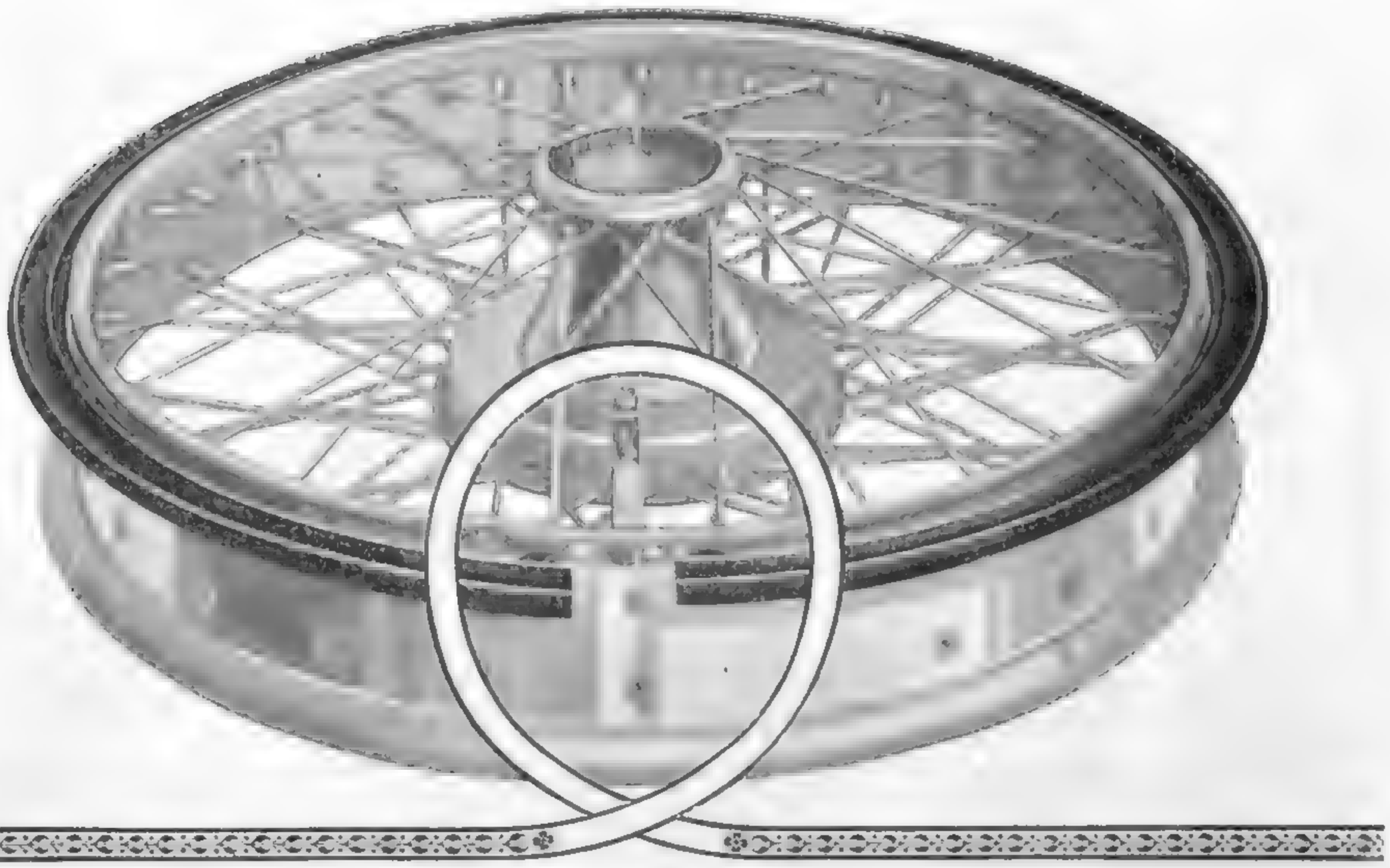
"Why, of course! Look at here—what are you thinking of?"

"The same thing you are, probably," Travis answered deliberately; "of winning this game if possible." And immediately afterward he cursed himself for a fool for giving that challenge.

"Well!" ejaculated Coach Remming, and then laughed. "Why, you're not a fool, Travis!" It had been an ugly day with the Central coach from the start—one of those which, the nerve specialists had told him, would follow him as long as he lived probably; the protest of his cracked spine against having been mended. There was

(Continued on Page 42)

"Steady There, Old Fellow—Hold Hard a Minute and It'll Pass"



The Stanweld Patent Lock holds the rim and tire unfailingly even though the tire runs flat

MUCH of the increasing demand for Stanweld Detachable Rims for wire wheels is traceable to the simplicity and security embodied in their exclusive design.

For the Stanweld Detachable Rim for wire wheels has a positive locking element that holds the rim and tire unfailingly even though the tire runs flat.

Acceptance of the high mechanical merits of the Stanweld Detachable Rim has caused it to be specified on wire wheel equipment by the builders of fine cars such as the Marmon, National, Peerless, Standard Eight, Stutz and Winton.

If you would use safe, easily handled detachable rims for your wire wheels, buy the kind specified by America's foremost engineers—buy Stanweld Detachable Rims.

THE STANDARD WELDING COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO
DIVISION OF THE STANDARD PARTS COMPANY

OTHER DIVISIONS ARE: THE BATON AXLE COMPANY, THE BOCK BEARING COMPANY, THE PERFECTION SPRING COMPANY

Stanweld
DETACHABLE
Rims

"Sharp is Right!"

THE way a Durham-Duplex blade goes after the old stubble will make you wish you'd been acquainted long ago. These wonderful oil-tempered double-edged blades do the trick in a jiffy. That's because they are made for sharpness by machines that can't guess nor go wrong. Super-inspection at every point to insure a perfect shaving edge, and *extra* long to give you the greatest shaving mileage. *Real blades for real men with real beards.*

Standard Set consisting of razor, safety guard and 3 two-edged blades in a durable sanitary case of American ivory, One Dollar Complete. Other sets $2 to $12.

Additional Blades 50 cents for a package of 5

DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO.
Jersey City, N. J.

FACTORIES
Jersey City, U. S. A. Sheffield, Eng
Paris, France Toronto, Canada
Sales Representatives in all Countries

DURHAM-DUPLEX
A Real Razor—made Safe

(Continued from Page 40)

one spot—the complaining nerve's favorite form of torture was to saw on that one string until a black savage mood rose in him and he had to fight it down with all the might he possessed to retain his balance and keep his place in the school and in his home. And since he had met that bunch of splendid athletes from Vanderpool a very demon of regret and bitterness had been alive in him. Those laughing arrogant young gods, in their glorious youth and boundless ambition!

They had brought his own last game back to him with a sharpness that made it actual. Starring for his college—sweeping it to a one-man victory! Then that sudden shock and stoppage of everything. Daylight filtering through his unconsciousness hours afterward the hospital bed—the plaster cast—the slowly dawning knowledge that he would never carry the ball again!

Then the months of absolute supineness—the years in the invalid chair—years enough to kill a man's ambitions but not years enough to let him lose his torturing memories of them!

All at once he ceased fighting the black mood—gave way to the savage wish to render bitterness for bitterness. That unseeing, uncaring young arrogance, he'd humble it—he'd make it pay! He'd given that stinging, prickling, cocksure little coach his challenge. Very good, he'd let it stand!

The half, so far as the Tigers were concerned, had degenerated into a series of fun-making antics for the crowd. They were not playing football, were merely larking with their serious-minded opponents and the wildly demonstrating school. It had started in the second quarter when a Vanderpool player, running easily with the ball and turning his head to laugh back tauntingly at the Central tackles, met disaster in the form of Spence's lightning-quick dive, which caught him at the knees and brought him down.

"Now will you be good?" shrilled an ardent young Central rooter from his perch in the rafters of the grand stand, to the surprised Tiger. It started a ripple directly beneath, and Baldy, the yell leader, who had the dramatic possibilities, caught the ripple.

"All together—'Now will you be good?'" he bawled frenziedly, leaning out over the school. "One—*two!* One—*two!*"

It came in a roar that swept the roof off the grand stand, or nearly:

"Now will you be good?"

It swept out over the field.

"Now will you be good?" grinned down a big raw-boned McPherson brother in the accents of one who chides for a too-ambitious flight. It rattled the prostrate Tiger.

To cover his confusion he sat up and laughed. All the other Tigers sat down and laughed. They took time out to laugh.

"Laugh, you big boobs!" said Horky Bennington suddenly and distinctly. All that merriment made Horky nervous. He knew they had something up their sleeves that would show later.

The school was in a delirium of ecstasy and noise. Baldy was frantically trying, arms extended, white eyebrows working, to find out what was the matter with Spence. And the school was as frantically trying to assure him that Spence was all right! So were Douglas and Deck and the McPhersons and all the others, all right. And its ardor was undampened by the fact that with all the assistance it was giving the team they were not now scoring.

But, on the other hand, neither were the Tigers. If for a minute they snapped into the game and rushed the ball toward goal a new yell by the school tickled their fancy; or the absurdity of their forward pass being intercepted by the desperately in earnest team sent them off into paroxysms of fresh laughter.

"Them boys are about to get that team hoodooed," a critical watcher on the side line observed toward the close of the half. "A thing like that can happen once every thousand years or so."

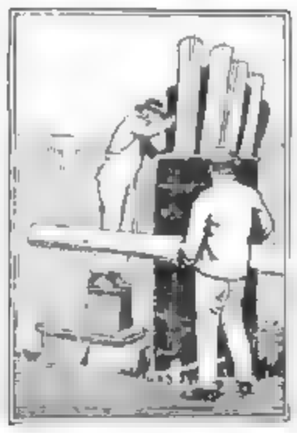
The whistle blew, with the ball in Central's hands only a bare three yards from a second goal. As the two teams started for their dressing rooms for the rest between halves the orchestra struck into the tune of Tipperary and words like these followed the Tigers off the field:

. . . a long way to go;
But a short way to Vandy's goal line
For Central, don't you know?
Good-by to old Vandy—pile up Central's score!
It's a short! short! way to Vandy's goal, boys—
Make a touchdown—once more!

What epithets Remming may have bestowed upon Grody and the other Tigers between halves is not recorded, but the moment Travis had his team alone he asked angrily: "Why didn't you go on through the line for a second touchdown? Now you'll never go through it. Bennington, you big beef"—he turned to Horky with a suddenness that made the boy dodge—"why didn't you put that ball over?"

"I—I will directly the half opens!" promised Horky hastily.

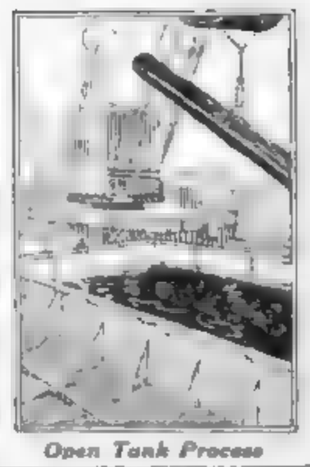
(Continued on Page 45)



Treating Fence Posts

WOOD PRESERVATION

A timely talk of interest to all users of structural wood



Open Tank Process

PUBLISHED BY US EVERY FEW WEEKS IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Epigrammatic and to-the-point is this Opinion of Hon. Gifford Pinchot as to "Protection and Devastation" of the National Forests

"Wood is the most universal of all materials. To perpetuate the supply of wood is among the first duties of any people who want prosperity for their children as well as for themselves. When our timber is exhausted there will be no other source in all the world to which we can go to meet our needs. Long before it is exhausted the pinch we are already beginning to feel will have laid a deadening clutch on all our industries. The protection and preservation of the forests and the lumber industry affects directly, intimately, and with a power we are only beginning to suspect, every human being in the whole world."

Hon. Gifford Pinchot
Commissioner of Forestry of Pennsylvania. Former Chief Forester of United States.

REPRINTED FROM LUMBER WORLD REVIEW

Carbosota permanent Open Tank plant at large iron mine.

Many miners' cottages are stained with Carbosota instead of being painted.

Spraying timbers with Carbosota.

Reducing the Cost of Mine Timbers

In many mine districts, particularly in the eastern coal fields, timbering costs present a problem little short of a crisis.

Every year increasing quantities of lumber are purchased from distant sources and freight charges alone amount to more than the total cost, a few years ago, of native timber delivered at the mine.

Preservative treatment with Carbosota, of underground timbering, as well as flumes and all other surface construction, is the only economical solution for the problem. By this means from 30% to 50% of replacement and maintenance costs can be saved. Wherever the mechanical life of lumber is longer than its natural life, it pays to use Carbosota.

For example, mine ties of species readily impregnated, when carbosoted by the Open Tank process, cost fully a third less per year of service than untreated ties. Instead of an average life, untreated, of four or five years, Carbosota makes them last ten to fifteen years, depending upon the mechanical conditions.

Carbosota may also be used, instead of paint, on miners' cottages and similar buildings. Besides its valuable preservative effect, it is much cheaper than paint and easier to apply, while its nut-brown color makes a very pleasing effect.

Another important saving made possible by Carbosota is the utilization of non-durable species of wood which are now considered worthless. Such species are available locally in most mining sections and are to be had at comparatively low cost. When treated with Carbosota they are in every way suitable for even permanent construction.

Because of the adaptability of the Open Tank process to mine conditions, the simple inexpensive apparatus required in its use should form a part of the equipment of every mine.

Write for our free Folder No. 409. It shows how to prolong the life of mine timbers.

A Timely Warning

For over a century we have been building in a hurry, squandering our timber as if it would last forever.

But our crime of wastefulness is overtaking us. Already our greatest authorities warn us—and the rapidly rising cost of lumber gives force to their warning—that the lumber storehouse is fast emptying, while we are doing little or nothing towards refilling it.

At least 60% of all available forests have been consumed. Those that remain are being cut over at a rate of more than 300 billion feet B. M. a year. In addition, vast areas are annually devastated by forest fires. And the demand for lumber of all kinds is constantly increasing.

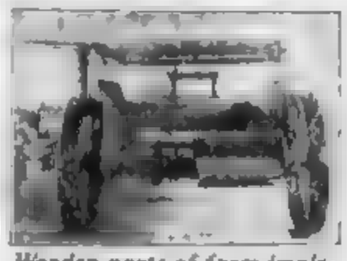
Painted trestle timber decayed at point of contact with concrete pier. Coal-tar creosote oil (Carbosota) is an absolute preservative.

Conservation — Preservation

These are our only means of averting the threatened lumber famine. Conservation is a national undertaking, involving years of time and large amounts of capital. But preservation is a matter for the immediate attention of the individual lumber user and, far from costing him anything, it actually saves him money.

The Farm and Plantation

"Down-at-the-heel" buildings, tottering fences and dilapidated wagon bodies are all too frequent examples of wood decay—needless because preventable.

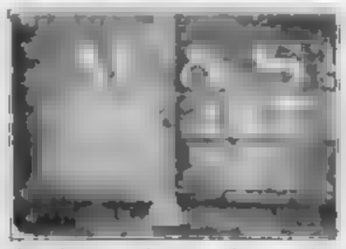


Wooden parts of farm implements should be creosoted. Conveyor laths and aprons of Minnesota Implement Co. manure spreader treated with Carbosota.

More than 35% of our entire production of lumber is used on the farm. If this lumber were protected from the destructive action of decay by simple Open Tank or Brush treatments with Carbosota Creosote Oil, the resultant saving to the farmers of America would exceed $500,000,000 annually. Isn't an investigation worth while? Our free Folder No. 451 tells "How to Make Farm Timbers Rot-proof."

To Railroad Men

All apparatus necessary for the effective Open Tank treatment of lumber with Carbosota can easily be installed on two flat cars and moved from place to place as required. With this portable equipment, it is a simple matter to carbosote, right on the job, not only fence posts, but also the sills, underpinning and floor joists of section houses, outhouses, etc., and the hundreds of thousands of feet of platform planking used over the entire line.



Condition of stenciling after 17 months' service, on gondola stained with Carbosota instead of being painted.

Long Life for Poles

For three generations, while we in America have been using up the valuable durable woods for telegraph, telephone and other line poles, European nations by necessity have used less durable species *and made them last longer than our cedar and chestnut poles.* The reason is plain—European engineers long ago adopted preservative treatments.

The Open Tank process is recommended for "permanent" construction and Surface treatments for "temporary" lines. Gains and tops must *always* be Brush-treated with Carbosota, and cross-arms likewise carbosoted, to derive the fullest benefit from treatment of poles. Write for Pole Folder No. 406.

Long life creosoted poles (butt-treated) on "Top of the World"—Siskiyou Range, California.

The Lumber Dealer's Part

Numerous Agricultural Colleges are promoting wood preservation through demonstrations and lectures, while the County Agent is also doing his share to interest farmers in this economy. By cooperating with your Agricultural College and your County Agent, you will benefit customers as well as yourself.

Demonstrating the creosoting of posts grown on farmers' wood lots. Conducted under auspices of Michigan Agricultural College.

Full information as to the use of Carbosota for any specified purpose can be secured from our nearest branch office, also free copy of our bulletin, "Long Life for Wood."

Put up in 1, 5 and 10 gallon cans, also metal drums and tank cars.

What is Carbosota?

Carbosota Creosote Oil is a highly refined and specially processed Coal-tar Creosote, particularly adapted to Surface treatments (Brush treatment or painting, spraying and dipping) and the Open Tank process. It conforms to standard specifications.

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Carbosota
Grade-One Liquid
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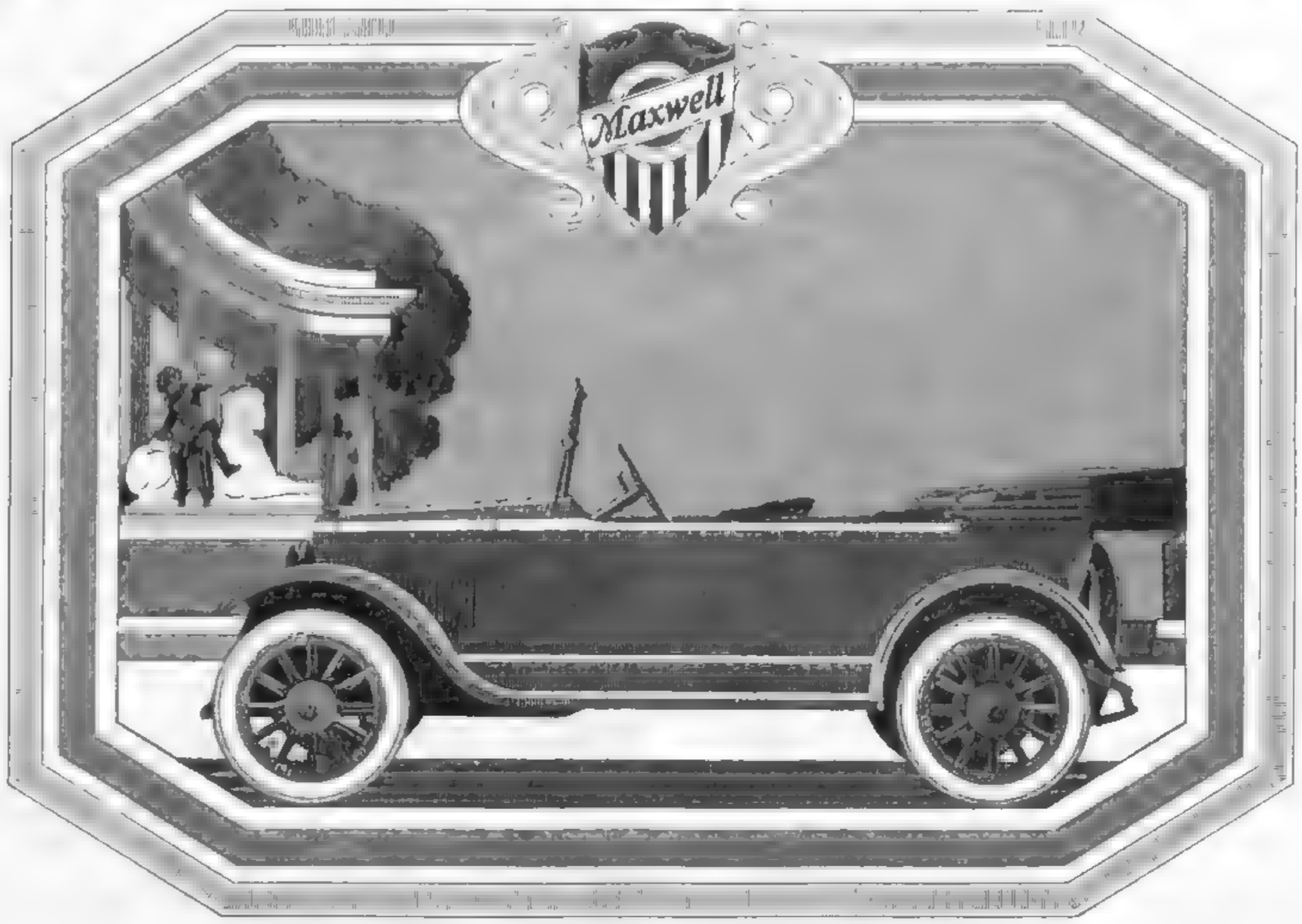

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(Continued from Page 42)

"Oh—you—you will, will you?" mimicked Travis. "Do you want me to tell you—all of you—what'll happen when the half opens? You'll be a football team just ten seconds. Those fellows'll romp all over you!"

"I'll bet they don't!" muttered the grave-eyed young captain. He was a boy who had the young-crusader spirit, who could be stirred to great enthusiasms. Travis wheeled on him swiftly.

"How much will you bet?" he demanded. "How many touchdowns will you give me in the second half?"

"I'll give you two," said Otis after a moment. Then he wished he had said three, for the coach was looking at him in a way he could look without changing a muscle of his face, which yet made the blood boil and made one determine to show him or die! "I'll make it three, then," the boy promised defiantly.

"I'll take one," Travis said in a surprisingly gentle tone, "if you don't let them score." Then he added, more surprisingly still, with a slow emphasis that brought all their eyes to his face in unconscious question: "And I want that one more, probably, than I shall ever want anything again while I live!"

In his heart, then and there, each boy made a great resolve—to give him that one. It was the first time Travis had ever said such a thing—a thing that granted them tacit permission to come a little nearer; that let them see he had—well, had things in his heart like anyone else. Without being quite conscious of it they had always secretly longed for something they had never got from their coach. They had done wonders for him without it; with it they would go to the world's end, and beyond.

"You've got a chance," he said to them; "just a chance. They've thrown away a half that you didn't have to work for"—they had had to work for it, at that, but every boy of them would have denied it—"and just as far as your strength will carry you you're as good as they are; possibly better. You've worked together longer."

"We've worked under you, too, coach," a boy said on an impulse and with a visible shyness.

Instead of the look like a sneer which they might have expected, Travis after a bit said "Yes" to this, including them all in a glance of acknowledgment. There was something—a graciousness—in the way he did it—the coach was a king anyhow—a king among coaches! They would all have been hero worshipers if—if the coach had ever let it be possible.

"But you've skimmed the cream," he said. Travis kept a cow. "Those fellows are going to be awake when they go out there again. You won't get any further on noise and brass-band features. They're going to play in the next half."

"So are we!" said Butler, one of the ends.

Travis looked at him. "You'll have to do something more than play," he answered soberly. "You'll have to do a thing a team never did before!"

"What is that?" a boy asked wonderingly, and they all waited, their eyes on the coach.

"You'll have to call on something you haven't got," said Travis impressively—"on something that isn't there—and get it!" He looked at them all with a gravely computing look. "If each one of you could do that ——"

They knew at once what he meant, and it gave them a thrill. Call upon the years—the actual physical years they did not have—play that other team as if they were their equals. It was a new thought, and stirring.

"In everything except that one point," Travis said, exactly as though he were answering what was in their minds, "you're a match for them. I can say this to you—my team"—his expression there was pretty wonderful—"though I couldn't say it to anyone else and expect to be believed. But I've seen them play—and I've seen you. And I can't see where, in training, in teamwork, or even in actual playing experience, they have any advantage. Nor in intelligence, in mind. That's the unusual thing about you as a team—every single one of you—not an exception. That's why, but for that one thing, I don't put any college team ahead of you!"

The blood of swift surprise and pleasure rushed to their faces. They looked anywhere but at the coach or at each other.

"But," said Travis slowly, "you haven't got those few crucial years."

"We'll get 'em!" promised one lad, leaning forward eagerly.

Two or three of the others laughed, easing their embarrassment, and the coach laughed with them. Their hearts swelled. When he was like this, the cold contemptuous look all gone from his face and a warm kindliness falling on them like beams from the sun, they would have died for him.

"In five minutes?" he said, answering the boy who had made that rash promise. "Can you?"

That was it—could they? Borrow of the future?

Travis answered for them. "You can," he said, "in one way. But to do it you'll have to give up the last ounce, and when that's gone give more—and then more—and still more. There are some lines of verse," he said suddenly.

It took them by a quite new surprise. "Lines of verse"—the coach!

He said then, in a low, slow, emphatic voice, gesturing a little with one closed hand:

If you can force your heart and brain and sinew
To serve your turn, long after they are gone,
And so, hold on, when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them—'Hold on!'

That's the one way. The one way to do an impossible thing."

His face was strange and rather white; it made that bright glint of hair a little like a crown upon his forehead. Something seemed to have come into him as he said those words which made him commanding; he stood looking round upon them, his big head projected a little, taller than any of the group, his look hypnotizing, compelling them.

It had ceased to be just the ordinary few minutes between halves; it was more like, it seemed to them, the eve of a great battle—being called on for the last drop of blood. Or as if upon their young shoulders the weight of the world had suddenly fallen.

But they had to hold it up! Impossible as it was, they had to. The coach had not said so in so many words, but they had to do it—they had to win!

There had been other times when the coach had told them they had to win games.

"Don't come back in here to me without"—whatever the score was he had demanded.

But this was different. He had not once said they had to win. He had only shown them—the one way.

"To serve your turn, long after they are gone."

Calling upon something that wasn't there—and getting it.

"Can you do it?" The coach asked the question simply, but with a meaning that asked more—that asked everything; yet kindled, and promised reward.

Something in their hearts answered. Travis read it in their young faces. To them the whole character of the place—of the coach—had become changed, exalted. To each of the eleven as he hurried out to the fray it was as if he had pledged himself, and as if in return something kingly had stooped to him—touched him; as if he had just felt the accolade.

That the university team also had had a closed session with their little coach was apparent as soon as the half started. There was no hoodoo showing now, and they were not laughing. They had been punished and had come out to punish!

Bennington, starting in with zeal to redeem his promise to the coach and put the ball over the chalk line, found himself bucking an orange-and-black barrier from which he fell back, bruised and battered; and concerted rush of the two big McPhersons and Horky and Needham failed to move it an inch. They made a fake formation, and under its cover tried to send Butler round the end. But Butler, too, ran into a sign which read "No passing."

Four downs of wasted effort, and the Tigers had the ball, sweeping it up the field. Then began to be fulfilled that prediction of Coach Travis—they trampled over Central's resistance as if it were not there. Yet in this apparently uncontrolled surge forward the prep team was taking the college team's measure. They felt the irresistible force flow out from it, but, even while they gave way, something of a like force seemed flowing into themselves. And remembering what the coach had said about calling upon

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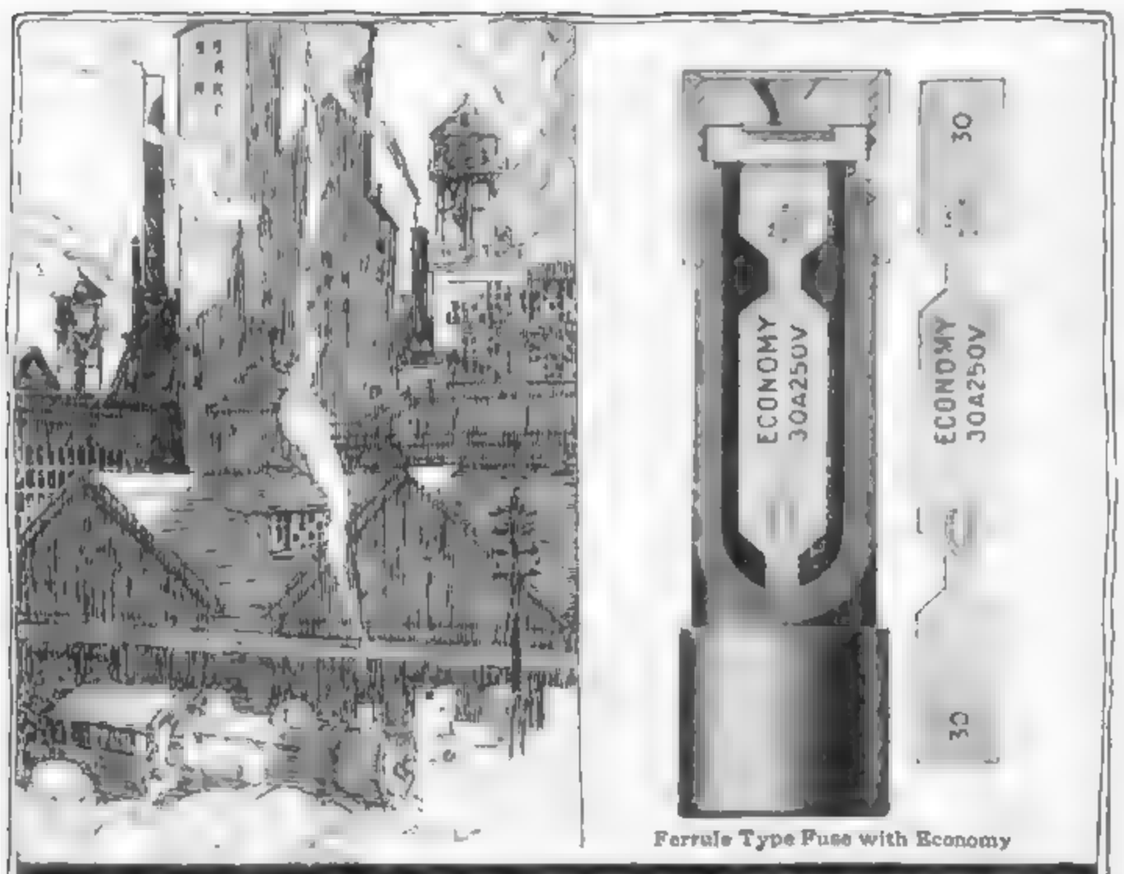

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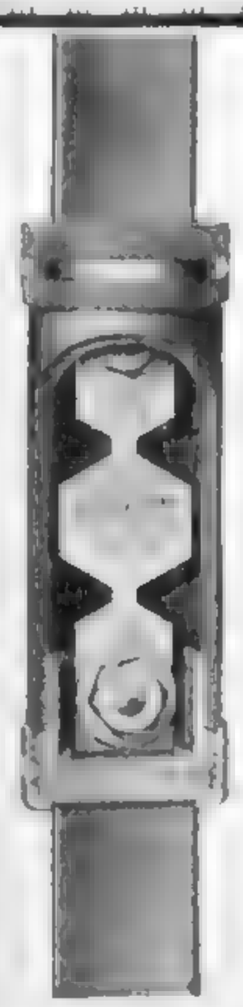

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more than was there, each boy, with that sense of borrowed power upholding him, was exulting in his heart: "I can hold 'em!"

And, unaccountably, they began to hold them. Instead of plunging for yards at a down, the university team dropped to one—to nothing; and, to the astonishment of the spectators, lost the ball.

Deck, with a great drop kick, sent it a long way back toward goal. A big cheer, the first in the half, rose from the purple and gold banked in the center of the grand stand.

"What's the matter with Deck?" Baldy Finlanson roared out at the school, and the school roared back at him: "Nothing!"

The ball had ascended in a perfect spiral and though Central's ends were down under it in a flash, Grody, the Vanderpool quarterback, was a second quicker. A fruitless second, for by a remarkable chance in the high school's favor, Grody fumbled.

But with the ball once more in her possession Central could not gain. Against her most determined battering the Tigers' line held—held with a disconcerting ease significant enough to an intelligent watcher. No offense, no stratagem of the straining, aspiring eleven, playing as never team had played before, availed, and without a yard of progress the baffled purple and gold dropped back to the defensive.

Again began that superb sweeping up the field of the orange and black—again checked. Again, amazingly, that scrubby overmatched line of purple and gold held! Once—twice—thrice—the beautiful formation, the surge forward that seemed irresistible, then the impasse—the tossing, seething mound of heaped-up bodies that did not move a yard—scarcely a foot—from the trodden, dust-obscured spot of impact.

"What do you know about that?" It was the man on the side line who had been aware that once in a thousand years the thing might happen. "Ah!" And he broke off, his throat tightening with a sudden strain of watching.

For all in an instant that great runner, Tony Bradshaw, was round the right end, his interference struggling with the desperate, almost superhuman efforts of the Central tackles. With a gasp of dismay the watcher saw Spence's lunge miss his ankle by a hair—saw the field widen between him and his pursuers. Then the gasp hung suspended on his lips, for out of the ruck of figures straining vainly after had shot a single purple-and-gold streak—Douglas, Central's little speed wonder—after the man with the ball.

In the boy's mind as he ran was one thought—it gave wings to his feet—the big player ahead must not score!

The grand stand stood up in a body, holding its breath. What a race! And the boy was gaining—the incredible speed of him! But the contrast! The proportions of the big runner seemed to increase and those of the other to dwindle. A pygmy running to stop a giant!

"He could tuck that kid in his belt and still make goal!" muttered the tense watcher on the side line.

Now but a dozen yards separated pursuer and pursued. Half a dozen—three—one. And Douglas went into the air.

It was a catapult leap; the boy's body seemed literally to hurtle through space upon the other. Under its impact, coming with such momentum, the big runner's stride broke; his knees crumpled; he went down. Not for a "Who tackled Tony?" this time!

For a breathless second even the school forgot to cheer, until from somewhere in the rafters of the grand stand came the shrill, jubilant, boyish cry: "Doug likes 'em big! The bigger they are, the better Doug likes 'em!"

Then the tension of the crowd broke in laughter. But Baldy Finlanson, for the first and only time in his career, failed to meet expectations. He omitted to inquire with proper violence of the school what was the matter with Douglas.

Out there they were at it again. Now once more the Tigers had the ball and were fighting viciously for goal, with the prep team holding—holding when it seemed there could not be another ounce to hold with in them.

"Gad!" the spectator out on the side line found breath to marvel. "If them boys can keep that up another fifteen minutes they'll beat 'em!"

In the brief intermission between quarters most of the Central players lay at full length on the ground, their faces turned up to the fleecy white clouds that floated idly over the field. But they did not see the clouds, for their eyes were closed, and they did not move by so much as a finger. They were letting what strength would, flow back into their bodies. And some of them were remembering the lines of verse that the coach had repeated to them, and some were thinking of that moment when they had seemed to feel the touch of the king's sword on their shoulders, making them knights.

Travis did not go near them. He was wise enough to know that his work was done and that they had nothing to spare, in those precious moments of respite, even to him for whom they were thus spending themselves.

The Vanderpool coach, a harried look under his nervous, blustering manner, hurried up to him.

"What is it you've got out there in disguise, Travis, anyhow?"

Travis read the anxiety in the nervous, still slightly superior tone, and gloated over it.

"Why, that," he said, gesturing lightly toward the field, "is a football team! Aren't you awake to that fact yet?" And the sick laugh of the little coach as he turned away was a sweet sound to him.

It was a sweet moment, he told himself—his one more big moment of life. He stood smiling a little, seeing the headlines in every paper in the state, all over the country: "University Team Beaten by Preps!" and his own name standing out—the man who had been behind this miracle—who had in reality performed it. He visioned acutely the humiliation of the team which had started the game in mockery and would finish, themselves mocked and defeated; the chagrin and sting to its coach. It was a tasty morsel!

Then suddenly it went stale, as everything else was stale, and flat and tasteless. He was conscious only of his tortured spine—of that buzz-saw nerve, sawing away with its infernal persistence! He wanted it over—wanted to get home and lie down on his bed in his darkened room and fight it in silence and solitude until at last it gave up and let him sleep. That was what life was for him—nothing else.

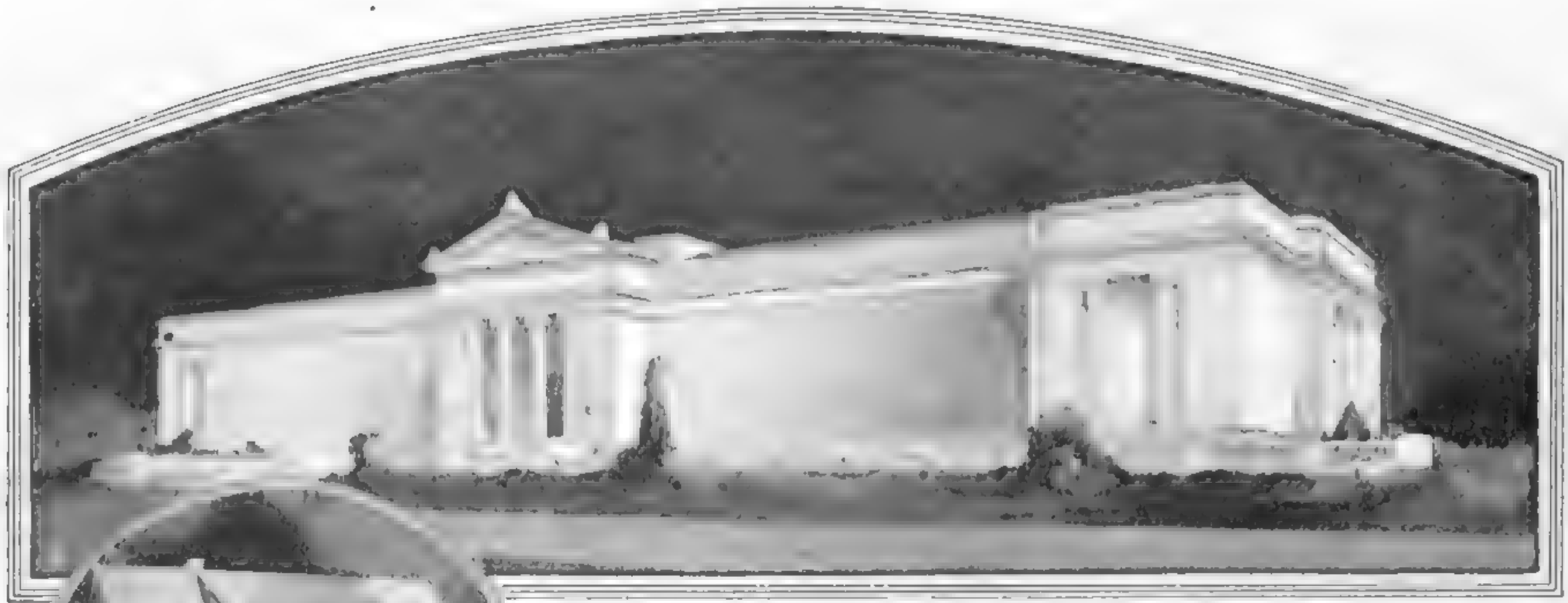
He looked at his watch, counting the minutes impatiently. Those figures out there on the ground with young faces toward the sky were no more than figures—than any of the other figures. He did not care whether his team won or the college team won. He was merely deadly weary and coldly indifferent to it all.

In the fourth quarter the team unbelievably took the aggressive and hammered the Tigers' line again and again for gains. Once on a last down they crashed through for eight yards, and an inarticulate cry of joy rose from the school. But by now the school had stopped all conscious demonstrations. It was leaning foward in agonized intensity, its eyes on the team. Perhaps it was praying.

Minutes like eternities went by while the lines seesawed back and forth on the trampled ground. The Tigers were giving all they had now—and it had not occurred to them to give more; the purple and gold had long ago given all they had. They were going on will—on their word to their coach—on that deathless moment when they had pledged all their young honor to the success of this struggle; when they had promised to give up the last ounce, and when that was gone, give more—and then more—and still more.

It was a wonderful exhibition. With every means at their command the college team fought for supremacy, and at every point, against every known law, the prep team met them as equals. In the end the quarter settled into a grim, determined battering at each other's lines, the monotony of which racked the nerves of the onlookers. Horky Bennington, light-headed from the many terrific impacts, bruised and beaten by the grueling play as he had never been before, kept thinking as he rammed into the Tigers' line, of something he had once seen happen. He had seen a bird fly straight at a light shining through a window pane, and it had struck the glass with such violence that it had dropped back dead. He remembered perfectly how it had come—with all the force and velocity in the power of its little body—and how it had fallen back, a limp fluttering heap of wings and feathers. They had gone

(Continued on Page 49)



Cleveland Museum of Art, Wade Park, Cleveland, Ohio. Hubbell & Benes, Architects
Covered with Johns-Manville Asbestos Built-Up Roofing

Residence of Mr. C. Stewart, Pasadena, California. Roofed with Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles

Both these buildings have one virtue in common—an Asbestos Roof

FOR this great public museum the architect sought the best roofing.

For the modest dwelling the owner sought the most *economical*. Both chose Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing.

But you may say, "How can *the best*—inferring quality and high cost—be also economical?"

The answer to this lies at the very base of the reason for Asbestos in roofing form.

The vision that 25 years ago saw in Asbestos the future roofing material, had but two factors in mind—long life (without upkeep cost), and safety from fire.

These are the properties of Asbestos, translated into an ideal roofing specification.

In considering Asbestos as your roofing, remember the keenest calculators of building costs and building upkeep have adopted it as standard, and not because of the novel fact that it is the only all-mineral roofing felt or slab but because of its positive immunity from rot, drying out or decomposition, which mean constant roof attention and repair. It is as inert to the weathering elements as it is from fire—not only lasting but fire safe; a new standard for a roofing to meet.

In the list below you will find a Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing for the particular type of building you have in mind.

JOHNS-MANVILLE ROOFINGS

Asbestos Ready-to-Lay Roofing, Standard and Colorblende Asbestos Shingles, Corrugated Asbestos Roofing, Built-Up Asbestos Roofing.

Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings are approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
Madison Avenue at 41st Street, New York City
10 Factories—Branches in 64 Large Cities
For Canada,
CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., Ltd., Toronto

and so have these

Saw-tooth roof covered with Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready Roofing.

Monitor type roof covered with Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready Roofing.

Grain elevator covered with Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing and Asbestoside.

COVERS THE CONTINENT

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and its allied products

INSULATION
that keeps the heat where it belongs
CEMENTS
that make boiler walls leak proof
ROOFINGS
that cut down fire risks
PACKINGS
that save power waste
LININGS
that make brakes safe
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

ROOFING—Blasted from Rock!

Many who actually examine Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing for the first time, find it hard to realize that this pliable sheet is really stone, blasted from the ground like marble or granite. And Asbestos felt is the only all-mineral roofing felt.

JOHNS MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

COLUMBIA

ONE-PIECE-HOUSING
AXLES

Safe!—*Thanks to what?*

A CITY STREET at a quiet noon. All clear ahead—rushing to make a train.

Then from a side street an absent-minded car noses into your path. A sudden sharp turn, wheels locked, a half-circle skid and you bring up against the curb.

Safe!

Thank the brakes. Thank the wheels. But most of all, thank the rear axle, for it *held* the brakes and the wheels, it resisted the impact of the curb, it withstood the antagonistic twistings and turnings of terrific forces exerted simultaneously, and it was ready to deliver the engine's power the moment you were ready to go on again.

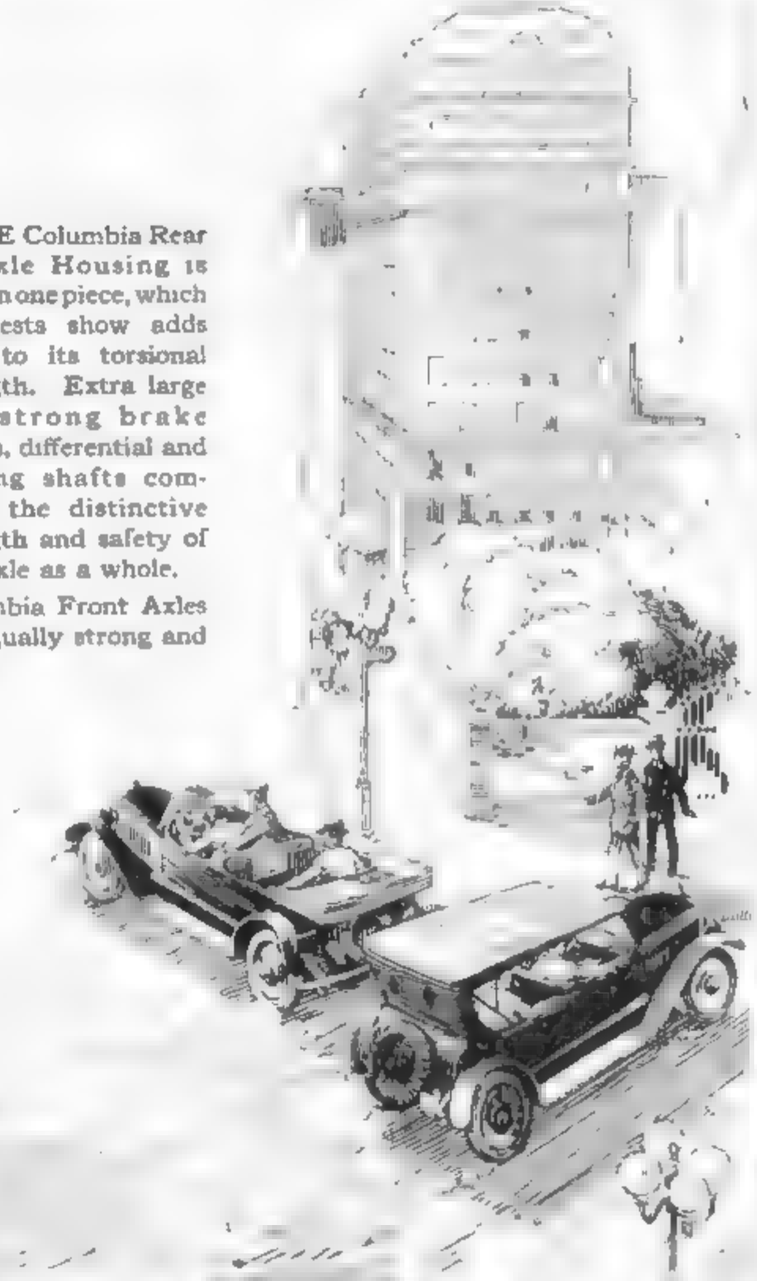
Vitally important—the rear axle—no other part of the car has such a multitude of duties or so many antagonistic forces to resist. Wouldn't you say it deserved the whole attention of an organization of specialists?

We believe so. From the beginning of our association, we have acted on this belief. We have devoted all our energies, our thought, our resources to the building of axles.

The result is that there is not an incident that can occur in motoring which affects the axle that we have not endeavored to foresee and prepare for. Therefore, the owner of a car equipped with a Columbia One-piece-housing Rear Axle has a feeling of unusual confidence and comfort.

The Columbia trade-mark appears on the plate covering the differential housing—look for it.

Columbia Axle Company
Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.



THE Columbia Rear Axle Housing is built in one piece, which our tests show adds 50% to its torsional strength. Extra large and strong brake drums, differential and driving shafts complete the distinctive strength and safety of the Axle as a whole.

Columbia Front Axles are equally strong and safe.

Look for Columbia
under the car

(Continued from Page 46)

out and picked it up; Horky had held it in his own hand. It was quite dead.

Every time, now, that he went into the orange-and-black line, just at the first moment he thought it was that bird flying against the window pane, and he could see the limp lifeless little thing, fluttering just for a moment—then still. But the bird had come with all the power possible to concentrate in its small body—and big bull-necked Bennington, battered as he was, scarcely aware of what he was doing, still hit the line with every vestige of power that he could concentrate in his.

Once only, he almost failed to go at the signal. Once he thought he would have to lie down for a moment and rest and let the game go on without him—over him if it would.

But a coarse voice like a foghorn had bawled out loudly from somewhere: "Keep it up, Central! Keep it up, Central!" It was a gray-headed old stager who always came out to the games, and that was his slogan. Horky had heard it dozens of times, but now it made him keep it up.

At the last minute of play the score stood exactly as it had at the close of the first half, the ball in Central's hands three yards from goal. And the Tigers were fighting now—like tigers—to keep it until the end what it had been in the beginning.

But up in the grand stand they felt differently about it. The school had gone wild again. The orchestra was blaring out Tipperary loudly, encouragingly, and the school was singing it with frenzied throats; standing up and waving caps, hats, pennants, socks—anything.

It's a short! short! way to Vandy's goal, boys—
Make a touchdown—once more!

Horky, the line plunger, stopped thinking for a moment that he was that little bird, because he seemed to be hearing the coach say: "Bennington, you big beef—get that ball over!"

All the team seemed to be thinking along the same lines—their thoughts ran together as if they had been melted and molded that way. With thirty seconds to play they made the same formation as when they had tried to get Butler round the end at the beginning of the half, but when it broke Bennington had the ball, plunging straight for the orange-and-black center.

Then once more Horky thought he was the bird, and in another moment would strike the pane of glass and fall back dead. But he went crashing through it for a gain that put the ball, held at the extremity of his extended arms as he fell, safely over the goal line. And pandemonium broke loose.

But it had all been for a chimera. No reward awaited these knights by the kingly touch, when, spent and exhausted, they dragged themselves into their dressing room after the game. Reward enough there had been back there on the field—reward of its kind. The Tigers had given them three generously sincere cheers, and when a Central player, now that it was all over, had suddenly felt the earth coming up to meet him, a big Vanderpool back had stepped quickly to his side and thrown an arm about his shoulders.

"Steady there, old fellow—hold hard a minute and it'll pass. All right now?"

But Travis had met them almost with a sneer.

"We done it, coach!" a grinning irrepressible with matted sweaty hair plastered to his dust-streaked forehead was exclaiming joyously, when he caught Travis' expression, and stopped. All the others caught it at the same moment, and their grimed and streaked faces, still unconsciously set in the lines of that grim struggle, went blank. They looked at the coach and round the dressing room dazedly. Where was that kingliness? It was gone!

"Yes, you did it—by a squeak," Travis answered in a colorless voice, his eyes, his whole look, that with which they were familiar—cold, repellent, forbidding. "If you had done it half a minute sooner," he added, "Deck could have kicked goal and made it a clean fourteen to nothing."

They slumped down and began undressing. They did not look again at the coach or at each other. They could not accuse him of the thing that he had done; just now they were not quite certain what the thing was that he had done. They knew themselves betrayed, but were without words for that betrayal—inarticulate.

"Gee, coach, but you're hard to suit!" one erstwhile knight muttered, bent over his shoe lace, and choked back a sob.

Six days later Central the invincible, Central the unscored-on, Central whose feat in beating the college eleven would be told in prep circles for years to come—lost the last game of the season to Bramley, her ancient enemy, twenty-seven to seven.

There was a big joy meeting held in the Central chapel the morning of the Bramley game. Classes were suspended and their periods given to speech making, practicing yells and throwing the team bouquets. Even Baldy Finlanson, who ought to have been checking accounts up in his father's coal office, was there with his enthusiasm if not his purple shirt, and he had promised to wear it in the afternoon. He inquired fiercely what was the matter with Spence and Douglas and Deck; with the McPhersons and Horky; with Needham and Butler and all three of the others, and nothing was the matter with any of them—they were all all right.

Then he wanted to know—in a word—"What's-the-matter-with-the-team?" And the team was all right—everything was all right—everybody was all right! But the team, individually if not collectively, knew better.

Here is a significant circumstance. That same morning one of the big gain makers in the game with Vanderpool had to be called to breakfast three times, and came downstairs, when he did come, with an unmistakable grouch.

"Why, Harry!" his sister Jean cried to him reproachfully. Then with an afterthought: "What's the matter? Aren't you going to get to play?"

"I suppose I'm going to play," Harry answered grumpily. "I haven't heard anything to the contrary."

He wished with all his heart that he had! For Harry was carrying in his soul a shameful secret—the secret of being yellow. It made him want to go off and die—but he did not want to go into the game with Bramley. Ever since that awful tussle with Vanderpool he had hated the thought of football—he had just hated the thought of it, that was all!

He had been trying for three days to think up an excuse that would hold water with the coach. Only yesterday he had watched a freight train pull past a crossing, with a couple of tramps lying flat on their stomachs on top of a box car, and had wished he were up there with them getting clean away from it all. He had said to himself that the hobo's life was the life!

He was yellow, that was all; he was white-livered! And he lived in absolute terror of the guilty secret being discovered. Of course if Harry had known that about ten other members of the team were carrying the same secret—but there it was—no boy knew that the ten others were feeling as he was feeling.

Horky Bennington claimed he had been having the grip. So did the two McPhersons. At signal practice the day before, when the coach had been giving some final instructions about the approaching game, one of the McPherson boys had said something, or at least Travis had interrupted himself sharply: "What's that, Alfred?"

"Nothing, sir," Alfred had replied hastily.

The coach had been saying this: "The way to work with Bramley is to rush 'em! Rush 'em first, last and all the time. That steals their advantage." Then he had said: "What's that, Alfred?" And Alfred had said: "Nothing."

But what the boy had muttered to himself was: "Aw—'rush 'em'—hell!"

One great trouble was, Horky thought, that it was such a cold morning. Even in the warm chapel where the joy meeting was going on he shivered and huddled his head down into his big shoulders.

"Gee," he said, "it's cold in here!"

The principal and the other members of the faculty had made speeches; then they began to call on members of the team. Someone called on Horky for a speech. They all began to call on him. They yelled it like fools—Horky's opinion.

"Horky! Horky! Bennington! Speech! Speech! Tell us how you made that last touchdown!"

After he was up on the platform, literally propelled there by many assisting hands, Horky thought for a minute that he really would tell them—tell them just how he had made it; and tell them how he had felt ever since, and was feeling now! But his tongue and what he felt failed to coördinate

Perfect Diagonal Stropping at last!
UP
DOWN
THE SPIRAL CYLINDER, THE SECRET OF THE DIAGONAL STROKE
Blade slides up and down as strop moves back and forth

As you pull the strop back and forth the circular bands attached to the blade holder travel around the spiral cylinder and move the blade up and down while the strop is moving lengthwise. Diagram showing results.

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strops regular razors and all safety blades *diagonally*

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It's easy to use—just insert your razor or *any kind of safety blade*, give it a few strokes and the job is done and done right!

As you pull the strop back and forth *lengthwise*, the blade slides up and down *crosswise* on the strop, first one side of the blade and then the other. That's your diagonal stropping and at the same angle and pressure *every time*—better than the barber's, for he works by hand. The minute teeth of the edge that were bent over at various angles by shaving are all lined up again and your razor is ready for quick, clean, comfortable shaving.

Don't just take my word—try Kanner's Slyde-Stroke Stropper *at my risk*. Get one at your nearest dealer's or from us by mail—price $5.00. Use it 60 days; then get your money back if you want it.

My book "How to Keep Your Razor Sharp" is *free*—send for it.

Samuel Kanner, 556 Broadway, New York

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Wise Eating

The habit of "swallowing things whole" at meals violates nature's demand for the mastication of food. The teeth are unused, the necessary salivary juices are lacking and the food passes into the stomach improperly prepared.

The regular use of Beeman's Original Pepsin Gum ten minutes after each meal aids in correcting the faulty mastication at meals and assists in the proper digestion of food.

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somehow. But at least, now that he was up there, he thought he'd just ask to be excused from doing much of anything in the game to-day. He didn't feel like starring; he felt ——

"Aw—you make me sick!" he said suddenly to a burst of applause meant to be encouraging, and stumbled from the platform in helpless disgust. But the school accepted it as Horky's speech, and it made a great hit and was cheered and cheered, even after he was back in his seat, shivering, dumb, miserable.

They got one to Bramley's two in the first half, but that was only because, as the coach had said to the Vanderpool coach, they did it automatically. After that they did nothing.

Travis did not say much between halves. They had expected a terrible outbreak from him—nerved themselves for it—but it did not come. The coach seemed queer; he did not seem like himself; he did not talk about their letting Bramley score or about much of anything.

When they started back for the half he said: "Hold 'em down—if you can." That was all.

They held them to two more touchdowns, but Bramley was a roaring lion, and Central could not get started.

"If only it wasn't so cold!" Horky Bennington kept thinking, and shivering.

They had no idea, any of them, what was the actual fact—that it would be weeks yet before their bodies would forgive that game with Vanderpool—before Nature could rebuild in them what that one half hour's superuse of their young powers had torn down. But to one watcher on the side lines this fact kept coming home more and more accusingly. That was Travis, the coach.

The agony ended and Bramley made the welkin ring with the sounds of her victory. Going out the gate dozens of young Bramleyans sang in jubilation: "Oh, we rode old Central on a rail—on a rail."

The school was stupefied; hardly able to realize the crushing defeat, wholly unable to understand it. The team went off the field with hanging heads, looking neither to right nor left, and slunk into their dressing room like the pariahs and outcasts they were. But above every other feeling was their dread of meeting the coach. For now it would come!

It did not come. Travis was still queerly silent; he hardly spoke all the while they were undressing, though he handed Douglas a towel and found Needham's other shoe. He seemed to have something on his mind. All at once a member of the team thought of an explanation: Mrs. Travis might be going to have another baby.

But it was not that either. For just as they were about to drag themselves out into the hated light of day the coach looked up oddly.

"Just wait a minute, will you?" he said. And then they saw that there was something working inside him; he spoke with an effort, and his face had a look—almost as if he were afraid or ashamed to meet their eyes—he, the coach!

They stopped wonderingly, their hearts somehow leaping out to him as they had not done since the Vanderpool game. And then he said, trying to speak in his ordinary tone:

"I've never thanked you fellows, have I, for what you did for me the other day out there?" He nodded toward the field they had just left.

It took them utterly by surprise, as their own faces showed. And though they caught his meaning instantly, just to fill in an uncomfortable space a boy who had once been a knight asked stammeringly: "What—did we do for you, coach?"

"I thought," he said, and smiled a little uncertainly, "that you were playing that game for me." Then he seemed to be struggling with himself about something. "I want to say, if that is any extenuation," he continued after a moment, "that I never quite realized—until I saw you out there on the field this afternoon. Then it all swept over me." He choked up again for an instant, but controlled himself. "I saw you fighting that man's fight, and I remembered—am I right in thinking it was—partly—for me?"

"I guess it was about all for you, coach!"

Then the knight who had blurted out this sentiment looked round with shamed defiance among his team mates—and found it unanimous.

"I want to thank you for it," said Travis. "For the greatest football game ever played on Chambers Field—or that ever will be played there!"

Their very breaths stopped. Something warm and rich and sweet ran all through them—what they had striven for and dreamed of, and that had not come; yet which, now that it had come, was infinitely more than they had dreamed. He had said it—the coach! "The greatest football game ever played on Chambers Field!"

But as they had been inarticulate at the withholding of their due meed of praise, they were more inarticulate now that it had so far passed all their expectations. They milled about uncertainly in the small space surrounding the coach, their emotions every moment rising more painfully. As they threatened to get out of bounds completely the team made a break for the door, but by a sudden common instinct halted just before they reached it. Bunching together they filled their lungs full of air, and as they expelled it they bent half double and pounded out with their fists the syllables they uttered.

"Rah-rah-rah! Rah-rah-rah! Rah-rah-rah!" they yelled. To Travis it seemed suddenly the biggest moment he had ever known. "Coach! Coach! Coach!"

How a Man with a Tough Beard Found an Easy Way to Shave it

He knew that for a real shave he'd need a regular razor such as all barbers use, so he bought a GENCO. He gave it three or four round-trips on a taut strop. Then he shaved the way professionals always shaved him, with an easy diagonal stroke. Like barbers, he kept the blade almost flat, so that it cut quickly and smoothly, instead of scraping. He discovered that a regular razor's edge cut smoothly because all the weight as well as all the hand-power was *directly* behind it.

His razor didn't pull, because he stropped it before shaving. This regular razor he could strop mid-shave, if necessary, without exasperating loss of time. His beard went quickly and his face felt cool and smooth. He enjoyed the stropping, because it was so easy and because it gave such splendid results.

Anybody Can Strop a GENCO *Razor*

It's built to strop, of accurately-tempered steel. Broad back and bevel send it against a taut strop at just the correct angle. Look at the diagram. That bevel right behind the edge does double work. It supports the thin, keen, smoothly cutting edge and guides the blade in regaining that edge quickly.

Do you wonder that a man with a tough beard or a patchy beard values his GENCO beyond price? He finds no use for our guarantee—"GENCO RAZORS must make good, or we will."

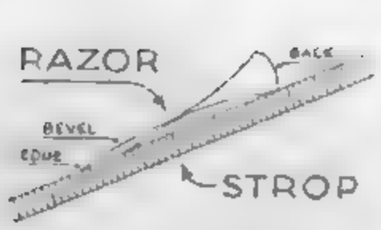
If your dealer can't supply you, write to us

GENEVA CUTLERY CORPORATION, 230 Gates Avenue, Geneva, N. Y.

Largest Manufacturers of High-Grade Razors in the World

TO DEALERS

Inquiries and orders for GENCO regular razors arrive by every mail. We prefer to send you those coming from your town. Our handsome GENCO Display Cabinet, free with your first order, will make big sales for you. Write us today for additional information



Note how GENCO Razors meet the strop in just the proper way to assure a perfect shaving edge. The bevel lends backbone to the edge and guides it on the strop.

GENCO RAZORS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Mar-Not
A Varnish for Floors

The Pictures on your Floors

ARE they pictures that reflect your wisdom in finishing them with a varnish made just for floors? Or are they unsightly pictures of worn spots, stains and scratches illustrating thoughtlessness in varnish buying?

Floors, furniture and outdoor surfaces differ radically in nature and use. They each require different protection—the protection afforded by a varnish made especially for the purpose which it is to serve.

For these three special uses, Sherwin-Williams make three special varnishes, each scientifically prepared to best serve its particular purpose. They are:

S-W MAR-NOT *Floor Varnish*
gives floors a beautiful finish, waterproof, steam-proof and practically wearproof. Can be used over the lightest colored hardwoods, linoleums, etc. Cleans splendidly with S-W Floorwipe.

S-W SCAR-NOT *Interior Varnish*
gives a fine brilliant finish which does not spot from steam, hot liquids or dishes. S-W Velvet Finish applied over Scar-Not produces a dull-rubbed effect, without the expense of rubbing.

S-W REXPAR *Exterior Varnish*
weathers all-the-year-round exposure on doors, porch ceilings, store fronts, boats, club houses, etc. It is waterproof, and it resists the severest wear and weather.

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PAINTS, VARNISHES, DYES, WOOD PRESERVATIVES, CHEMICALS, INSECTICIDES AND DISINFECTANTS

Sense and Nonsense

Concerning Orators

ORATORY is no longer a distinct profession, but, rather, an adjunct to all professions. The business man climbs more rapidly if he has the ability to stand on his feet and talk well before a crowd; the professional man who is inspired by good citizenship or an appreciation of good advertising to interest himself in community life has frequent need of the ability to make a speech; the artisan at times feels an urge to harangue his fellows; and the politician finds oratory the chief tool of his trade.

The ability to talk in public is not an essential to success in many callings, and yet it is frequently useful in all callings and should be universally cultivated.

One who would learn the art of public speaking must make himself acquainted with its three essentials.

There is first the matter of poise. Poise is wholly a matter of self-assurance. One who is persuaded by the compliments of his fellows or by his own sober judgment that he is a person of considerable importance is seldom ill at ease when facing a crowd. His conceit sustains and strengthens him. He enjoys being a center of interest. He is thrilled by the knowledge that other tongues are still in order that his own may be heard. The sound of his voice is music to his ears and his soul delights in the clapping of hands. He is sure of himself and is encouraged by the conviction that others share his good opinion of the speaker.

This essential self-assurance may be a gift. In the old days, when school children were required to speak a piece on Friday afternoon, there were some who approached the ordeal with a swagger—debonair, cocksure youngsters who spoke glibly and went back to their seats wearing a look of smug complacency. There were others, and their name is legion, who played hooky to escape the torture or, fearing parental reprisals, went like lambs to the slaughter and stood, red-faced and trembling, with bowed heads and twitching fingers, to stammer, mumble and perhaps to weep. These, being handicapped by innate timidity, must by hard experience learn that an audience is seldom fatal and that speaking to many persons is not more difficult than speaking to one. When conceit or determined effort has given assurance of poise the battle is half won.

There is next the matter of noise. Noise impresses the primitive, and men are primitive still. Thunder seems more terrible than lightning, and the toothless dog may yet gain respect by means of his bark. If men were at all times coldly logical and judged phrases solely by their content the public speaker might feel free to use the soft pedal and save wear and tear on his throat; but all experience has proved that a shouted phrase gains more respect than one voiced in a normal tone, and one who would impress an audience must cater to its taste. Shouted nonsense is nonsense still, but a statement that would be accepted in any case is accepted with more enthusiasm if accompanied by a considerable volume of sound.

Given self-assurance and the ability to command respect by reason of noise, the orator has only to think of something to say. The layman will consider this the most difficult part of the task. It is, in fact, the most simple.

Man's conceit persuades him that he and those who share his opinions have cornered the world's visible supply of wisdom. Agree that he has the right of it and he will think you an intellectual. Attempt to prove him in error and he will think you a fool. Reformers are without honor until the world catches up. The man with a new idea is frequently in danger of his life. The world wishes to be told the things it already knows. It delights in platitudes.

When an orator stamps the platform and thunders forth accepted truths he subtly compliments the audience by approving its settled opinions; and the audience, intrigued by his flattery, further gratifies itself by thinking him a great man. We are not flattered by the good opinion of a simpleton, but if a simpleton compliments us we are willing to believe that he is not so simple as he seems.

A new thought is not easily accepted. It must be repeated again and again until man absorbs it without conscious effort and embraces it as his own. Thereafter it will have the backing of his conceit and find in him a champion.

A great orator possessed of a new thought may by reason of his magnetism persuade an audience to accept it, but lesser men, having no more worthy purpose than a desire to acquit themselves well before an audience, should confine themselves to truths already dear to the hearts of their hearers.

In all seriousness, one who would further his interests by learning the art of catch-as-catch-can speaking need only cultivate the quality known in the vernacular as brass, learn the value of sound and follow the mental paths frequented by those he would impress.

Two Fathers

IN A CERTAIN land were two fathers. Each had an only son, the very apple of his eye, for whom he planned. Each of the fathers possessed the sense inaccurately described as common and each was determined that his son should, by reason of his father's foresight, find life wholesome and pleasant. Their goals were identical, but their methods entirely different.

One father set about the task of accumulating a great fortune. Said he: "I do not prize wealth for myself; my son is my greatest treasure. But I will toil early and late to accumulate a fortune so that at my death he may inherit the whole of it and thereafter enjoy the sweets of life."

In the pursuit of this ambition the father was kept from his son through many days, and the son, as sons will, sought other comrades. After many years the father died, leaving the fortune in accordance with his plan. The son mourned as deeply as one can mourn for a father with whom he is not well acquainted, and then set about enjoying the good things provided for him. Let it be said to his credit that he fulfilled his father's wishes and got a dollar's worth of fun from each dollar scattered to the winds. When the fortune was gone he found a task for which his inexperience fitted him and later became an excellent bricklayer and a good citizen.

The other father, equally determined that his son should enjoy the good things of life, devoted his energies to that end. He toiled early and late to earn bread and clothing for his household, but permitted himself certain leisure hours, and these he devoted to cultivating the friendship of his son and sharing the wisdom that had come to him with the years.

After many years he died, leaving a debt and a good name. The son mourned him as one mourns a comrade. Then he began the task of paying his father's debts. With the debt cleared he said to himself: "I owe a greater debt to my father. I must be worthy of him and acquit myself in a manner that will justify his faith and care."

Poverty and ambition spurred him to industry, and while striving to merit the good opinion of his father he became a great man and accumulated a fortune. And thus he came to enjoy the good things his father provided for him.

Plausible

A SECONDHAND furniture dealer from New York was up in the Catskills fishing at a time when the season was closed on black bass and the wardens were very active. This man caught a four-pound bass and looked at it covetously. He wanted that fish and could not reconcile himself to throwing it back in the water. He also feared the warden. After deliberation he tied the fish by the gills with a long string which he attached to the stern of the boat. With the fish overboard he felt comparatively safe.

A warden spied the fisherman and his suspicion was roused.

"Say," he called out, after hailing him, "got any bass in that boat?"

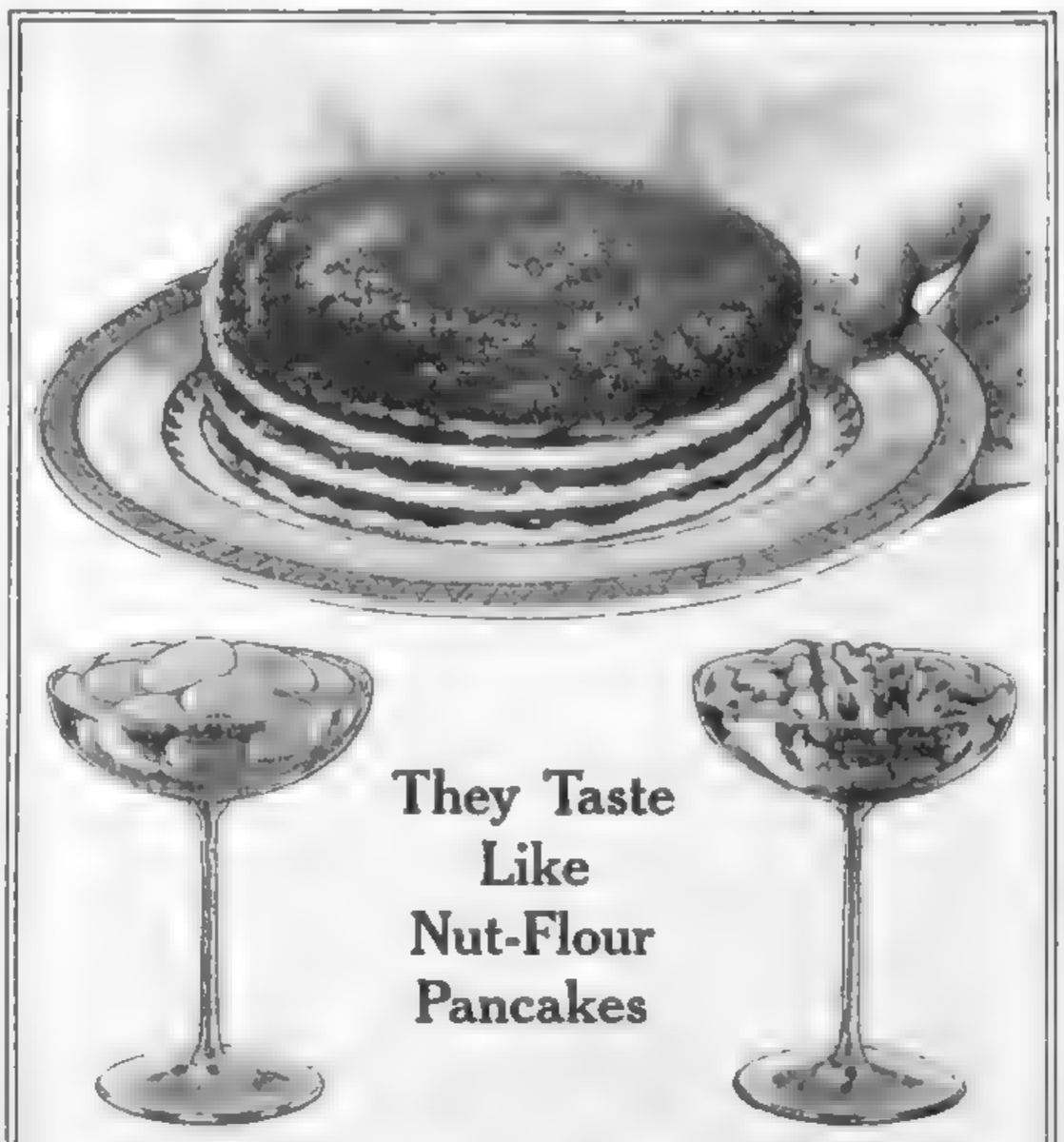
Then he began an inspection. Finally he noticed the string and pulled it in.

"What's this?" he snorted. "I think you'd better explain this right away."

"It iss a bass," admitted the fisherman.

"What do you mean by tying him to this string? Don't you know it is against the law?"

"Sure I do," said the fisherman. "But the big fellow eats up so many of my baits I thought I would tie him till I get through fishing."



They Taste Like Nut-Flour Pancakes

Now Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

Now we use ground Puffed Rice in an ideal pancake mixture. Our experts have worked years to get the most delightful blend.

The Puffed Rice flour gives a nut-like taste. And, with its millions of exploded food cells, it makes the pancakes fluffy.

You'll serve the finest pancakes ever tasted when you get it. And quickly, for the flour is self-raising. You simply add milk or water.

You lovers of Puffed Grains should at once ask your grocer for Puffed Rice Pancake Flour. Then listen to the comments on your airy, nutty cakes.

Three Bubble Grains

And each a food confection

No Other Dish Like This

Puffed Wheat in milk is a matchless dish. Think of whole-wheat bubbles in a bowl of milk—the utmost in a food.

Tastes like floating tidbits, yet each morsel is whole wheat. And with every food cell broken, so digestion is easy and complete.

Serve with cream and sugar in the morning, but for suppers and luncheons serve in milk.

Remember, too, that there are three Puffed Grains, each with its own fascinations.

Puffed Wheat is whole wheat puffed to eight times normal size.

Puffed Rice is whole rice puffed in like way.

Corn Puffs are corn hearts toasted and puffed to raindrop size.

All are steam-exploded—all shot from guns.

The food cells are all blasted, so digestion is easy and complete.

All are airy, flimsy, flavory. They form the finest cereals in existence. Some like one best, some another. You should serve them all.

Puffed Wheat
Puffed Rice
Corn Puffs
All steam-exploded

And now a new delight
Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

FOUR FLIGHTS UP

(Continued from Page 25)

Really you couldn't expect a child like Marjie to grow up into a lady, now could you?

VIII

THE inevitable result of Ben Merriweather's newly roused appreciation of his possibilities was the improvement in the quality of his routine work. He now applied, when opportunity offered, those principles of beauty in composition and lighting which his studies revealed to him. He tried a few novelties with his regular customers. Some of the regular customers didn't understand and rejected such work. Eighth Avenue is a conservative community. The slave of fashion resident in Codfish Landing, Connecticut, takes her styles direct from Fifth Avenue, via the pattern company's excellently multi-colored magazine pages. Eighth Avenue isn't so daring. Let novelty submit to the test of time and become staple in order to meet favor between the Circle and Jackson Square.

Now and then a promising subject clambered the four flights to Merriweather's studio for a sitting, and the photographer recognized something unusual which made him take more than ordinary care. This might be a young girl, a mother in Israel or a janitor born in Tipperary. Ben learned to study them all with the camera eye. He valued human beings for their pictorial possibilities.

Malachi O'Hara, nagged and harassed by the wife and six married childher to have his pitcher took—for Malachi was getting on in years, and they loved him – Malachi O'Hara sent his Sara's little Molly to make an appointment for a Saturda' afthernoon wid the photographer man. When Ben Merriweather viewed Malachi his heart sang within him, for O'Hara was the grandest patriarch among the expatriated sons of old Erin.

Ben kept Malachi as long as the light lasted. The old man's big, boldly modeled head, the heavy brows and deep-blue eyes, the long, characterful upper lip, the strong, short nose—everything about him was virile, wholesome. He was real, a man hewn out of living clay in great masterful strokes. There were no superfluous refinements about Malachi, no finicky smoothnesses. He was all vigorous contrasts. The sparse white hair was ruffled and disorderly. It told of long, hard years of world bucking. Time had carved wrinkles deep and eloquent about eyes and mouth

"What's that?" he demanded. "D'ye mean to say I'm not to comb me hair? Sure, me wife'd be scand'lized if I had me pitcher took widout it. Me necktie, divil take it, has to be tied jist so and the collar of me coat brushed smooth."

Ben persuaded the old man to ignore for a time these superrefinements while he made a few studies according to his own ideas. Afterward he permitted him the use of comb and brush, so Malachi wet his hair and plastered it over his half-denuded scalp in a smooth wave. Then encouraged by the photographer, he assumed what he deemed a suitable attitude for having his pitcher took. Stiffly, with the pie-fork arrangement clamped painfully back of his ears, he maintained the requisite degree of immobility and overspread his rugged features with a smile of artificial complaisance.

"I don't know what ye'll be doin' wid all thim others," he said as he prepared to go, "but I can tell ye now which one Bridget an' the kids will say is dthe besht."

And he was right. Malachi's family were horrified when they saw the proofs of Ben's most carefully made studies.

"Why, that's the way father looks every day," cried Malachi's daughter Sara. "Look at him, all slumped down in his chair readin' a paper! An' the hair of him! That ain't artistic! It's jist like him. Annyone that knows dad would say, 'F'God's sake, if dthat ain't old Mal O'Hara that watches the car barns nights!' Wait a minute—there, that's somethin'! I call that real swell."

Sara had come to a smug pose of her father's own selection. The careful, Sunday-morning-mass arrangement of hair and features, the satisfied smirk, the immovable attitude of the head—these were balm to Sara's ruffled spirit. Malachi O'Hara, sitting up as straight as a ramrod, his knobby hands resting easily on parallel thighs, his tie impeccably symmetrical, his coat smooth as a clothing salesman could have made it—that was the Malachi O'Hara his friends would recognize only upon a second inspection, a Malachi too good to be true.

"A dozen of thim, please," said Malachi when he called on Merriweather to deliver the verdict. "It was like I said. Women is conservative. How much is it ye charge for the cabinet size? An' whin will I sind for thim? Likely I'll not be shinnin' up thim shtairs again soon, but this time I came mesilf. Whisht, boy! How much would ye finish up one of thim others for—the ones that look like dthe rale me? I'd never dare show it to dthe old woman, I dinnaw! But I like it."

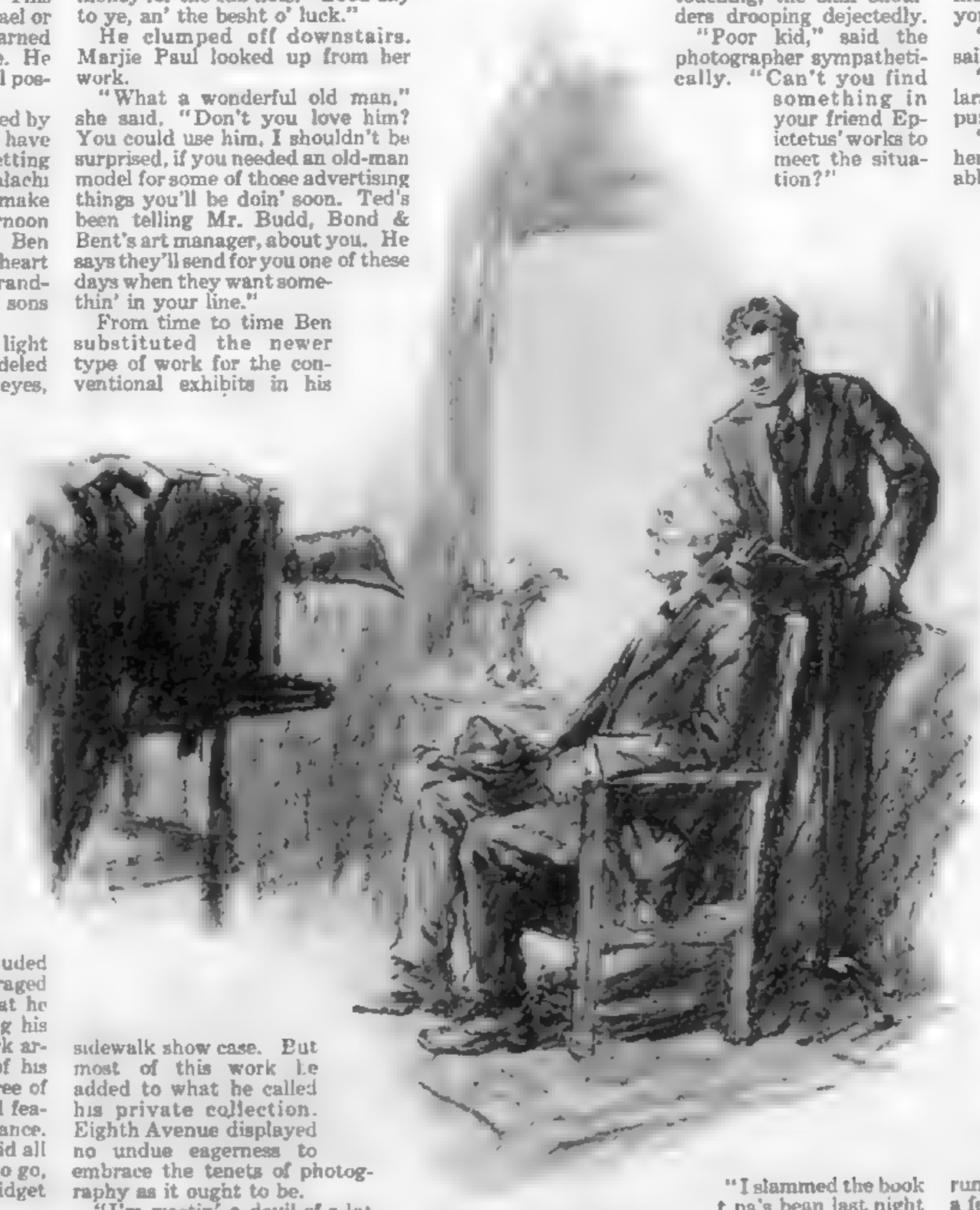
"Mr. O'Hara," said Ben, "I'll finish you up one of those poses and give it to you with my compliments. If I put a price on it it would be like charging Christy Mathewson admission to the Polo Grounds. Get me?"

"'Tis foine of ye, Mr. Merriweather. An' will ye do it up in a siparate package? One of the childher will call wid the money for the cab'nets. Good day to ye, an' the besht o' luck."

He clumped off downstairs. Marjie Paul looked up from her work.

"What a wonderful old man," she said. "Don't you love him? You could use him. I shouldn't be surprised, if you needed an old-man model for some of those advertising things you'll be doin' soon. Ted's been telling Mr. Budd, Bond & Bent's art manager, about you. He says they'll send for you one of these days when they want somethin' in your line."

From time to time Ben substituted the newer type of work for the conventional exhibits in his sidewalk show case. But most of this work he added to what he called his private collection. Eighth Avenue displayed no undue eagerness to embrace the tenets of photography as it ought to be.



Encouraged by the Photographer, He Assumed What He Deemed a Suitable Attitude for Having His Pitcher Took

"I'm wastin' a devil of a lot of time and money on gimcracks," complained Merriweather. "I'd have been better off if I'd never tried for that prize. What's the use of an appetite for canvasback duck when you don't live anywheres near a chicken coop, I'd like to know?"

"That sounds like one of those epi—epigraphs, or whatever you call 'em, by the poet Epictetius. He was a great little writer," said Marjie.

"What did he write?" asked Ben, fumbling on a shelf for some old negatives needed to fill a reorder.

"Epic poetry, of course," replied his assistant. "You ought to read some of his stuff. A fellow gave my brother Thad one of his books. I was reading it the other night, and I copied down something I thought hit you just about where you live. Here it is:

"'Have this thought ever present with thee when thou losest any outward thing, what thou gainest in its stead; and if this be the more precious, say not I have suffered loss.' Seems kind of roundabout, still ——"

"That's good, Marjie. It has a nice sound, hasn't it? I believe it. I've been putting in lots of hard licks, and in spite of doing more business lately I haven't made any more money. Still I've had a good deal better time. I get discouraged, but when I have those ambitious fits it's like taking a drink."

"It would be a good thing if more men confined themselves to them ambition jags, Ben.

"Pa's off again. He thinks he's ambitious, too, but he always goes and dilutes his ambition with some o' that old musty drawn from the wood. Gee, if my brothers ever start hitting the booze I quit! One in the family's one too many."

Marjie turned to her retouching, the slim shoulders drooping dejectedly.

"Poor kid," said the photographer sympathetically. "Can't you find something in your friend Epictetus' works to meet the situation?"

"I slammed the book t pa's bean last night and rose a lump over his eye. He was going to hit Ted. I guess that met the situation pretty good; anyhow, pa went off to bed and cried himself to sleep. He says his family don't appreciate what it means to have a loving parent on the premises. And how would we like to be orphans?

"Ted piped up and said he was willin' to try anything once, so I had to slap him. Oh, we got a happy, peaceful little home, all right, all right."

"Must be some relief to spend your days here in the studio."

"Yeah, out of the asylum into the bughouse! Sometimes it strikes me I run this guardian business into the ground."

Ben grinned cheerfully. Marjie was always there with the comeback. Pretty good kid, as girls go.

"Say, Miss Paul," he said, "I'm going to raise your pay a couple of dollars a week. You can use it, can't you?"

Marjie kept on stippling, but for a long minute said not a word.

"Well," insisted Ben, "don't I hear any cheers?"

"Did you think of that because I was beefing about things at home, Ben? I got no business to cry-baby. It's nice of you, but ——"

Ben waited to see what the "but" might lead to. At length he inquired, "But what?"

"If you could afford it it would be all right. I don't think you ought to give me any bigger pay yet a while. Let's wait until you're making more money. I'm willing to let things ride for the present. If I can be of any help to you, so you get good and successful, I'm only too glad to do my share, and I'm not worrying about how I'll come out."

"You've got a lot of confidence, it strikes me. Better take what you can grab while you can get it."

"Looks as if I lost my bet on the Boggses," said Marjie, changing the subject abruptly.

"You're entitled to that extra two dollars a week, and you're going to have it," pursued Ben, unwilling to be sidetracked.

"Mis' Bernstein's taken that hat out of her window anyhow. I guess she's probably sold it by now. So if I'd won the bet you couldn't of paid it, unless I'd been willing to take some other hat; and that one sure did suit me fine—oh, that bell! Ben, you go see who that is, can't you? Well, all right."

Marjie went out into the reception room. Ben was pretty busy that morning, and Marjie Paul could handle customers and make appointments quite as well as he. Yes, he was going to insist on that two-dollar raise, ill as he could afford it. The poor kid had a pretty hard time at home, and after all he hadn't anyone to take care of. He wasn't making a cent out of his business just now. He owed for quite a lot of supplies, but things would be better. That saying of Epictetus Marjie had copied and read him was rather pat. Ben whistled loudly. He was unaccountably cheerful.

"Ben!"

Marjie was back from the reception room. The bell hadn't rung again, so the caller must still be there. Marjie had a curious look, and spoke in a whisper.

"You lose that bet. If Mis' Bernstein's sold my hat I'll take a pair of shoes instead. The Boggses is back."

"The Boggses? That old hyena?"

"No, a dame. It's the daughter, I think. You'll have to go talk to her, Ben; and say, she's awfully good-looking. I didn't switch on the light yet, but I can see she's a stunner. Now you watch out, Ben Merriweather. Don't you let her jolly you. If you'd had your way her pa would have made a sucker of you. Now be shrewd, Ben. She's a cool one. I can see it just as plain."

Her employer had hastily shucked off his ragged working coat and donned a more presentable garment. Now he went hastily into the reception room and Marjie heard the rumble of his voice, with interpolations in a feminine key.

"Gee, I know something!" thought Marjie. "I'm going to make Ben wear one of them loose smock effects like artists have. It'd look pretty kippy, especially when the ladies came to see him. I wonder if that's the famous Miss Angela Boggs. She's some swell looker—but oh, my, cold as ice! Lord, I wish Ben didn't have to turn on the light! There goes the switch now. If she starts them feminine blandishments goodness knows what he'll do by the time he comes out of his daze!"

IX

ON THE day Marjie Paul stirred the indolent Ben Merriweather to a realization of photography's artistic and business possibilities a new chapter of his life

(Continued on Page 57)

The largest office building in the world—new home of General Motors Corporation—is lighted with Duplexalites

DUPLEX Lighting has been adopted for the largest office building in the world—the Durant Building at Detroit, erected by the General Motors Corporation.

For this great structure eminent architects and engineers made the most thorough tests of each item of construction and equipment. Many lighting systems were analyzed by scientific methods, in order to get in each of the thousands of rooms the light which would be most economical, most efficient and most comfortable.

Duplex Lighting won, because it was proved that under it men and women can do more work and better work, make fewer mistakes and avoid the headaches and fatigue that result from eye-strain.

Duplexalite provides an ideal balance of direct and indirect lighting. It is designed to most effectively utilize the rays of the powerful MAZDA C lamp.

The result is a clear, day-like diffusion of light, without glare or gloom. This is why it is ideal for the home, the office, the school, the store, the hotel, the public building.

Duplexalites cost no more than ordinary "lighting fixtures". They may be used with beautiful shades of silk, cretonne or parchment, in a variety of designs and colors. The addition of a shade does not change the lighting effect.

Standard Duplexalite as used in the Durant Building

Duplexalite with shade as it is used in the home

There are Duplexalite representatives in all parts of the country ready to give expert lighting service and advice

Duplex-a-lite

"The light to live with"

DUPLEX LIGHTING WORKS
of General Electric Co.
6 West 48th St., New York City

Please send me information. I am interested in lighting for the

Home ☐ Office ☐ School ☐
Store ☐ Hotel ☐

Please send me name of nearest dealer who can demonstrate ☐

Name

Address

MELODEE

Music Rolls

A New Music Roll for Player-Pianos Produced under a Superior System of Recording

THIS is emphatically the day of the player-piano. Each year, a larger percentage of all pianos manufactured are of the player type.

The new Mel-o-dee Music Roll has been produced to meet the demand for a better music roll—a music roll designed to take advantage of the improved action of the present day player, and to bring out the utmost in musical values of which that instrument is capable.

Mel-o-dee Music Rolls are manufactured by an organization with by far the widest experience in the music roll field.

Musically and mechanically Mel-o-dee Music Rolls represent a new standard of excellence. They will produce effects from any player-piano of which the ordinary music roll is entirely incapable.

Mel-o-dee Song and Instrumental Rolls

The latest, the most popular, the best music, both vocal and instrumental, is obtainable in the form of Mel-o-dee Rolls. Popular hits, both vocal and instrumental, are always on the shelves of Mel-o-dee Music Roll dealers, before the demand for them has even begun to develop.

Song rolls, produced by the Mel-o-dee Music Company, have the words *printed*, not *stenciled* on them. In consequence they are easily readable even from a distance. Mel-o-dee instrumental rolls, including the classic, grand opera and all other forms of piano music, are arranged from the recording of the world's leading pianists and musical authorities.

Owners of player-pianos should insist on receiving Mel-o-dee Music Rolls. In no other way can they realize the utmost of which their instruments are capable

Send for catalog and name of nearest dealer—Dealers Everywhere

THE MEL-O-DEE MUSIC COMPANY

NEW YORK
29 W. 42nd Street

CHICAGO
529 South Wabash Avenue

SAN FRANCISCO
455 Mission Street

(Continued from Page 54)

began, and on the day Angela Boggs set foot in Ben's reception room still another was started. For Ben had never met anyone just like Angela. Neither had Miss Boggs met anyone like Ben.

Marjie, with the unmistaking intuition of the shrewdest of her sex, said Miss Boggs was cold as ice. After knowing Angela five minutes Merry was prepared to disagree violently with his assistant. The daughter of Boggs' Beefsteak Biscuit and the Boggs millions was all affability, all graciousness.

"You are Mr. Merriweather?" she queried in a voice which had been polished at one of the smartest finishing schools in New York.

"Yes'm," said Ben.

He snapped on the light. He observed a trim and expensively groomed young woman of really distinguished beauty, brunette in type, tall, fashionably proportioned, unapproachably gowned. Ben had welcomed to his studio a great many attractive girls, stylish girls, if you will, girls with plenty of snap and often with a certain trim perkiness. But Angela was not stylish. No item of her apparel was stylish. She was absolutely the correctest thing that the most exclusive maker of women's tailored clothes could design in a moment of supreme exaltation. Angela could afford to pay for that sort of clothes, and what is more, she had the personality to carry them off.

The general effect of these habiliments was gray and the type mannish, but because the costume was composed with infinite subtlety it was thoroughly, even alluringly, feminine. It was a masterful and heavenly fit. It was a one-hundred-per-cent provocation to all that is covetous and jealous in the members of Angela Boggs' adorable and more than human sex.

Now when you couple so much art with the extraordinary natural gifts with which Miss Boggs was endowed you can't tell what may happen to a chap like Ben Merriweather, and if you intend to be fair with him you can't hold him entirely responsible. Ben himself wasn't so bad-looking. He was just now a trifle disheveled and rather startled. Under the circumstances this was excusable. Angela hadn't hoped for anything as good as this.

She saw a smooth-faced, rather boyish young man, whose direct-looking gray eyes were now full of a disturbed light, as if he were almost afraid of something. He had a thick shock of brown hair, somewhat in disarray and not so well trimmed as it might have been. He had a good forehead, wide and smooth, firm, straight eyebrows and a clean-chiseled nose tending toward the aquiline. The mouth was not masterful, but it was well formed and sensitive, a mouth that twitched readily into a smile of the utmost friendliness and good humor. Ben's chin was pretty square, but he had a dimple. The whole face said unsophistication rather than weakness. A few years might build into it lines of great strength and self-reliance, or they might make it loose and uncertain with the unresisting contours of self-indulgence.

Instantly the executive Miss Boggs, whose reactions were always those of an intellect as fine tempered as your best razor, saw that approval was meat and wine to this young man.

"I am Miss Boggs," she said, smiling.

"I see."

Ben half extended his hand, hesitated, became panicky and withdrew it with embarrassed haste. Instantly Miss Boggs thrust forth a firmly upholstered gray glove, and this Ben grasped eagerly. It was a great relief. Angela's clasp was something substantial, businesslike and above all very friendly.

"You remember my father? He was here a couple of weeks ago."

"Oh, sure. That's right. Nice old gentleman."

"Not at all," contradicted the nice old gentleman's daughter. "My father is easily the most disagreeable bear in New York. I imagine he was especially nasty the day he called on you, because he was in a dreadful mood to begin with, and climbing all those stairs of yours made his heart beat and scared him green. When he got back to the office he was intolerable."

"Oh, I don't know," commented Ben. "I rather thought I could get along with him all right if he'd give me time. You have to get used to a person."

"You can't get used to father; no one can. I've known him a long time, and I'm far from used to him. That isn't saying he isn't a wonderful man, of course."

Angela paused and looked about significantly.

"Oh, excuse me," hastened Merry. "Won't you have a seat?"

"Why, thank you. Please don't think I'm going to keep you very long. You're busy of course."

"Oh, don't mention it, Miss Boggs. No hurry at all."

"Father said he didn't seem to make much headway with you, so I thought I'd come myself. You see, the advertising is my part of the business just now, and I'm sure you could help me very much indeed if you cared to; that is, if you could devote the time to some work for us."

It wasn't a baby stare, or one of those faithful-brown-eyed-dog looks that Angela chose for this occasion. Probably she would have been incapable of either. It was a very direct, man-to-man sort of look, coupled with a smile that was almost a grin of understanding, something comradely. It seemed immediately to put Ben Merriweather on the level of equality with the Boggs millions.

"Why," he rejoined with a feeling that he must have been criminally rude to the father of this agreeable young woman, "if there's anything I could do I'm sure I'd be pleased to do it. I haven't had a great lot of experience in such work, but no doubt I could manage. I'd like to try all right."

If Marjie Paul, who was too square to eavesdrop, had heard her employer's tone when he delivered himself of this assurance she would have writhed. But she could only listen to the vague sound of those mingling voices on the other side of the partition and tell herself that after all there were some things a lady wouldn't do, even if she wasn't much of a lady at that.

"I told father," Angela was saying, "he probably didn't approach you in the way he should. Father's so used to ordering everyone about. He seldom deals with people like you, Mr. Merriweather. I know artists and writers are inclined to be sensitive. All temperamental people are."

This was the first time anyone except Marjie Paul had referred to Ben as an artist or conceded him the right to be temperamental. Marjie had indeed railed cynically at the artistic temperament as something which a chap ought to throttle, an obstacle in the way of success. Marjie had professed a great contempt for temperamental guys.

"Aw, now, Miss Boggs, I wasn't one bit offended," he said. "Your father was all right. I thought he'd be back one of these days. I'm sorry the stairs tired him. None of these old buildings have elevators. Too bad."

"He was disappointed, Mr. Merriweather. Mr. Valmar and Mr. Beveridge have both failed us on account of pressure of work. We thought that you might be glad to consider us, and would perhaps look upon it as rather an unusual chance for you. I suppose there are hundreds of photographers in town who would jump at it, but we liked your work, and father thought we might better let you try it and pay something for any studies of yours that we could use than accept the offers of some of the others who'd be only too glad to do our stuff for next to nothing on account of the publicity."

"I see," said Ben. He didn't. He was like a man in a thin haze who hears the pleasant dripping of water and is soothed thereby. "That's mighty nice of you—your father, I'm sure."

"We should, of course, expect to let you sign your pictures," went on Angela. "Our advertising goes everywhere, and you know the prestige that any photographer gains through making studies for us. I dare say Mr. Valmar owes his reputation as much to the publicity we have given him as to any other one circumstance. Now that he has gained fame he doesn't mind turning his back on us. But then I suppose we shouldn't blame him. Very likely any other man would have done the same. The temptations to go after big money when you are well established are tremendous, Mr. Merriweather. You'll know all about that very soon, I'm sure."

Angela smiled that sympathetic, man-to-man smile again. By golly, she was a dandy! She was the sort of girl who would inspire a feller to do great things. And she didn't do it by nagging either.

"Oh, I don't know about that," he returned, pretending a modesty which he did not feel. "I don't ever expect to be as prominent as Valmar and chaps like him. I do good work, but they have the equipment and the experience ——"

Oh, Ben, you poor boob! Get wise! Is that the way to sell yourself or your services? If Marjie could only stand invisibly at your elbow and insert the sharp pin of caution beneath your drugged hide!

"You never can tell," pursued the daughter of the sharpest trader in the baking business. "Getting ahead is only a matter of taking advantage of one's opportunities, isn't it?"

"Absolutely, Miss Boggs. Of course a chap in my shoes is always glad to recognize a chance to get ahead. Yes, sir-ree, that's right! You said something!"

"I thought you'd see it that way, Mr. Merriweather. I wonder if you'd mind showing me some of your work? That is, if you haven't something more important to do."

Well, hardly! What could be more important, Ben would like to know? He scurried back into the gallery. Marjie looked up, but Ben was too intent on his errand to notice her or to return more than the most casual of answers to her anxious, "Ben, have you sold her? Can you get your price?"

"Can't tell yet. Say, what'd we do with those last heads I made of you? The ones that you said were too soft focus? Oh, I got 'em."

He plunged back through the reception-room door. Marjie went on with her work, but she was disturbed.

"Gee, there's something wrong!" she mused miserably. "I wonder if he's chump enough to fall for the bunk. Of course coming from a real lady like her I shouldn't ought to call it bunk, but I bet she's there with a beautiful line o' chatter. And poor Ben's such a kid. A masked burglar could hypnotize him with a stick o' striped candy."

Marjie's misgivings were great and distressing. That her employer was justifying them would have been patent to any superficial observer who happened into the reception room and watched Ben and Miss Boggs going over his collection of studies together.

"Yes," said Angela, "I like them very much. Of course you would have to let us make very plain what our restrictions are, and probably we could help you a great deal by telling you of mistakes other photographers have made. All that ought to be exceedingly valuable to you. After you had finished a set of studies for us you'd be sure to have much less trouble with the next client who came your way."

Client, eh? Ben had never called his customers clients. It had a fine sound. Client! And it looked as if the great Boggs Bakeries, Inc., was to be his first. Some achievement! But if Marjie Paul had her way he'd probably drive off this promising patronage. Marjie was a good girl, but she wasn't really what you'd call farsighted.

Angela was saying, "I'm quite sure we shall get along splendidly. Now ——"

She hesitated, partly for effect, partly because she felt that she was venturing out where the ice was paper-thin. "Now, in regard to your price, Mr. Merriweather, considering all I have said, what would be your idea?"

"We-e-ll," hesitated Ben, and began to flounder. Maybe it was the dimple in his chin that undermined his resolution; maybe the hollow spot where his resolution should have been caused the formation of the dimple. But that hesitating "We-e-ll" was the straw which told the weather-wise Angela the exact direction of the wind.

"I'm sure you'll do what is fair," she said. "Of course we should hardly expect to pay you quite the prices you quoted to father. I think you understand from what I've said just what such a job means to you and why it would be a tremendously good thing for you to have our work. But I'm not going to ask you to make me a price to-day, Mr. Merriweather. Suppose you make a few experimental studies for our inspection. We'll send one of our men—no, I'll come myself to supervise the work if I can arrange it. Then when we've given you a good, generous opportunity to prove to your own satisfaction that you'd like the work we can fix a price for acceptable prints. That's fair enough, don't you think?"

And once again Angela Boggs smiled. Merry made haste to assure her that the matter of price could safely be left in abeyance, and he surely would do whatever was right in the matter.

Angela had sold her merchandise. Like a wise salesman, she rose, held out a firm white hand and said, "Then I think we understand each other, Mr. Merriweather.

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MILTON breaks up the chemical composition of a stain. Then, being no longer a stain, it easily washes out and disappears. MILTON is wonderful for removing stains from white linens and cottons, and cannot possibly harm the most delicate fabric; also from tile and enamel, without injury to the protecting glaze. (It is *not* to be used on silk, wool or dyed goods.)

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MILTON kills germs in cuts and abrasions; helps nature heal. It is remarkably efficient as a mouthwash, gargle or nasal spray and relieves the irritation caused by the pollen of plants. Applied to the skin it is most soothing for sunburns, ivy poisoning and mosquito or insect bites.

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MILTON is neither poisonous, corrosive nor inflammable, yet kills germs swiftly and surely whenever it comes in contact with them.

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NOWADAYS when the finest automobile looks incomplete without its top raised the importance of getting right top material is emphasized. The top is a conspicuous feature. It can make or mar the whole effect of the car.

Neverleek Top Material always makes a smart top. Its rich finish is more than skin deep and remains good looking through long years. It takes graceful lines and keeps them without sagging. It is thoroughly guaranteed.

Who could be better judges of top material than the manufacturers of fine cars? They have had long experience. They test and observe carefully. More than fifty makers of high-grade cars use Neverleek Top Material as regular equipment and the number is growing.

See that your new car has a top of Neverleek. If the top on your present car needs replacing, ask your top-maker to use Neverleek. Samples and information on request.

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NEVERLEEK
TOP MATERIAL
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

I'm very glad you're to have a chance to show your talents. I must run along now, but you'll hear from me again in a day or two, and I'll give you all the details you'll need before you go ahead."

She laid her hand on the door leading into the hall, then just as she began drawing the knob toward her she said: "I suppose if I sent some of my friends here, or came myself, you'd be quite willing to undertake a few portrait orders? Something of the better sort?"

"Why, sure, Miss Boggs."

"I see no reason why Boggs Bakeries' business should not develop into rather a neat thing for you. Well, good-by, and thank you."

She was gone, leaving Ben standing in the midst of that haze which seemed to have affected him like some sort of heady wine, and everyone knows a chap oughtn't to do business in that condition. Ben wandered back into the gallery.

"Well, has she gone?" demanded Marjie.

By George, what business was it of Marjie's after all? Good Lord, did she have to know all his affairs? Why should she butt in and demand an accounting before he'd had a chance to get his breath? Besides Ben realized vaguely that he had not lived up to Marjie's specifications for a real business man.

"Yep."

Marjie waited, but Ben vouchsafed no further information.

"Land her?"

Ben deliberately removed his coat to replace it with the old one he had discarded on the arrival of Miss Boggs.

"Yep."

"Oh, Ben, did you, honest? Isn't that grand! I'm tickled stiff. And she's going to give you your price? Gee! Tell me, Ben, you didn't let her put anything over, did you?"

Marjie awaited Ben's reply with wide-eyed eagerness. She saw he was rather excited. His cheeks, usually quite pale on account of insufficient out-of-door exercise, were a trifle flushed. Marjie thought Ben at this moment handsome. His eyes were alight. But there was something in them she didn't quite understand. She was accustomed to Ben's moods, but this wasn't a mood she was familiar with. He was such a friendly chap, so appreciative; he liked to have her nag him and scold him a little and make him do the things he ought to do. She realized at this moment what his confidence meant, what it meant to her to be considered a factor in his business. He was going to be very successful some day, and Marjie would be proud of him. With the coming of Angela Boggs and a possible order from the great nationally known house of Boggs, Marjie saw the beginning of that very success, and she had contributed her share. She had waked Ben Merriweather up and held his nose on the grindstone, and this day's achievement was a result.

And now Ben looked at her in that half-aloof, queer fashion, as if he resented something she had said or done. She instantly regretted having flooded him with questions.

It would have been a thousand times better if she had waited and shown no curiosity. Then he would have told her in his own way, in a nice way, in a friendly, pally way, as between a couple of partners who understood each other.

To the tip of her tongue came the words: "Never mind, Ben; tell me when you get ready." But she never spoke them; it was too late.

"I don't see," said Ben Merriweather, "why I have to tell you everything I do. I don't see why I can't run this business without you butting in every breath I draw. You better tend to your retouching, Marjie. When I finish my arrangement with the Boggs people I'll let you know whatever's proper for you to know."

And he disappeared into his dark room, leaving Marjie Paul in about the condition of a person violently introduced to a baseball bat.

*

UNLESS you are a brute you can't slap a child's face when it expects a caress and get away with it with your own conscience. Ben Merriweather was certainly not a brute. As soon as the dark-room door closed behind him he began trying to justify his conduct toward Marjie Paul. She was too fresh. He easily recalled half a dozen occasions when she had been impudent. It had not seemed impudence at the time, but now there was no doubt of it. Marjie had been with him a long time; she had become bossy. She had an idea she ran the place.

But after all, whose fault was it? Ben, in order to be fair, had to admit to himself that he had encouraged her presumption. There had never been a time when he had kept back from her anything in connection with the business. There were no secrets about it. It was this faith of his in Marjie's efficiency and interest that had freed Ben from a good many worries. He could trust her always to guard him from inconvenience or loss. She had always defended him against the results of his easy-going disposition.

Merriweather's business was conducted on a small margin of profit—how small Ben could not have told. He would have found it terribly tedious to reckon up the cost of making a dozen photographs. Of course they required so many plates, so many prints, so many mounts and covers. That was definite. They also absorbed Ben's time. He had no idea how to reckon the value of this time or allot it justly among his different jobs. He could only guess as to the amount of his investment in his business. He had only a hazy idea as to the part played by his overhead in his costs.

The current prices for pictures were four, five or six dollars a dozen, according to size and finish. Other photographers in Ben's class charged these prices, so Ben followed the crowd. He had been getting a living, paying his bills. He seldom had more than ten or fifteen dollars in his pockets at one time, and usually five would have been nearer. Still he had been rather contented—happy in a dull fashion. He had begun to thicken up, and the new flesh he formed was not becoming. He had been too pale and soft.

From the first Marjie Paul had been a disturbing element in his life. She was always stirring up something that Ben had been perfectly satisfied to let alone. Yet he had to admit her insistence had resulted well. She had done a good deal of figuring. From time to time she came to her employer with sheets bearing columns of numerals, very neat and legible, by which it was possible to make clear certain facts about the business to a mind in which a complication of details wrought only confusing images.

For instance, there was more profit in one grade of work than in another. How did she know? Why, by reckoning all costs of materials that entered into a job and adding to that job its proper proportion of the general expense, made up of rental, light, chemicals, her own wages and a dozen other things. Ben's big camera was an excellent one and his portrait lenses represented a considerable investment. Marjie figured the interest on this investment and put it in with other items of overhead. Then she made an arbitrary estimate of depreciation, charging this into expense and crediting it to stock and fixtures. Early in her history as Ben's assistant she had taken account of stock. Then she had opened a set of double-entry books, keeping them in the simplest possible way. Such activities thrilled her. It was the way she was made. Sometimes she stayed an extra hour or two in the studio to work on the books and make up different schedules which told her things about the business that Ben Merriweather not only didn't know but hadn't any curiosity about. Marjie made most of Ben's appointments for him. She knew his customers and nearly always booked their orders for finished work. She was a good salesman.

It was often possible for Marjie to switch a customer from the cheaper to the more expensive grade of pictures, the grade that her calculations had shown her bore the better profit. It took Marjie quite a while to make Ben understand just why this was the right way. It took her a still longer time to induce him to raise his prices even so much as fifty cents a dozen. Lately the quality of his work had improved so much that she had been able to make some headway in this respect. But it was almost impossible to show him that his prices ought to be high enough to carry their proportion of the item of depreciation. He wouldn't even admit that there was any depreciation. And what if there was? That camera took just as good pictures now as it ever did. He could probably sell it any time for what it had cost him. Such things had increased in value, hadn't they?

"But, Ben, your business ought to do something besides return the interest on your investment. It ought to pay you back

(Continued on Page 60)

Douglas Fir
Northern White Pine
Idaho White Pine
Western Soft Pine

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS

Arkansas Soft Pine
Washington Red Cedar
Red Fir and Larch
Norway Pine

WHY THIS TRADE-MARK MEANS A NEW SERVICE IN THE LUMBER BUSINESS

IN nearly everything we buy or use we have become accustomed to look for a standard article of known merit.

We want to know where it comes from, who is back of it, what can be expected of it, and how it compares in quality and price with similar merchandise sold for a like purpose.

This is a busy world. We cannot take the time to learn solely by our mistakes; we may learn too late.

We cannot wait to test every coin we accept in payment for goods or services. So we have a standard currency—the Government's stamp or trade-mark to certify its worth.

For like reasons we insist on products with the stamp or trade-mark of responsible manufacturers to assure us the value we pay for.

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Yet when it comes to lumber most of us know very little about it—what species or grade of wood is best for the purpose we have in mind, where it comes from, who manufactures it.

As substantial factors in the lumber business, the Weyerhaeuser people want you to think more about the wood you use. To this end they will supply to lumber dealers and to the public any desired information as to the qualities of different species and the best wood for a given purpose.

This service will be as broad and impartial as they know how to make it. They are not partisans of any particular species of wood. They advise the best lumber for the purpose, whether it is a kind they handle or not.

What they advocate is conservation and economy through the use of the right wood in its proper place.

From now on the Weyerhaeuser Forest Products trade-mark will be plainly stamped on their product. You can see it for yourself at the lumber yard or on the job after it is delivered.

When you buy lumber for any purpose, no matter how much or how little, you can look at the mark and know that you are getting a standard article of known merit.

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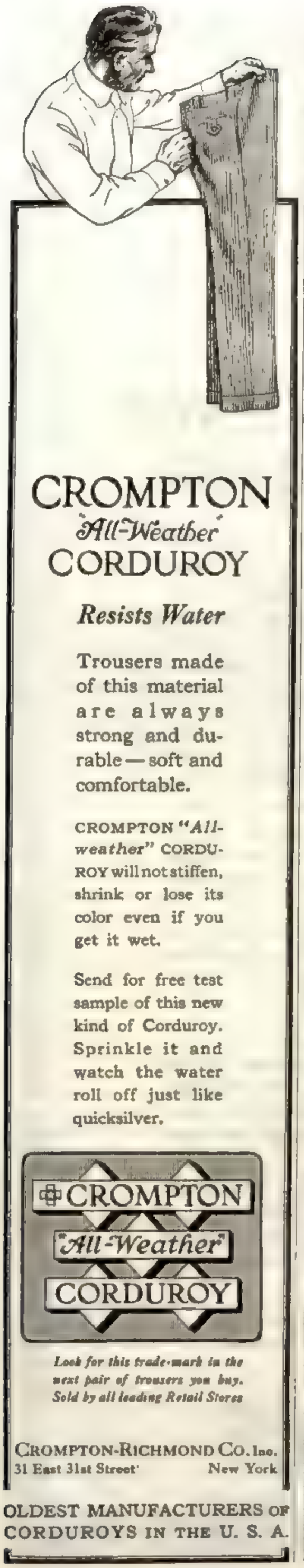

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CORDUROY

Resists Water

Trousers made of this material are always strong and durable—soft and comfortable.

CROMPTON *"All-weather"* CORDUROY will not stiffen, shrink or lose its color even if you get it wet.

Send for free test sample of this new kind of Corduroy. Sprinkle it and watch the water roll off just like quicksilver.

CROMPTON
"All-Weather"
CORDUROY

Look for this trade-mark in the next pair of trousers you buy. Sold by all leading Retail Stores

CROMPTON-RICHMOND CO. Inc.
31 East 31st Street New York

OLDEST MANUFACTURERS OF CORDUROYS IN THE U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 58)

the principal in time. Your goods have got to carry enough profit to do that. And here's another thing: You aren't making a dollar until this business can pay you a salary."

"Aw, what d'you mean, salary? Don't I get all the profits there are?"

"There aren't any profits."

"Well, why the dickens haven't I starved to death long ago?"

"Because you've been employing scab labor."

"Oh, talk some sense!"

"Listen! If you went into a big studio to work as an operator in charge of the gallery, how much would you get paid?"

"Oh, maybe fifty or sixty dollars a week. If I was extra good I'd get more."

"Does this business give you a standard rate of pay like that?"

"No, but I own this dog-gone business. It gets my services as operator for nothing."

"There, what'd I tell you? Scab wages, that's what you're paying for what is called superintendence and skilled management. Now the books show that some weeks you don't take a cent out of the business. Some weeks you take out forty or fifty dollars, but not often that much. You lug the firm's capital round in your jeans, but it hasn't ever been big enough so you could break into a bank and start an account and pay your bills by check. You wait till you need supplies and then wander round to the stock house and pay something on account and get a lot more stuff.

"Say, as a business man you're a nice piece of cheese. This place ought to pay you a salary which would be charged to expense. Then when you fix the prices of your pictures they ought to be big enough to carry their share of this expense, plus a profit. See?"

"Well, darn it, don't I get a livin'?"

"By your own say-so, no; because if your business can't pay you the same salary you could get somewhere else it's a bum business. Take it from me, Benuel, you're losing money."

"Well, it's some satisfaction to be my own boss."

"What, and not have as much coin as some bird who works for wages? You pay an awful high price for the pleasure of toting the responsibility of a business that isn't even solvent."

"Of course it is solvent. You're crazy."

"The books show the facts, Ben. If you had to liquidate to-morrow ——"

"I'd go over to the Dutchman's ——"

"Hush! If you had to wind up this business you wouldn't be able to turn over your assets for enough to pay what you owe."

"Don't believe it."

"Well, it's so."

Ben demanded proof, and Marjie furnished miles of figures, which he pored over solemnly. She explained them at length. Ben wasn't quite thick enough to miss the truth when it was put up to him in words of one syllable, but he declined to let it disturb him.

"You go ahead and have a good time," he said. "If this was a big concern, hiring a lot of people, we'd need to know those things. But what's the use bothering with a little one-horse outfit ——"

"It's the one-horse outfit that ought to know. If you would raise your prices up a little nearer to what such good work as yours is really worth this business would be on a sound basis pretty lively, I can tell you."

"Well, go slow," warned Ben, chickenheartedly. "Ease it to 'em gently, or you'll scare away what trade we've got now. Say, for the love of Mike, who told you all this heavy technical stuff?"

"My brother Thad. He's studyin' business administration by mail. He tells me some, and I read his books and papers. Thad's going to be a big business man one of these days."

"If he had your brains, Marjie, he'd sure be a big business man by the time he gets to be as old as you."

This was only a sample conversation, quoted to show how Marjie stood with Ben and what her relations were with his affairs. Now, having bounced a verbal bludgeon off the poor kid's devoted head, Ben couldn't help wondering how those relations would be affected. His attempts to quiet his conscience were feeble and futile. Marjie couldn't be expected to be a lady like Angela Boggs. Marjie was untutored; you had to make allowances for her. But she was genuine and honest. She was square and loyal and faithful. She didn't deserve what she'd got from the man who'd never had anything but kindness and unselfish interest from her. By golly, there was only one thing to do. He'd apologize. Yes, he would. And he would insist on that two-dollar raise, whether the overhead, or whatever Marjie called it, would stand it or not.

It took Ben a couple of hours to bring himself to this humble and conciliatory state of mind. He opened the dark-room door and stepped out into the gallery. It was now past the middle of the afternoon. Ben wondered if he couldn't induce Marjie to shake that blamed family of hers for one evening and go to a movie with him. He had found that the movies often furnished ideas he could take away with him, especially in the matter of lighting. These effects were produced by elaborate and expensive electrical equipment, and Ben had nothing of the kind. But it was surprising what you could do with sunshine if you studied it and humored it and learned how to make it serve you.

Though the daylight in the gallery had begun to fade, it was still strong enough to make Ben blink after his two hours of isolation in the dark room. He looked owl-fashion toward Marjie's place.

"Say, Marjie," he began, "I guess I was pretty rough. I'm darned sorry I ——"

But by this time his eyes were accustomed to the light and he perceived that the girl's place was vacant. He went to the reception-room door and peered into the gloom. Marjie wasn't there.

"Gone home mad. Well, can't blame her. When she comes in to-morrow morning she probably won't be so sore, and I can get my apology over better."

On the whole, Ben was a good deal relieved to escape the necessity of humbling himself just now. There still remained in him something of the exaltation of his interview with Angela Boggs. Gee, there was some girl! Easy to deal with too. Ben would have been willing to bet he could know her for ten years and never exchange a disagreeable word with her. Why, she'd be the most reasonable creature in the world!

In the office of Boggs' Bakeries, Inc., the manager of advertising and sales was talking to the head of the house.

"Why, there wasn't anything hard about it! He's the tickledest thing you ever saw. I honestly think we've got him eating out of our hands. And he showed me a lot of the most exquisite studies, all made in the last few months. There isn't a doubt he can do our work perfectly well."

"He struck me like a regular dunderhead," grumbled Hamilton D. "Stubborn as a mule. I never got far enough to see any of his samples."

"I know, dad. He's pretty easy to—er—handle if you remember he's an artist and rather impressionable. A little approval goes a great way."

"But I didn't approve of him. I didn't approve of his cussed four long, dirty flights of stairs either."

"But a photographer has to be in the top of the building on account of the skylight. I found Mr. Merriweather a very interesting person. I don't know but that I shall have him take my picture, in addition to any commercial work he may do for us."

"I don't care what you do. We want those studies badly, Angie. We've got to keep up our advertising class or the trust'll hop us. Sometimes I wonder where we're going to end. If I could make a right good deal with 'em I'd be inclined to sell out."

"Father!"

"Why, don't you want me to?"

"Certainly not! I'd rather go on and absorb our competitors."

"Don't talk nonsense."

"It isn't nonsense."

"Of course it is. They'll lick us in the end. I'd be in favor of getting out while the getting is good."

"Ten years from now we'll control the cracker and biscuit business of America."

"Ten years from now you'll be married and have twins. I guess I know women!"

"Father, you're disgusting!"

Hamilton D. chuckled as his daughter went angrily back to her own quarters.

XI

SOME people have to be told a thing a great number of times before it really penetrates; others get it in one telling. Marjie Paul was of this latter type. She had been butting into the affairs of Benjamin F. Merriweather for between two and three years, and now it developed that they were none of her business. Her employer had reached that conclusion after some delay. Marjie thought he had unduly deferred making up his mind and then broken the news to her with unnecessary abruptness.

Goodness gracious! She had really come to regard the fate of Ben Merriweather's photograph gallery as something placed under her direct guardianship by a Providence which entertained serious misgivings concerning the proprietor's ability to take care of himself. Yet Ben was a grown man, skillful at his trade; lazy, it was true, but in no respect mentally defective. He wasn't a baby or a cosset lamb requiring bottle rearing.

Now Marjie learned that her ward had come suddenly of age, or thought he had. It looked as if her guardianship had been vacated without notice. She might go on retouching negatives for the next ten years, but nevertheless she seemed to have lost her job—her real job, which was to make a success of Ben and his photograph gallery.

A good deal of new business had been drifting in lately—business at the better scale of prices on which there was a good profit. Marjie had not informed Ben that her brother Ted had told her Budd, of Bond & Bent's art department, was going to send for Ben in a few days and try him out on some work—a lot of cakes and muffins and pies made with Uncle Rastus' Self-Leavening Pastry Flour. The pictures were intended for a booklet of recipes, and could be made as soon as the production department of the agency could induce Miss Beatrice Brownley, author of the famous Brownley Compendium for Careful Cooks, to bake the articles to be photographed, pose with them before the camera and throw in her testimonial at the same time.

Ted had warned his sister to keep the news to herself until Budd was ready to send for Ben. Now it looked as if it was going to remain a secret permanently. For Marjie was mad. She was boiling mad, and the moist vapors of her wrath were bubbling up into her eyes and condensing into large, hot drops that raced down her cheeks and kept her frantically swabbing up the seepage with her handkerchief to avoid flooding her shirt waist.

She laid aside her pencil, knowing she would surely spoil the negative if she kept pecking at it through a blur thicker and wetter than a Great South Bay fog. The only thing she could do was think, and the more she thought the more she boiled. She told herself if she stayed round the studio any longer she would begin throwing such articles as she could conveniently lay hands on. So she put on her hat and jacket and departed.

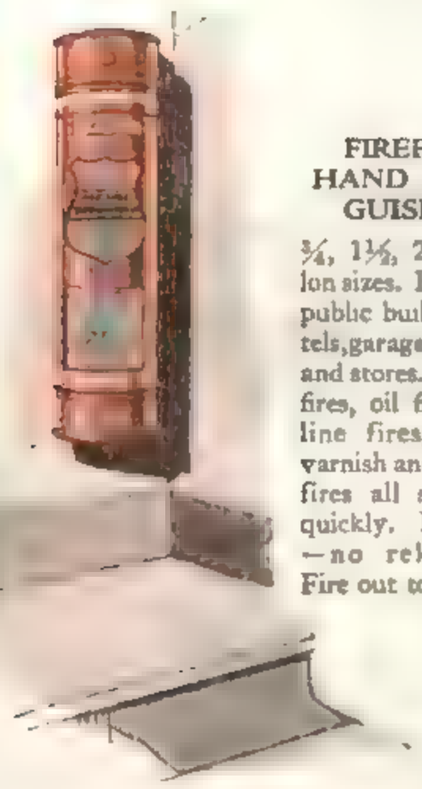
Walking up the avenue until she came presently to Thirty-fourth Street, Marjie turned and made her way eastward. It was a pleasant afternoon in early spring, when there was still a sharp rawness in the air, though the sun had been shining cheerily all day. The air was sweet and good, and Marjie hadn't absorbed any too much ozone in the last few weeks. She had sat humped over her work for hours at a time, or attended to the multiplying duties of the studio until they had grown stale in her nostrils like the faintly chemical effluvium of the place.

The temperature of her wrath fell to considerably less than two hundred and twelve degrees Fahrenheit, though she would still hiss if you laid a moist finger tip upon her brow. She tramped sturdily along, passed Broadway and Sixth Avenue and kept on toward the great thoroughfare which forms the spinal column of America's wealth and fashion. The wind flapped her skirts with good-natured discourtesy about her legs and pulled hectoringly at her hat. The best it could do was to disarray a few recalcitrant strands of yellow hair. It was rather thrilling to be one of the crowd, to observe that everyone had evidently a destination which must be reached at a given time. People were interesting, especially if you had only to look at them and didn't have to listen to their whims, wailings and wants. Marjie liked them best when they kept moving and minded their own business.

She passed the Waldorf and swung into Fifth Avenue feeling as important as a whole parade. She wasn't so mad now. The wind had blown all the clouds out of her brain. Turning north, she chose the eastern side and kept on as far as Forty-second Street, stopping now and then to look into a window. There were half a

(Continued on Page 63)

How far are you from a Fire Alarm Box?



FIREFOAM HAND EXTINGUISHERS

¾, 1½, 2½, 5-gallon sizes. For homes, public buildings, hotels, garages, factories and stores. Ordinary fires, oil fires, gasoline fires, enamel, varnish and chemical fires all smothered quickly. No reflash—no rekindling. Fire out to stay out.

IF you live in the country or in a small town, you can't get much comfort from a fire alarm box ten, twenty or fifty miles away which your city cousin relies on in case of fire.

But you can have Firefoam—no matter where you live.

With Firefoam Hand Extinguishers in the house and garage and a Firefoam 2-wheeled self-generating engine for barn and other farm buildings, the country or suburban dweller has the same protection against fire as if a modern city fire department were constantly on his premises.

> In 1918, fire destroyed 105 country homes every day. The average fire loss paid by insurance companies to country dwellers in 1918 was $51,122 daily. The total yearly loss—insured and uninsured—is beyond calculation. Firefoam can check such losses.

Firefoam puts out fire—not by slowly cooling the burning material below the burning point (the water method), but by quickly *smothering* it. Firefoam does not run away like water. It coats and tenaciously clings to every surface it touches. It floats on liquids and smothers fires of gasoline or oil when all other methods fail.

On issuing from the nozzle, Firefoam expands ten-fold. There is nothing else like it, in principle, in action, or in effectiveness on fires.

Firefoam will safeguard the things you hold most precious—family, home, possessions. Delay may mean disaster. There is a Firefoam dealer in your vicinity. If you don't know who he is, write us at once.

> DEALERS: If you are not already handling Firefoam, the biggest selling line of fire apparatus, write at once for proposition.

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For farms, factories and other places where hand extinguishers would prove of insufficient capacity. Easily discharged on any burning surface at a distance of 50 ft. or more. Pressure self-generated. One man can handle it easily.

FIREFOAM 3-GALLON PAIL

A most remarkable fire-fighting device. Produces 24 gallons of Firefoam. No skill required. Anybody can dash its contents on a fire.

Foamite
Firefoam
SMOTHERS FIRE

Liggett's

"The Chocolates with the Wonderful Centers"

WE asked thousands of candy eaters what their favorite centers were. And then we made up this orange and gold Wonder Box containing only those favorites and no other kinds. We make them all of the purest, best-tasting materials there are—pure sugar, fresh butter, refined chocolate, comb honey, fresh fruits, crisp nuts, and other such things. Then we pack them in a simple, inexpensive box—no ribbons, no fuss, no decorations—we put the money into the Candy and not into the box.

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VANILLA FUDGE

Heavy cream fudge, fruits, vanilla

CREAM WALNUT

Mayette walnut in vanilla cream

FILBERT CLUSTER

Levant filberts spun in chocolate

BUTTERCUP

Peanut butter in sugar coating, chocolate dipped

PIGNOLIA BRITTLE

Crisp Spanish pignolias in brittle sugar

WALNUT CARAMEL

Creamy caramel with Chabert walnuts

NOUGATINE

Honey, chopped nuts, sugar, egg

(Continued from Page 60)

dozen photographers' show cases at as many entrances of buildings, containing in most instances exhibits of work better than mediocre. Still it was pretty conventional for the most part. Marjie, after watching Ben's gropings during a space of nearly three months, viewed these pictures with a far more critical eye than formerly. They showed a certain sophistication. They were gracious, rich in the tone of their warm browns, well-bred, but they were much alike. The Fifth Avenue chaps were as fettered by the traditions of their class as were their humbler brothers of the West Side.

So she knew that Ben Merriweather had something these fellows lacked. It might need a vast deal of taming and polishing to make it commercially good—Marjie hoped it would escape having all the vigor and lusty power domesticated out of it. Lately she had been trying hard to learn how to avoid spoiling negatives by too much refining. She liked to watch Ben work on those rare occasions when he sat down at the retouching frame. He had developed a large disdain for what he called sweetie-sweetie pictures that left out every vestige of natural roughness, every character-portraying crease and wrinkle. He even insisted on leaving the mole on old Mr. Svensen's chin.

"He won't be himself without that mole," Ben insisted.

"But his wife said especially we were to touch it out."

"Aw, rats! Those people give me a pain. They're worse'n Malachi O'Hara's folks. Go ahead, stipple it out. I refuse to spoil an honest map by removing a necessary landmark. It's like knocking down the lighthouse on Montauk Point. What are the poor barbers going to steer by?"

Marjie had chuckled inwardly at this complete right-about-face on Ben's part. Not so very long ago he would have considered his reputation jeopardized by the neglect of Svensen's mole. Now he left everything in the negative that he couldn't discover a valid reason for eliminating.

"We're in the portrait business, not wax dolls," he had said.

The salient thing about Ben Merriweather's wakening from his dull dream of mediocrity was Marjie Paul's participation in it, and now here was Marjie struggling in her own mind to account for a repudiation as brutal as it was sudden.

"Poor old Ben," she thought. "He's just a nut like all the rest of the artistic folks. He goes off his balance. He's tired, too, and I s'pose having Miss Boggs come bouncing in like she did sort of upset his equal—equalibrum. Gee, I wish I was educated! I bet that Boggs girl knows what's what. She's enough to make any man dizzy, let alone a boob like Ben Merriweather. She could walk off with his collar button, and he wouldn't know she'd been within ten feet of him—and she would too."

Marjie turned westward on Forty-second Street and faced the setting sun all the way back to the street of her nativity. She passed numerous theaters and stopped to examine the announcements of the current plays and inspect the photograph boards. Theatrical people were great for having their pictures taken, weren't they? Marjie wondered if they demanded that the photographer do the work for nothing in order to gain the prestige of their distinguished approval. An actor who went to a truly notable photographer was gaining quite as much glamour as he conferred. He ought to pay and pay well. Doubtless there were ways in which actor and picture maker could collaborate to gain profitable publicity for both, just as she understood Lew Beveridge and the ambitious Mrs. Westerly Burd had done. She'd know in time how the game was worked.

Curious how Marjie's mind seemed naturally to run along commercial lines. If Ben Merriweather got what he deserved Miss Paul would have dismissed his interests from her thoughts and bothered no more about methods of increasing his fame and income. She would have decided to stick to her retouching, do only that for which she was paid a mighty meager salary and let Ben do his own worrying and devising. Then by keeping a weather eye open she would shortly have come upon another job with better pay and better opportunity.

Yet as she trod the streets everything she saw only served to stimulate her thinking powers on Ben's behalf. The very fresh air which had cleared her brain and dissolved her mighty anger served Merriweather. She was going back to the studio in the morning just as if nothing had happened, only she wasn't going to get her neck in a noose asking fool questions. Her employer shouldn't have another chance to call her down.

She reached home weary but refreshed. Pa was there, his appetite excellent, his remorse for his latest indulgence in full flower. To-morrow he was going to get a steady job and work at it as long as he lived, if it was no more than cleaning the streets. He was tired of sitting round doing nothing but read newspapers like an invalid. Of course he wasn't so strong as some, but that was no reason he should be idle. Thank God, he had managed to bring up a family of children in a fair degree of comfort! No one had ever seen one of his young ones neglected or hungry. That was something in his favor, though he knew he had his failings. But what man hadn't? If it wasn't one thing it was another. Some men were burglars and pickpockets and horse thieves. It was a good deal better for a feller to drink a trifle too much than commit some crime and be put away where he couldn't look after his family. Of course he wasn't bragging, but if he hadn't been a complete success you really couldn't call him an entire failure. Anyhow he'd decided to cut out the drink. He couldn't see that it had ever done him any real good. Marjie and her brothers needn't worry about him any more; they could feel perfectly secure. From now on he was a different man. That was settled once and for all.

"Aw, let him ramble!" thought Marjie, rattling the supper dishes. She told pa he needn't wait for the boys if he was so hungry—he might as well pitch in now. She helped him to cold corned beef, fried potatoes, prunes and coffee. Pa said he supposed prunes were good and healthy, but he wished they had canned peaches a little oftener. Marjie sat by the window and read serenely in a small book in the light of the fading day.

"If you have assumed a character beyond your strength you have both played a poor figure in that and neglected one that is within your powers."

"Old Epictetius was one wise guy," she mused. "That certainly does fit me like the plating on a solid-gold ring. It looks like I'd spoiled a perfectly nice hosiery clerk tryin' to general-manage a half-baked temperament that don't want to be general-managed.

"Still—I wonder if I've thought so much about making a success of him that I've forgot to do a little something for myself. Now that Miss Boggs—she's a lady. The minute he meets her he goes plumb off his fool noodle. He sees only the outside of her—the paint and varnish and the silver handles and stream lines. That's because she's educated and refined. That all counts for more than what's inside. The fact that she's scheming to make a monkey out of him doesn't show in her face—to him. That's because he's a man, and all men are boobs when they have to deal with women.

"In the long run it's the old bean that counts. Even a girl ought to know something. Her chances are just doubled when she's got the front like Miss Boggs, along with the right intentions. Ben don't know Angela won't give him a square deal; he knows I would, even if I had to feed it to him forcibly, like they did those hunger strikers. Probably that's what he's got against me."

Marjie laid down her book and sighed softly. To-morrow was going to be sort of a hard day to get by.

Ted came in at this moment, hungry and solicitous in the matter of supper.

"You ain't gone and fed all the eats to pa, have you?" he demanded.

"Aw, you should consider yourself abused!" replied Marjie. "You men are all alike. Don't ever think about anyone but yourselves. Going to have coffee, or are you afraid it'll keep you awake all the evenin'?"

XII

ANGELA BOGGS arrived at the studio one morning in a closed car half full of the products of Boggs' Bakeries. These a somewhat disdainful chauffeur helped one of the men from the factory carry upstairs. Afterward the car drove away, leaving Angela and the factory hand behind, the latter having been requisitioned along with the goods. He would prove useful in running errands.

This happened within a very few days of Miss Boggs' first call and Merry's verbal assault upon the feelings of his assistant. Marjie had been very quiet since that day, attending scrupulously to her retouching. She was sweetly amiable, though by no chance effusive or intrusive. Ben had blurted his apology on the morning following his offense, and Marjie had forgiven him with a magnanimity that made him squirm. A little magnanimity would have suited Ben perfectly, but Marjie kept it up. And she didn't say a word he could find a bit of fault with. She did her work calmly, sometimes whistling softly—a way she had. She called him Ben as usual, maintaining her established air of comradeship—but with a difference.

Once Merriweather felt himself slipping. He was on the point of crying: "Say, Marjie, what the devil's the matter with you anyhow?"

He curbed his tongue, for he foresaw the wide-eyed stare of complete incomprehension that would index her absolute understanding of his question. She would say, "Why, Ben, nothing in the world. What made you think there was anything?"

That would put him on the defensive, and he would begin to flounder. She would prove conclusively that she had actually gone out of her way to be more than pleasant and courteous during the last few days.

The whole trouble was that Marjie was treating him with respect. She was disguising it with a veneer of familiarity that was thoroughly spurious. It hadn't a spontaneous note in it. Oh, damn! If she would only go back to the old hectoring, nagging spirit in which she had never hesitated to call him a poor fish! She had been saucy, pert, uncouth and impudent—but she had now reformed. Ben didn't like Marjie half so well in this new rôle of dignified good fellowship, in which it was easy to see that when she laughed pleasantly at one of his creaking witticisms she was doing so from a sense of duty.

Yes, Marjie had Ben on the griddle and he was toasting nicely. Once in a while she caught him looking at her with real pathos in his eyes. He was bewildered, like a child who isn't sure whether he is going to get a cuff or a sugar plum. To be sure, he was getting something that would pass for sugar plums, only somehow they were bitter on his tongue. Miss Paul was very close to having her employer eating out of her hand when Angela Boggs and the invoice of bakery goods rambled into the equation again. The studio immediately became a lively place. Angela had a list and checked over the packages carefully, while Marjie wondered vindictively if Angela was afraid someone was going to steal a cracker.

Ben introduced Miss Paul to the tailor-made daughter of bullion and biscuit. Angela was all graciousness.

"I met Miss Paul the other day when I first called," she said chattily. "Why——"

She stopped suddenly and surveyed Marjie with widening eyes.

"I do believe you're the subject of Mystery and a lot of Mr. Merriweather's things. It was so dim in the other room I didn't recognize you when I was here before."

Marjie acknowledged her participation in the work, but she used no words. A nod and a faint smile of acquiescence were enough. Angela went on, "It must be you who are to pose for some of our biscuit pictures."

"Mr. Merriweather said something about it, Miss Boggs."

Ben at this moment saw fit to display what he was anxious for Marjie to appreciate as a fine loyalty.

"Miss Paul's a great help to me," he said. "Don't know what I'd ever do without her."

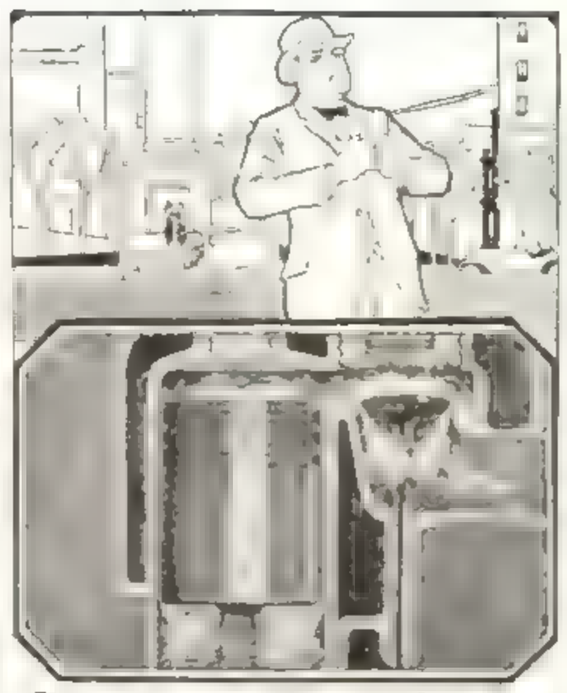
Ben never knew by what a narrow margin he escaped serious injury at that moment. Marjie Paul held in her hand a small but heavy toy engine of cast iron, a decoy useful in the studio when Merriweather had need to pacify little boys who objected to being photographed. Her hand gripped this perfectly good missile until her knuckles grew white. Then she set it down.

At this particular stage of the game Marjie Paul could stand any amount of condescension from Angela Boggs. She could discount that well in advance. But she was in no state of mind to be patronized by Ben Merriweather.

Of course Ben hadn't meant to patronize her, but that was what it sounded like to Marjie.

"I do what I can," she said. "It's not much—and I am paid for doing it."

(Continued on Page 65)



Compression leaks are heart leaks - Cure them with CLOVER

WHEN a heart is leaky the pressure of the blood runs low. Compression leaks drag down the power of the engine and the engine is the heart of the car.

Where Leaks Occur

The two main sources of compression leaks are:

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2. Leaks past pistons

You probably grind your valves frequently. Every 2,000 miles they need it. Most likely you are using Clover. Hundreds of thousands of motorists now use it exclusively on their valves.

But don't neglect your piston-rings. For a lot of power is lost right there.

Every piston-ring, old and new, must be lapped into its own piston-groove and into the cylinder. It's the only way to stop compression-leaks and to keep your engine from "pumping" oil past the rings.

Clover Stops The Leaks

Clover Grinding and Lapping Compound will give your piston-rings a positive fit and your valves a smooth gas tight seat.

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May we send you the Clover Instructional Bulletins which tell you how to stop compression leaks? No. 75, Valve Grinding. No. 80 on Cylinder-Lapping, Fitting Piston-Rings, etc. The full interesting story, simply told.

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Clover Lapping Compounds are used as standard abrasives in such shops as:

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COMMONWEALTH

"The Car for Transportation"

Sedan, $2465 (Five Passenger) Sportster Model, $1785 (Four-Passenger) Touring Model, $1595 (Five-Passenger)

Magneto, standard equipment on all models.
Wood wheels standard sedan equipment.

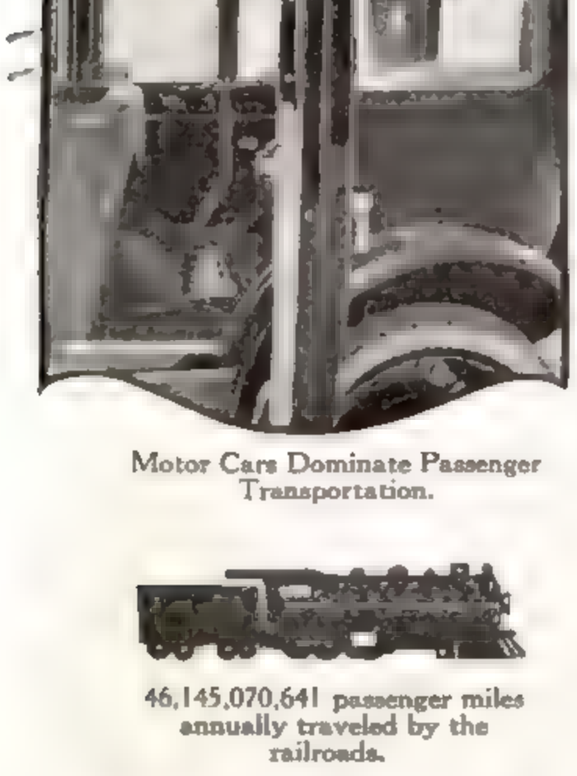
for UTILITY *at Least Cost*

UPWARD from mere pleasure to the high level of Service, the Motor Car has come to be America's Great Utility. Personal transportation — for business or recreation — is its purpose today. It must be purchased with Utility in mind.

The Commonwealth — Sedan, Sportster or Touring Car — avowedly a moderate priced vehicle, affords dependable Utility in a degree out of all proportion to its cost.

Back of its smart lines and excellent appearance are stability and quality — carefully selected, masterfully combined — to safeguard the initial cost and insure low cost of operation. Years of performance have proved it as nothing else can.

"Built in America — Girdles the World"



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46,145,070,641 passenger miles annually traveled by the railroads.

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General Offices: Chicago, U. S. A. Factories: Joliet, Illinois, U. S. A.

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ARKANSAS—Interstate Garage and Storage Co., 101-7 N. Eighth St., Fort Smith.
CALIFORNIA—Southern California Motor Sales Co., 955-959 W. Seventh St., Los Angeles.
CALIFORNIA—White-Humphries Motor Co., Inc., Van Ness Ave., at Pacific, San Francisco.
COLORADO—Jackson Motors Co., 1512 Broadway, Denver.
FLORIDA—Sprinkle Bros., Fifth and Main Sts., Jacksonville.
ILLINOIS—Peterson & Prendergast, 4549 Washington Blvd., Chicago.
INDIANA—Young-Ryder Sales Co., 44-45 When Building, Indianapolis.
IOWA—Des Moines Motor Car Co., 211 Ninth St., Des Moines.
IOWA—T. E. Peck & Son, 518 6th St., Sioux City.
KENTUCKY—The Motor Mart, 221 Guthrie St., Louisville.
MARYLAND—E. P. Jester & Son, 1301-25 North Spring St., Baltimore.
MASSACHUSETTS—Massachusetts Motors, Inc., 108 Massachusetts Ave., Boston.
MICHIGAN—Garson Sales Co., 607 Cass Ave., Detroit.
MICHIGAN—Federal Garage, Franklin St., Saginaw.
MINNESOTA—Minneapolis Motor and Tire Co., 17-19 S. 11th St., Minneapolis.
MISSISSIPPI—Martin Auto Sales, Mount Olive.
MISSOURI—Johnston Motor Co., 1701-3 Grand Ave., Kansas City.
MISSOURI—Harvey Newman, Inc., 3147 Locust St., St. Louis.
NEW YORK—Thompson & Smith Inc., 216 Genesee Street, Buffalo.
NEW YORK—United Motors Distributing Corporation, 240 West 59th St., New York City.
OHIO—Allen & Wolfe, 5205 Euclid Ave., Cleveland.
OHIO—Frank A. Schneider, 671 Elm St., Youngstown.
OREGON—Farley Auto Sales, 21st and Washington Street, Portland.
PENNSYLVANIA—The Fidelity Motors, Inc., 4830-4 Market St., Philadelphia.
PENNSYLVANIA—McClure-Andrews Motor Co., 5910 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh.
SOUTH DAKOTA—Hodgins Motor Co., 130-32 N. Dakota Ave., Sioux Falls.
TENNESSEE—Thompson-Wilson Co., 21 S. Cleveland Street, Memphis.
TEXAS—Standard Automotive Co. of Texas, 513-515 S. Ervay St., Dallas.
VIRGINIA—Armstrong Motor Co., 1613 W. Broad Street, Richmond.
WASHINGTON—Fowler Garage and Machine Works, 1814 Eighth Ave., Seattle.
DIST. OF COLUMBIA—E. H. Bauer & Co., Inc., 636 G Street, N. W., Washington.

(Continued from Page 63)

By the exercise of triumphant self-control Marjie squeezed out a smile which made this speech much less harsh than it sounded. Angela did not notice, anyhow, because she was already sorting out packages and making a list of things she wanted the factory hand to get. Her attention thus occupied, an opportunity came to Marjie to scowl at her employer, purse up her lips and shake her head—a signal which was meant to warn him not to talk like that if he valued his health and strength.

Ben looked dazed, paused in the midst of whatever he was doing and asked, "Wha's the matter, Marjie? Anything wrong?"

"Not a thing," snapped Marjie, and turned away. If heaven was good Angela Boggs would fail to catch this byplay. At any rate that lady gave no indication that she had noticed. She began volubly to explain the grouping and arrangement of the different items for some still-life compositions. Marjie went back to her retouching, hoping she would not be drawn into the discussion. She was rather unhappy at the moment. Miss Boggs finally concluded her introductory remarks concerning the photography of biscuit.

"There, if you agree with me," she said, "I'll send Burns out to buy whatever is necessary in the way of crockery and table linen."

Ben had had very little to say up to this point. He had listened patiently. Now he observed in a kind of far-away voice, "Well, Miss Boggs, I don't know."

Angela was puzzled.

"Isn't it clear, just what we're after?"

"It's clear what you think you're after, but I don't know whether you want what you think you want. It's sort of commonplace, seems to me."

Miss Boggs' brows drew together very slightly, almost imperceptibly. She had given the matter of these groupings a great deal of study and believed her ideas to be good.

"Of course if you have any suggestions—that's why I came to you, Mr. Merriweather. Only I thought I was on the right track."

"Marjie!"

"Yes, Ben."

Marjie rose and came over to where Ben and Angela were standing by a table piled high with merchandise.

"I'd like to get your opinion. Have you been listening to what Miss Boggs has been talking about?"

"Part of it. I could hardly help it."

Marjie smiled obliquely at Miss Boggs. She felt that Ben was inadvertently putting her in a delicate position, and her hope was that somehow Angela would appreciate this and come to her aid. Now she met, instead of an answering smile in Angela's eyes, an almost frank hostility, a challenge.

So for a second time that morning Marjie Paul had to take temptation by the neck and throttle it, for her impulse was to plague Angela Boggs, and she knew she had only to find fault with that young woman's ideas regarding pictures of biscuits to stir her up quite to the point of packing her exhibits back to the factory and declining to have anything more to do with Ben. That would have suited Marjie to a T.

"I didn't get all you said, Miss Boggs," she ventured, speaking with the utmost caution, "but as far as I did hear I thought your ideas were all to the—were real good, especially that one where you have some nice-looking fruit and ——"

"But, Marjie," put in Ben, "don't you see that's kind of ordinary? It hasn't the class, seems to me."

He caught up a bit of paper and began a crude sketch.

"All the cracker advertisements I've seen have been full of fruit and salad and sardines and Welsh rabbits and everything else except the stove. Le's wake 'em up. Last week I was up by Timmony's. They had a bronze doo-dad in the window—kind of a little statue showin' a country kid and a colt, just like it had been roughed out of wood with a jackknife and then cast in metal. Now that window was big enough to put a flock of burglar-proof pianos in, but there stood this little statue all alone, with some kind of fabric in very dark, bronzish green draped behind it, sad and cold and—well, I'd call it distant. I don't know how much the statue was worth, but believe me, Miss Boggs, it looked like a million dollars. How would it have looked surrounded by a lot of assorted reproductions of the Woolward Building, some oxidized silver inkwells representin' dog houses, a tray of diamond rings and half a gross of spoons with pictures of the public library on 'em?

"You send our friend Burns over to the best shops on Fifth Avenue and get me a tablecloth—I'll show you a sketch of the kind I want—and a plate of some awful thin, rare porcelain and a glass goblet. It's got to be a goblet that has been drank out of by Mary Queen of Scots or King Louis Cart Horse—you know, the most blue-blooded, up-stage-lookin' goblet you can imagine—and a pint o' milk.

"That's all I want. I'll make you a photograph of a plate of those Cosy Hour Tea Biscuits that will make people ask how you folks managed to break into Windsor Castle. It'll not only show the wafers, but it will show atmosphere—the kind of atmosphere you people invented them to be eaten in, and nowhere else. It'll boost those wafers up to a plane all by themselves, way above ordinary vulgar grub that people bite on and chew. It'll be at least one thousand miles further away from the old-fashioned fruit piece that used to hang in my grandmother's dining room, and probably yours, than the idea you had. Am I right? Sure I'm right!"

No one had ever talked that way to Angela Boggs in her life. Marjie Paul's eyes were as big as saucers. Gee, Ben was wonderful when he got warmed up like that! She hadn't supposed he had it in him. She was proud of him—for about thirty seconds. Then she remembered that she hadn't any business being proud of him.

Marjie watched Angela. The latter's face was a study of conflicting inclinations—the one to insist on her own way, the other to tell Ben to go ahead and show in concrete form just what he meant. If his idea was as good as he made it sound, ought she to allow her dislike of being beaten to stand between her and something really distinguished?

"I'll tell you," she began smoothly, "I like your idea, Mr. Merriweather, but you know we're a very conservative house. I have to answer to my father for everything I do. He's exceedingly critical and rather old-fashioned. So I'm afraid I'll have to insist on your making the afternoon-tea-wafer picture the way I've explained. But there isn't the least reason why you shouldn't try your way, too, and then if you can sell it to father and me it will be a feather in your cap. Personally I can tell you if it turns out as good as you make it sound you will sell it to me."

Pretty adroit, thought Marjie. The astute Miss Boggs had established a very neat loophole through which she could squeeze at need without rumpling a feather or causing a wrinkle in that marvelously fitted tailor-made. Ben didn't see it, poor deluded nut!

Well, let him go on and see where he came out. It was his affair. Only she hoped it would teach him something.

Angela dispatched Burns for the necessary properties. She could obtain even the finest things at any store in town on approval, and hadn't the slightest scruple against borrowing in this way. While Burns was gone Ben went on elucidating and sketching and expounding. Always Angela's reply was the same. He could go as far as he liked, so long as there was no obligation on her part to accept the finished work. Marjie grieved for the prodigality of Ben's suggestions. Miss Boggs was getting ideas enough for six advertising campaigns, and they weren't costing her a penny.

Noon arrived ahead of Burns, so Angela ventured to hope Mr. Merriweather would go over to the Pennsylvania Station restaurant and have a bite with her. As an afterthought she also invited Marjie Paul. Marjie Paul said oh, no, she'd have to stay in the studio, but she was very much obliged, thank you.

Yes, she was—not!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

STA-SO
NON-FADING SLATE ROOF SURFACE

NOW—
Look at your Sta-so'd Roof!

As beautiful as ever, after the penetrating summer sun

COMES Fall. This is the season when men are busy with pot and brush, paint and stain, trying to restore the original colors to faded roofs. But the roofs will never look the same.

What a satisfaction to have a roof that *cannot* fade!

Home owners the country over — 350,000 of them—know this satisfaction. For their dwellings are protected by Sta-so'd roofing.

Beautiful in its colors of deep Indian red and cool sage green, rich in its distinctive granular texture, Sta-so laminated slate roof surface gives a life-time of satisfaction. That is why Sta-so'd roofing is used everywhere on dwellings, clubhouses, churches, commercial and farm buildings.

Sta-so is guaranteed positively fade-proof!

Sta-so is fire-resisting; it takes a low rate of insurance.

Sta-so is economical; it costs but half as much as tile; one-third as much as solid slate; no more than the best wood shingles.

Above is the Sta-so label. You will find it on slate surfaced roofing. It says to building owners everywhere: "I guarantee this roofing to be beautiful, *non-fading* Sta-so'd roofing. Insist that I appear on the roofing you buy. You will find me on the bundles of shingles or rolls of roofing of the following manufacturers":

Amalgamated Roofing Co., Chicago, Ill.
Barber Asphalt Paving Co., Phila., Pa
Barrett Co. . . New York, N. Y.
Beck and Dawson Rfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.
Bird & Son, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont., Can.
Bird & Son, Inc., East Walpole, Mass.
Philadelphia Mfg. Co., Cincinnati, Ohio
Boston Mass.
Building Products Co., St. Louis, Mo.
The Hendrick Mfg. Division
The Republican Co., Chicago, Ill.
Keystone Roofing Mfg. Co., York, Pa.
McHenry Manhouse Mfg. Co.
South Bend, Ind.
National Asbestos Mfg. Co.
Jersey City, N. J.
National Rfg. Co. Tonawanda, N. Y.
B. F. Nelson Mfg. Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Pioneer Paper Co. . Los Angeles, Cal.
Reynolds Shingle Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Richardson Co. . Cincinnati, Ohio
Salemack Mills . Boston, Mass.
Sisco Products Co. St. Paul, Minn.
Standard Paint Co., New York, N. Y.
Usona Mfg. Co. . Aurora, Ill.
H. F. Watson Co. . . . Erie, Pa.
A. H. White Rfg. Co., New Orleans, La.
Wilberite Rfg. Co., Cleveland, Ohio

Florida villa roofed with Sta-so surfaced shingles

Watch my smoke!

CARBON just cleaned out—new set of cords—air cool and moist—wonderful new road to explore—little old engine purring like a cat in the sun.

An Owl Cigar fits in exactly with the occasion. Easy, state-highway smoking, mellow intake. Always the same in its quality—the $3,000,000 leaf reserve provides accident insurance.

And you'll find Owl in nearly every town that uses gasoline. *Try Owl*—that's my advice!

General Cigar Co., INC.

DEPENDABLE CIGARS

119 West 40th Street, New York City

8c *straight*

Box of 50: $3.75

The OWL Brand

With the Brown Band

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 36)

All our checks carry announcements of our business, for we see no reason why the checks should not be used as an advertising medium, just the same as labels, letterheads and invoices.

Close attention is given to all our window displays. Our trimmers work on the idea that it is human nature for the passer-by to look first to the right-hand corner, and the trimmers build their displays with this idea in mind. Our window-trims are built in accordance with the same principles that apply to a well-balanced page advertisement in a magazine. The leading article on display is usually placed in the right-hand corner of the window.

We try never to make the mistake of overdressing our windows—that is, displaying too great a variety of goods. A window may present a pleasing picture, and yet fail to sell goods, because the background draws all the attention. It is best to show a few articles and have them appear against a background that is as nearly as possible identical with the actual background they would appear against in everyday use. Every merchant must remember that his windows become efficient salesmen when properly trimmed.

The big job in running a modern store is to hire, train and hold efficient sales people. We have established a salesmanship school of our own, where we teach our employees the history, sources of supply, manufacture and uses of the various classes of goods we sell. In this school the different individuals are asked to get up on a platform and make typical sales talks. These talks are later criticized in kindly fashion by their fellow workers.

The store's general manager presides at some of these meetings, and frequently turns them into a school of experience, where the employees present their ideas as to what might be done to improve sales and reduce costs.

Every effort is made to teach salesmen the customer's point of view. One purpose in carrying out this thought is to prevent careless buying by qualifying the sales person to act more as an adviser than as a mere order-taker. On certain occasions picked employees are sent through the store to make purchases in various departments. They later submit reports covering all the incidents of their experience.

Once a month a store meeting, attended by all employees, is held after hours. Preliminary to this meeting a definite list of questions is prepared and handed to each and every worker. The purpose of this meeting is to discover and eliminate all waste of effort, time and material. Employees are asked to explain how and where they take unnecessary steps or do useless work. Other questions concern the complaints that customers make, and in order to get the real facts each individual worker is requested to make a careful list of customers' complaints four days during each month.

One request was: "Give ten reasons why this store would displease you if you were a patron."

Another question was: "What devices or equipment can we install to increase our efficiency and better our service?"

Under no circumstances do we permit any employee to enter into an argument with a customer. All our sales people are taught that it is possible to oversell the prospect, and this practice frequently proves a boomerang. All goods must be sold on service and not on price. Our best sellers have a sympathetic ear, and are quick to offer a helpful word, at the same time avoiding all talk concerning their own troubles.

The salesman should endeavor to show his prospect where he is right, and not where the customer is wrong. Above all else, the worth-while salesman will say a pleasant word and show a smile when he has lost as well as when he has succeeded. Our sales people are taught never to ignore the people whom customers bring along to advise them in their purchases. On the other hand, we have discovered that it is best for the salesman to direct most of his talk to the companion who is acting as a counselor for the customer. The very fact that the customer has brought such an adviser with him proves that he has confidence in this friend and will depend largely upon the friend's judgment.

There are any number of little things a merchant may overlook that are of great importance in the aggregate. It has been more than three years since we permitted any of our telephone operators to answer a call with a stereotyped "Hello!" The common greeting of our phone people is "Good morning," or "Good afternoon." We are unable to find any real reason why the store's greeting over the telephone should be any different from the greeting accorded a customer by a clerk at one of the counters. The rules of the company require that telephone calls shall be answered immediately, and the conversation must never be rushed.

Sales people, as well as telephone operators, are likewise instructed with regard to the form and method of their greetings.

"Are you receiving attention?" is much better than the blunt query "Waited on?" It is much better to say "Can I interest you in shirts?" than "Something for you?"

There is also a decided difference between the words "want" and "wish." "What is it you want?" is far less polite than "What is it you wish?"

We have found it possible to inaugurate various types of service that have not entailed large expenditures and still yielded splendid returns. The manager of our furniture department keeps on hand a fairly complete list of houses and apartments for rent. This service has become widely known in our town, and it has not only been appreciated but has added to the volume of our sales of furniture. A free circulating library has not proved expensive, and has made many friends for us.

Our children's department has been equipped with everything possible to make it attractive to the young folks. It contains books for the free use of mothers on the care of children, and has other conveniences, such as a pair of scales for weighing the baby. A chart is at hand to show what the child should weigh at various ages, and a card-index system is installed to record the baby's weight, age and name. This file of weight cards has provided us with the dates of the children's birthdays, which occasions are remembered in the way before mentioned.

The successful store manager must be a bit of a psychologist and statistician as well as a mere distributor of merchandise. He must know that oblong tables generally get customers farther into a store than do round tables; mirrors in convenient locations are much appreciated by the ladies and not altogether overlooked by the men.

A careful study of our records and experiences indicates that farmers buy more goods in the summer and fall than they do in the winter and spring. Like the majority of people, they spend most when the money is coming in. The idea that farmers are too busy during the summer months to do shopping is a mistaken belief. The roads are good for traveling in the summer, and this is an advantage that is not always present during the cold months.

In cases where we have conducted special sales of goods for men much success has attended our plan of opening the store at seven-thirty in the morning for the selling of goods in this department. Many men find it impossible to attend such a sale during the regular business hours. Among other satisfactory schemes to increase business is our plan of paying the fares to town of shoppers who live within a radius of fifty miles, and who make purchases totaling no less than a specified amount.

Few things have paid us better than the establishment of a follow-up, or courtesy, department. The chief of this section keeps in polite touch with patrons who have purchased certain kinds of goods or special forms of equipment, and makes sure that the articles sold are giving satisfaction.

Several counters located in the basement of our store are loaded with various kinds of goods that for one reason or another are being disposed of at a special price. This department is known as our economy center, and has added largely to the volume of our business and the number of our patrons.

Human nature is just the same in a town that ends with "ville" or "burg" as in a great city that ends with "k" or "o." Small-town folks are just as appreciative of good service as the city people, and the merchant who is dead honest and keeps everlastingly on the watch for new ways to please his patrons will get his just reward, no matter in which of the forty-eight states he lives.

FEDERAL
AUTOMOBILE
TUBES
Strength and Service
THE unusual strength at the splice and integral reinforcement at the valve base are the special features in Federal Gray Automobile Tubes which appeal to the discriminating buyer. They are, in fact, tubes of "extra service"
Extra Gauge Red Tube
For cars of the heavier type using larger and oversize casings, many motorists prefer a tube in keeping therewith. For such we recommend our Extra Gauge Red Tube. Its extra heavy construction combined with highest quality is a guaranty of exceptional service and economy.
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VANCE *and* RODNEY

LIKE all Collegian models, the Vance and the Rodney keep you looking your best. The Vance is a popular double-breasted; the Rodney, a smart, one-button single-breasted effect. Simple, close-fitting lines with lasting style *tailored* in. All wool, *of course*. Honestly priced by makers and dealers, they cost you less. Before you buy this season ask to see Collegians. The label is in every garment.

You ought to have Collegian Clothes
Smart Styles for every man of 17 to 70

DAVID ADLER & SONS COMPANY, Milwaukee
Tailors of stylish *good* clothes since 1849

Collegian Clothes
THEY KEEP YOU LOOKING YOUR BEST

MARK TWAIN'S PARTNER

(Continued from Page 23)

his characteristic joking manner Sam purposely avoided all mention of the letter for a considerable time after we met.

"I was away when he arrived, having been out to some cement mines in which I was interested on the Owens River."

These mines to which Higbie refers must not be confused with the mythical cement mines of Roughing It, the diggings which cost Twain and Higbie their fortune. According to the book a man named Whiteman was supposed to have learned of the existence of a wonderful vein of gold, running through cement, somewhere in the vicinity of Mono Lake. Tradition declared that the vein was as wide as a curbstone and every pound of cement was worth two hundred dollars. One of the three discoverers, after terrible hardships, reached San Francisco, leaving his two brothers dead in the wilderness. He made a rude map of the mine's location and gave it to Whiteman with some samples of the rich cement, but he refused to leave civilization again to hunt for it.

Thereafter poor Whiteman became a combination of the Pied Piper and the Wandering Jew. He drifted for years over Nevada, studying his map and searching for the cement mine. His one close friend was a prospector by the name of Van Dorn, who was a friend of Calvin Higbie's. Whenever Whiteman had another inspiration as to the mine's location he would break the news to Van Dorn, who would pass it on to Higbie.

When Whiteman, after resting and outfitting, following an exhausting search, took to the wilderness again, Van Dorn was at his heels and Higbie was at Van Dorn's heels. The whole mining district knew the story, and as a result the most aimless movement of Whiteman took on profound importance. When it was whispered about that Whiteman was packing, the entire population of a prosperous camp would abandon the diggings, throw a little grub and some tools onto a pack animal, and follow Whiteman.

That cement mine with its wonderful content was never found. It is barely possible, from the way Higbie treats it in his narrative, that he was ashamed of his credulousness. Mark Twain declares that Higbie would, and frequently did, get up in the night to follow Whiteman.

"When I got back to camp at Aurora," resumes Higbie, "and was taking off the packs, a total stranger rushed up and began shaking hands cordially."

A Persistent Visitor

"'Ah, you've got back, have you?' he began. 'They told me up in town a few minutes ago they saw you pass through. I'm awfully glad you're back. I have been coming here several times a day for the last four days to see if you had returned but I was always disappointed until now.'"

His manner, while quizzical, was slightly accusatory, according to Higbie, who felt himself on the defensive because he had been away when this stranger had called, evidently on important business.

"But now it's all right," went on Twain, with his inimitable drawl. "You're forgiven. Why, man, I've been sleeping around on the lee side of rocks and sagebrush, and living on pine nuts and Washoe zephyrs all the time I've been here. Now that it's all over, I'll run up town and get my blankets and a few little things. I'll be back in a few minutes."

By this time Higbie had removed the saddles and had picketed his animals. His first conclusion, as to the probability of the stranger's having important business with him, had given way to another—that the man was crazy.

"I was speculating in my mind just how far it was to the nearest asylum," Higbie wrote, "and whether this was a mild case or a dangerous one. Anyway, it seemed to be necessary for me to state the situation just as it existed. I told him that the house was much too small for more than one person; that I had refused several men with poorer quarters; and could see no reason whatever for taking him, a total stranger, into my shack.

"He listened patiently and courteously while I went into all the details as to why he couldn't stay there, and I thought from his grave face that I had convinced him. But when I got through he broke out with great vehemence. He declared it was no use in my talking, he was coming right down to live with me.

"This made me angry," Higbie admits, "and with considerable heat and sarcasm I told him that of course if he owned the house I would move out and permit him to take possession at his pleasure."

The unwelcome visitor saw that Higbie was in earnest and with a tremor in his voice exclaimed: "Oh, man, man, I know you are not so hard-hearted as to force a fellow to sleep out in this vile climate and eat the food of Piute Indians! Your frank and open countenance shows that you have a heart and a sense of compassion. I know that you will help the widow's son!"

With a sober face young Clemens then gave a sort of extraordinary "grand hailing sign of distress," according to Higbie, drawing his slender figure up to its full height, and waving his arms and legs wildly. The prospector still insisted there was no room, but was forced to grin. This evidence of relenting was not lost on Twain, who kept pleading until the other gave in.

"I finally consented to take him in," says Higbie's account, "but with this proviso: That as I was very busy, and had no time nor inclination to wait on other people, he would have to do his share of the camp work and be content with roughing it—unconsciously employing the words which he afterwards gave to his book of Western experiences. He replied airily that that would be all right, and prophesied that we would get along fine."

What Bothered Sam

"I was preparing supper when he came back with his traps. Instead of his offering to help me he dropped his things and shinned up on my bunk, where he sat, cross-legged. I supposed that he was observing the routine thoroughly so he would be able later to do his half of the work. Vain hope! When he made no move to do a single thing around the shack the next two or three days, I inferred he was just getting the hang of things. I might as well say right here that he never did any manual labor.

"But he could tell stories! In that humorous drawl of his, that made him a favorite with practically everyone he met, he would spin yarns by the hour. He would ride that bunk with the ease and grace of a bronco buster all day and far into the night, but work and he never became acquainted. He tried me sorely many times, and I seriously considered ending it all by pitching him and his belongings out of doors. But I never did it.

"The truth was, I found his yarns so rich that I soon got in the habit of letting wood, water and fire go to the dogs. I would sit down spellbound and just listen, first lost in admiration and then roaring with laughter at the beauty and quaintness of his stories. Despite the fact that he is, as he himself admits, 'the laziest man in the world' physically, yet I will make affidavit to the fact that his intellect is working like a high-pressure engine, and whoever picks him up for a soft snap will get left."

Things were booming at Aurora when Mark Twain struck town. There was a flood of money, people were rushing in in droves, and the frequent strikes of rich ore kept the excitement to the sizzling point. Higbie employed twelve or fourteen men sinking shafts and driving tunnels, and paid them seven to nine dollars a day. He would get up early, prepare breakfast—for his visitor and himself—and hurry away to see that the work was properly started. Usually he left Sam at the table. After eating a light lunch at the location he would come home tired, and hungry as a wolf, with the expectation of seeing the house swept out, the dishes washed and supper cooking. In these expectations he was always disappointed. There would be no fire, no dishes washed, no wood and no water, but Sam was always delighted to see him return. Their conversation usually ran like this:

"Oh, you've got along, have you, Cal?"

"Yes, Sam, I have. How's everything?"

"Oh, bully, bully! I'm enjoying myself hugely. The only thing that bothers me is, I'm afraid I'll get lazy, loafing around here every day. What I need is some hard work to keep me in good physical condition."

Higbie never could determine at the time whether Sam was in earnest and deceiving himself, or having a little fun with

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Ever have a puncture on a hot, dusty road? Then you know the advantages of Dayton Airless Tires. They look just like pneumatic tires. They cannot puncture nor blow out. They eliminate roadside repairs. And they are easy riding.
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If you own a Ford, Maxwell, Chevrolet, Overland Four, or other light car using 30 x 3, 30 x 3½ or 31 x 4 inch sizes, you can equip with Dayton Airless and forget your troubles. You can leave your pump and repair outfit at home. You will need no spare tire and no tubes.
Dayton Airless Tires have stood the test of eight years of satisfactory service. They are guaranteed for 8,000 miles, but records of users show two, three and four times that mileage. Mail the coupon for booklet and price list. Let us show you the economy of Dayton Airless equipment.
We have an attractive offer to make to business men in territories where we have no representatives. Wire or write.
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Tiers of Live Rubber take the place of a tube
Dayton Airless
MAIL THIS COUPON FOR MORE INFORMATION
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Send me booklet, price list and information as checked below:
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his partner. The letter of introduction, in which it was specifically mentioned that Sam was to work on the mining property which Orion Clemens and Higbie owned, was complacently ignored by Sam. There gradually grew up the fiction that he was to go to work when Higbie found him a job, but that would not be until he was, to use his own words, "thoroughly acclimated." Whenever there was specific mention of specific work Sam promptly discovered that he was not yet acclimated.

Twain's occupation, at this time, Higbie discovered by inquiries in Aurora, was to stroll the length of the only business street, stopping to talk with every person he met, entering the stores in order when pedestrians were few. His lunch consisted of a few crackers and a box of sardines. His daily visits were a cherished institution, and he was always sure of an audience when he started to talk.

About this time Higbie, grown desperate at his partner's laziness, decided on a bit of strategy to force him to work. He liked flapjacks as a steady diet, and Clemens did not. Higbie made it a point to come home at noon for several successive days, which meant that the diet was flapjacks three times a day. Sam grew more tired of them with each meal.

The explosion finally came. The disgusted Sam shoved back a steaming platter of flapjacks and began:

"Hot cakes; hot cakes again! Hot cakes three times a day all the year round! Why, man, they would ruin the digestive organs of the most able-bodied ostrich that ever roamed the wilds of Africa. If you realized the chemical enormity, the potential devastation residing in yeast powders when combined with flour and water straight, you would not continue to inflict hot cakes on your long-suffering stomach—and on mine. This combination will ruin the stomach of any man alive if he persists in the woeful error of pitching hot cakes and more hot cakes into it all the time, as we do.

"For heaven's sake, Cal, let's have a change! Hot cakes straight, with nothing on the side. Now, perhaps there's some sense in treating whisky that way—but hot cakes!"

Higbie roared with laughter at having managed to get a rise out of the usually placid Sam, and readily agreed to a change of diet.

"All right, Sam," he said. "I'm not crazy about hot cakes myself. That is, I'm not so crazy about them that I think nothing of the rights of others. You go up to the store and get anything you want and fix it up to suit yourself. Don't spare expense; our credit is good."

From Flapjacks to Flapjacks

"That's the talk!" said the mollified Sam enthusiastically. "We'll have a change to-morrow. You'll see; it will be a culinary triumph. I didn't mean to cast any aspersions on your ability, Cal," he explained; "you make good cakes, fine, large cakes, and you show great skill in tossing them into the air and catching them upside down in that frying pan, but as a regular diet I admit my constitution won't stand the strain, even if you do well by them."

Twain's earnestness so impressed Higbie that he believed his indolent partner for once was in earnest and intended to bestir himself in the preparation of an elaborate meal.

Higbie took a lunch to the mine, and all day speculated upon what would be awaiting him when he returned to the shack. Sam, as usual, was loitering about town, waiting his return, and accompanied him to the shack, chatting with considerable animation upon the people he had seen and the quaint things he had heard. Higbie supposed that his partner was saving a culinary surprise so the effect would be greater, and humored Twain by not mentioning supper, though keenly anticipatory.

Once inside the shack, a single glance convinced him that everything was as it had been that morning. There was no fire, no preparations for the meal, no wood brought. Quite forgetting his promises, when faced with the task of fulfillment, Sam, as usual, had gone uptown and dined on sardines and crackers. He failed to buy a single delicacy at the store, though visiting for an hour with the proprietor, who was a great crony of his. He ate his share of the usual supply of flapjacks.

Higbie's account of the discovery of the blind lead in the Wide West mine differs considerably from Twain's version as published in Roughing It. Higbie, it will be noted, says he entered the mine to explore on invitation of the superintendent. Sam declares Higbie sneaked in. Sam does not mention that his name, and his name alone, was placed on the location notice, but Higbie's account says so specifically. In discussing the time when they were "millionaires for ten days," Higbie says:

"Alec Gamble had located the Wide West quartz mine, a large vein that cropped out very prominently, though not a color of mineral could be found on the surface. Hundreds of men had prospected the lode but didn't think enough of it to make a location. Gamble drove a shaft down on the foot wall about thirty-five feet and ran into one of the richest chimneys of ore ever discovered in the state, and began immediately taking out ore. A short time before this E. Green had built a light ten-stamp quartz mill, as a general-custom mill, in Willow Gulch near the Wide West mine. Gamble engaged the Green mill to work his ore exclusively and paid sixty-five dollars a ton therefor. It was immensely rich, running about three thousand dollars per ton, but very light and bulky, the bullion only averaging five dollars an ounce in gold, the other three-fourths being silver. The ore was generally quite soft and would go through the batteries rapidly. The amalgam would accumulate so fast the batteries would have to be cleaned frequently. The retorts had to run double shifts to keep up with the accumulation of amalgam in the batteries and plates. The retorts would separate the quicksilver from the gold and silver, and while the metal was in molten state it would be poured into molds the size of small bricks."

A Fortune Lost by Default

"Express wagons would haul great loads of these silver bricks downtown to the company's office, where they were stacked up like bricks in a brickyard. Extra foundations had to be put under the buildings to keep them from breaking down under the weight. All this time four and six mule teams with heavy express wagons laden with these bricks would be tearing across country to get them to San Francisco. These teams would be accompanied, usually, by two messengers as treasure guards, each man armed with a shotgun loaded with buckshot as insurance against road agents.

"Some of the miners working in the Wide West made quite a stake by packing home their dinner buckets full of ore every night and pounding it out by hand at their leisure before the discovery was made that this stealing was going on. After that the men were searched before being permitted to leave the mine premises.

"The Wide West strike caused a new boom and things were moving fast. One day the superintendent invited me to go in and look at the mine. There had been quite an excavation made in the chimney, and while walking about and trying to get at the shape and formation of the deposit I discovered a cross vein running diagonally across this chimney and entering the walls at both sides. I called the attention of the superintendent to it. He thought it only a short spur and worthy of no attention, but as I had seen it entering both walls I was confident it was a permanent and distinct vein from the Wide West. Accordingly I made a mining location on this cross vein, as the mining laws permitted me to do, and put Sam L. Clemens' name on the location notice.

"That night I told Sam of my discovery and our location of the bonanza, and he was in great glee. We both predicted we would be millionaires within a short time. We lay there on that rude bunk and discussed the great possibilities that were looming up in the near future. Our great wealth would enable us to put all our relatives on Easy Street, to help the needy, travel in foreign climes, and to decide in what part of the world we would locate our permanent residence. I was in doubt whether to choose Santa Barbara, California, or the Samoan Islands, where the tropic sea is ever murmuring on the coral strand and the gentle breezes wafted across the broad Pacific are a gentle tonic to the weary wanderer; where bananas, breadfruit, guavas, pineapples, mangoes, oranges, lemons, are ever at hand; where the calabash is ever full of poi, and the gentle natives dream their lives away in a paradise on earth. Santa Barbara had its advantages, as it was on the mainland, and one wouldn't be compelled to swim across the Pacific to get somewhere, and the news of the day would be at hand.

"I knew Sam had an elaborate plan in his mind, though he was in doubt whether to choose Europe or America. He was determined, however, to have a marble mansion several stories high with ample grounds, fine horses and carriages, and a pack of hounds. He was very emphatic about the hounds, and a steam yacht he could steer himself. We talked all night long in this strain."

The partners tell different stories as to the responsibility for failure to do the assessment work on the Wide West cross vein. Twain's version is that Higbie was trailing Whiteman for the fabled cement mine and that Twain was away when he started. Twain declares in Roughing It that Higbie left a note which he did not find until he himself returned from a ten-day absence, during which time he was nursing Capt. John Nye. It was then too late to do anything. The third partner, says the book, had been called away by the illness of a relative.

But Higbie puts the loss of the fortune squarely up to Mark Twain, and no one else. In his manuscript he says:

"One of the boys came in from the mines and reported that they were nearly out of provisions and wanted me out there immediately to advise about the work. That night I had a long and serious talk with Sam. I told him the circumstances, that I had to leave and was not sure when I could get back. I warned him that the assessment work on the Wide West mine had to be done soon, probably before I could return. As he was interested with me in the other mines, he said he would do the assessment work.

"'Don't you fear, man,' he said; 'I'll do it. It wouldn't do to let the Wide West go by default. I feel in my bones we will make our everlasting fortune out of that mine. So you go ahead and stay as long as you like and I'll take care of things here.'

"I went to the mine next morning, and stayed away longer than I should. When I returned I discovered that our Wide West bonanza claim had been jumped. It seems Sam had gone down on the Walker River to nurse Capt. John Nye and in his ministrations to his patient had forgotten all about assessments, rich quartz mines, and everything else in his endeavor to coax his sick friend back to health. Perhaps it is all for the best. It shows a big heart when a man can sacrifice great wealth and his own interests to relieve the sufferings of others."

The Life of the Party

Higbie writes that soon after Twain struck Aurora and got acquainted, no party was complete without him. He was a good singer, and his old plantation melodies and side-splitting jokes kept the crowd in the highest spirits. Withal, there was a curious strain of bashfulness about him, and he had little taste for large formal affairs. He shone more brightly at impromptu little gatherings. And yet he did go to the big camp celebrations when persistent efforts were made to get him there.

One of the more pretentious balls was that given by Sam Salonavich, or Sam Davis, in his new dance hall and saloon, as a dedicatory affair. There were five women within a radius of fifty miles of Aurora, and it was considerable of a task to get them to the ball, but Davis was energetic and resourceful and the five were all there, as well as a thousand men. When Higbie and Twain arrived the women were all engaged for several sets of square dancing, and the men who were bidding for the honor of dancing with the quintet were formidable in appearance, at least.

Very few of the men had coats. Nearly all the miners wore red shirts, knife or revolver in a broad leather belt about the waist, and rough trousers. Inasmuch as this was a formal affair the trousers were not tucked into their top boots, but were worn outside. A few merchants wore conventional garb, and came in for a lot of boisterous witticisms from the others. Higbie was much diverted by Sam's first dance.

"When Sam's engagement arrived he was all animation and making a great play to entertain his partner, bowing and scraping repeatedly, but paying not the slightest attention to the music or the prompter calling off the figures of the square dance. The woman was at least a foot and a half taller than Sam, and not overencumbered

(Continued on Page 73)

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SINCE 1915, Mercer cars have been equipped with American Hammered Piston Rings. Their definite satisfaction is best expressed in the Mercer Automobile Company's own statement:

> "We have used your piston rings to our entire satisfaction. The fact that we have renewed our contract will indicate to you that we are pleased with the results."

This letter was written five years ago—and they still use them.

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From photograph of Autowater System installation; provides 180 gallons of running water an hour—automatically, noiselessly—at a cost of less than two cents a day for current.

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She walked 3,808 miles—lugging water

SHE is a farmer's wife. Having only a hand pump at the well, she has to pump, pump—and carry, carry, carry.

She estimates that during her married life she has walked 3,808 miles—carrying water. Her husband and her children have walked additional thousands of miles—carrying water.

Next month, however, they will have a Goulds Hi-Speed Autowater System, and then all this drudgery will be over. There will be running water in the bathroom, kitchen, laundry, barn, feed-lot and garage.

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BOSTON ATLANTA NEW YORK HOUSTON PHILADELPHIA PITTSBURGH CHICAGO DETROIT

Agencies in all principal cities

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GOULDS

(Continued from Page 70)

with beauty, and he had to lean back to look up and bask in her smiles. His 'dancing' was one grand series of mistakes.

"The poor woman, apparently believing he was so fascinated by her charms that he was oblivious of everything else, was hauling him around by main strength and making every effort to keep him where he belonged. In changing partners, whenever he saw a hand raised he would grasp it with great pleasure and sail off into another set. His partner would have a hard time to hunt him up and herd him back to his rightful place. I noticed that whenever he made those excursions and grasped the hands of the other women, it was always the hands of the good-looking ones that he managed to see.

"Sometimes he would act as though there was no use in trying to go right or in trying to dance like other people and would rush off into another set with his eyes half closed, declaring to everybody that he never dreamed there was so much pleasure to be had at a ball. Then, with a maybe-you-think-I-can't-dance air he would do a hoedown or a double shuffle all by himself. This caused great amusement and many laughed so heartily that they nearly broke up several sets. Some men turned ugly, but a little talk from Sam's friends that he did not mean to ignore their rights set this feeling all straight again. There was no attempt at affectation; he was as natural as a child. Sam did more than any other person to make the Pioneer Ball a success, and a success it certainly was."

Higbie's picture of mining conditions in Aurora at this time is as vivid as Mark Twain's own.

"Times were rushing," he says. "The second big strike in the Wide West had brought in more men and money and everything was at high pressure. Some jumpers had sunk a shaft down through the hanging wall of the Wide West and were stealing rich ore at a great rate before the Wide West could drift over and prove the jumpers were on its property. When the drifts came together actual warfare began. Each side hired gun fighters at twenty dollars a day to protect their interests, and put up bulkheads to hold the other fellows back. Hardly a day passed that someone was not shot or cut, and they were packing people down pretty often from Last Chance Hill, either dead or wounded.

"The Wide West was on Last Chance; then came Middle Hill, and, on the west, Silver Hill. They were divided from each other by deep ravines. Crossing Silver Hill was the immense Winnemucca quartz vein, forty or fifty feet wide, and sticking up into the air about the same distance. Portions of the cropping had broken off and tumbled down the steep hillside several hundred feet into the deep ravines. As no mineral could be found among these croppings some wag had posted a notice on this great body of detached ore. Old miners regarded it as a good joke, for which it was intended, but when the excitement was up a tenderfoot came along and paid fifteen thousand dollars for his mine of worthless rock."

First Attempt at Literature

"In San Francisco and other large Pacific Coast cities barbers, hack drivers, servant girls and persons of other classes would club together and send agents all the way from five thousand to five hundred thousand dollars to buy mines. These agents would buy anything in the shape of quartz, whether it contained mineral or not.

"After we had lost out at the Wide West Sam began making his first attempts at literature. As he sat in the corner riding the bunk and spinning yarns for dear life he would stop suddenly, get out a little book, jot down something that had occurred to him, and then go on with his story. I learned afterward that he was writing articles for the Virginia City Enterprise, which finally resulted in his going to work for that paper. He sent me the paper after he had moved over there and I recall one description which he wrote of a ball which he attended, this time as a spectator. It was during the Civil War, and he gave all the figures in military terms, which were, of course, more familiar to the readers than they are now. In telling of one dance—Virginia Reel, or Money Musk—he lined them up facing each other like opposing armies. The gentleman and lady at the upper end would commence the battle, skirmishing down outside the lines to meet at the other end and march up the center at the double-quick, after which they presented arms and saluted. He told how the other couples did the same, until 'the whole caboodle was in desperate conflict.' When the bugle—the orchestra—blew retreat, peace was declared, was the way he wound it up."

Mark Twain loved an argument, on politics, mining prospects or any other subject, according to Higbie. He delighted in singling out men who made loud and positive assertions and contradicting them. No matter how large and formidable and well armed his antagonist might be, the slender Mark was boldness itself.

"He would face his antagonist, look him in the eye, and expectorate over the man's shoulder into space with apparent unconsciousness. Nearly always he won his arguments. Many of his statements were exaggerations and absurdities, but close observers saw that beneath his surface playfulness were sound reasoning and unanswerable arguments. While winning, if his opponent was not unusually bright, Sam would let loose upon him an avalanche of wit and sarcasm that was too subtle for the other fellow to grasp. He would not realize until hours afterward, perhaps, if he realized then, that he had been abused like a pickpocket by the drawling Sam.

"I was often apprehensive in these conflicts that the opponent might use personal violence, but Sam's peculiar faculty of getting along with all sorts and conditions of people undoubtedly saved his life many times. Those he abused the worst apparently became his best friends."

Higbie's narrative indicates that after the failure of the Wide West venture Mark became conscience-stricken. At any rate he started to do some manual labor for the partnership, which heretofore he had systematically avoided.

Mark as a Mine Foreman

"The mines were going slowly," writes Higbie, "the time to do needed assessment work was short and laborers were scarce. I mentioned these facts to Sam, who became greatly interested, and said: 'You just show me what is needed to be done most and I will push that work along. Why, man, I've been wishing for something of this kind to happen! I've been hanging around for some time, doing nothing, and it will be a great relief to me to get to work for a change. Just get me a pick and shovel, hammer and gads, show me where the work is—and watch the dirt fly!'

"I got him the tools and the next morning took him to one of the mines that had a shaft started about four feet deep. He shed his coat and went to work like a hurricane. I cautioned him to take it easy on the start as his hands were soft and he was not accustomed to hard labor. I started down the hill to a tunnel I was running about a quarter of a mile away, and looked back several times on the way. The first and second times I looked I could see the dirt flying out of the hole, but by the time I reached the tunnel I failed to discover anything moving. After twenty minutes in the tunnel I looked again, and there was still no sign of dirt. I concluded to go back up and see if a rock had fallen on Sam's head.

"The tools were in the shaft, all right, but Sam wasn't. I looked around in every direction and called, but got no answer. The hill was quite bare except for a tree over a quarter of a mile away. It was a small lone pine, and Sam was lying under it, smoking. When I asked him how everything was he replied that it was all right—fine as a fiddle.

"Again I advised him to take it easy, and he replied: 'Your advice is good. I see that you understand this sort of business better than I, and I shall obey your instructions to the letter.'

"He did nothing more that day. When he got home that night he said he was getting acquainted with the shaft. He had been studying it thoroughly, and without wishing it any harm he had, nevertheless, decided to take every advantage of it in the future.

"The second night he said he was surprised how fast he was learning the secrets of mining. When he mastered and applied all the scientific principles governing it, he explained, he could, with a little headwork, accomplish more than by so much hard labor misapplied.

"The third night he reported that his muscles were getting strong and supple and he was greatly surprised that he could accomplish so much in a given time, and he would soon have the assessment work done.

"'You better have another job ready,' he told me, 'so I can keep busy right along. I feel so much better now that I am in useful employment.'

"The fourth day I went up to see the shaft, expecting to find a hole eight or ten feet deep, at least, and planning on a windlass to hoist the rock. I couldn't discover that it was an inch deeper than when he started. I was disappointed, but tried not to show it.

"I told him that I thought a windlass would be necessary and that would require another man to help, as the time was short and we had to push the assessment work. I told him to make his big brother put up the money, find a man to do the work and nominate himself as boss.

"'Good Lord, man, why didn't you think of that before?' he exclaimed. 'You get a man and I'll make that big brother come out with the coin. We'll just rip that old shaft to pieces.'

"That night I found Billy Witham, a good, honest, hard-working fellow, just out of a job. I took him up to the shaft next morning and showed him what to do. When I asked him as we were coming down that evening how he was getting along he declared Sam Clemens was the finest chap he ever saw. He wouldn't let Witham stay in the hole, but invited him out to rest about every half hour, declaring that his brother paid the bills and he would not let a good man work himself to death for anybody.

"If Witham would not come out on such an invitation Mark would squat on the edge of the shaft and tell him stories until Witham would be compelled to stop for laughing. He warned me that if my partner wasn't kept away from him the assessment work would not be done on time. So I got Sam away by telling him that men were sensitive about the boss watching them all the time.

"Sam stayed away after that, and the job was completed on time."

Sam frequently commented to Higbie upon the mail which he received from relatives. Two letters came one day, his mother and a niece living in St. Louis being the correspondents. Mrs. Clemens described quite minutely the latest styles in men's clothing and women's too, whereat Sam burst out:

"What do I care about the fashions in the East? I am living here in a rough-and-ready country and wear rough-and-ready clothes, and it suits me to a T. I don't care to go through the agony of wearing fine clothes of the latest design and aping the fashions of the effete East. Contrast what mother has to say with this one from my little niece. She tells me that they have a fine new post office; that O'Flannigan's house has burned up—or down—it isn't clear which; and that the old dog Fannie has had seven puppies, one of which is called Uncle Sam. I'm getting famous, Cal. Another dog named after me!"

A Private Holdup

Twain describes in Roughing It how he was held up in San Francisco some time after he located there on leaving Carson City. Higbie tells it differently:

"About this time Sam went to San Francisco. He had paid his fare and had a through ticket and one fine morning jumped on the stage. He was a great chum of the Winters boys, rich Comstock miners, as well as of everybody else, and when they learned the day of his departure they hired some miners to go ahead and hold up the stage for Sam's sole benefit.

"The holdup came off in approved Dick Turpin style at Gold Hill. No one except a few cronies of the Winters boys was in the secret. The knights of the road were masked and heavily armed. They lined up everybody, hands in air, and made believe to rob them, but Clemens was the only one whose money actually was taken. They returned his ticket, but he had to borrow money at the first stop. When he reached San Francisco he found five hundred dollars awaiting him there from an unknown source. Sam then saw that the joke was on him, but still pretended to believe that he was the victim of a genuine holdup, and told a fearful and wonderful tale about it, to the great delight of the Winters boys, who never tired of his description."

Closing incidents in the career of Aurora, after Mark Twain had bade good-by to his partner and had gone to Carson to become

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an editor, are described by Higbie in the following words:

"In Aurora the tough element got so bad that some crime was being committed every day. As there was no regularly constituted court of justice they plied their trade boldly. Some time before this a sheriff had been elected, but he had no backbone and the roughs continued to do as they pleased.

"The occurrence which finally roused the law-abiding element to action was the killing of a rancher from the Walker River. He came to town with a four-horse load of potatoes which he sold for twelve and a half cents a pound. He had more than three hundred dollars in his pocket. Roughs who had peered through the grocery-store window and noted the transaction had massed at the door thirty-five or forty strong, and they put up a sham fight among themselves when the rancher came out. He was knocked down and his skull fractured. His money of course was taken.

"When he died twenty-four hours later a Vigilance Committee was formed, thirteen hundred men signing up to act with it. But the toughs got wind of what was going on and began to flee into the country. The Vigilantes discovered their departure and struck out in every direction, some in light wagons, some on horseback, and some on foot. They were all well armed. When out about twenty-five miles they formed a circle and turned again toward town. There were no gaps in the circle and they captured every one of the fugitives. Not one showed fight.

"It was discovered shortly after we caught these renegades that the rich chimney of the Wide West mine was diminishing rapidly in size. A representative of the mine accordingly went to San Francisco and sold a large amount of stock in it. When the market seemed to be saturated a dispatch came to him from Aurora that the pay rock had given out. Naturally the stock fell almost to nothing, and the representative bought it all in again. The word went to Aurora, and back came another wire that a rich new vein had been found. Prices went kiting, and again the stock—and the buyers—were sold out. By this time the mine really was worked out, but several millions had been taken from the earth and the stock."

The Aurora Boom Collapses

"The other mines of the vicinity were not of much value, and when the Wide West collapsed the bottom fell out of everything else. The entire population in a few weeks had disappeared, going to fresh strikes or rumored strikes. I went with several others on a prospecting trip and found the Columbus district, where there was some very rich silver ore on the surface. It did not go down to any great depth, though, so I set out with a few friends on a long cruise through Southern Nevada, Arizona and New Mexico, and came back through notorious Death Valley. Only for the sagacity of a mule we would have all died in the desert, but that is another story."

Higbie continued his wanderings for several years. He went to the Hawaiian Islands and remained five years; came back and went to Chile, crossing the Andes to the headwaters of the Amazon; made a trip to Japan; and, after extensive journeyings about California, settled down in Greenville, Plumas County.

In 1886, when Mark Twain had been writing for more than twenty years and was a figure of national importance, it occurred to his old-time partner that his poverty might be lightened by a loan. Higbie had just lost practically everything he possessed in an unfortunate speculation. He wrote at an unpropitious time, for Mark Twain had embarked in the publishing business which left him worse than bankrupt. Twain, who was living in Hartford, Connecticut, wrote as follows:

"HARTFORD, Dec. 16, '86.

"*My dear Cal:* Lord, it's good to hear from you again! It brings back the pleasantness of the old times, with the pains and the privations left behind. I would most certainly help you if I could, and I believe you know that to be the truth. I know it to be the truth. But I alone am responsible for the capital of my firm in New York; I by myself am under contract to keep it sufficient. For the next twelve months this will make it necessary for me to sail just as close to the wind, financially, as I possibly can, and look sharp and see that no penny is placed where I cannot put my hand on it at once when it is needed. We have one book in preparation which will require every cent I have in the world, and possibly more.

"I do not seem to talk much like a millionaire? Well, I have never been a millionaire—except once, for ten days; an episode which you remember well enough. If I had half of the money which the newspapers credit me with, you should have that $20,000 per this mail.

"Oh, dear, why did you ever let anybody have control of the property? You were always too trustful; and yet you know that men are not to be trusted when their pockets are concerned. However, I have no right to scold at you, for I did the same thing myself once; tried the generosity business with two bosom friends; divided a good thing into thirds when I ought to have kept the control myself. And didn't they turn around and skin me alive? Oh, no, I reckon not!

"Bob Howland has been in New York very lately—and prospering. He seems to be always having the luck to sell a mine to somebody or other. Don't you think he could be of use to you in this difficulty?

"Sincerely your friend,
"S. L. CLEMENS."

Higbie Seeks a Publisher

For the next twenty years Higbie intermittently tried to dispose of the story which he wrote of his relations with Mark Twain. He was told it would have to be rewritten, and sought the aid of San Francisco newspaper men, but nothing came of his efforts. In 1906 a Coast newspaper published an article concerning the Wide West mine vein. About the same time Higbie was revising his manuscript to try once more, and wrote Mark Twain for advice as to its disposal. Twain replied, giving some needed data, and suggesting that the manuscript be sent him. His letter follows:

"21 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, March 26, 1906.

"*Dear Higbie:* I went down to Aurora about midsummer of '62. I suppose it must have been toward the end of October, '62, that I went to Walker River to nurse Capt. John Nye. I crossed the Sierras into California for the first time along about the middle of '64, I should say.

"Send your manuscript. I shall be as competent as anybody to sit in judgment upon its value and arrive at a verdict. Then I will ask the New York Herald to name a price and come to my house and talk with me, in case he finds that your narrative comes up to his expectations. If he should decide that he doesn't want it—but that is further along.

"If you have told your story with your pen in the simple, unadorned and straightforward way in which you would talk it with your tongue, I think it cannot help but have value.

"I was very glad to hear from you, old comrade, and shall also be glad to be of service to you in this matter if I can.

"Sincerely yours,
"S. L. CLEMENS."

The Coast newspaper story worried Higbie, and he wrote immediately after its publication to ask whether his complete and authoritative article would be damaged thereby, and whether the manuscript should be typewritten. Twain dictated the following message on April 12, 1906:

"Yes, his manuscript ought to be typewritten. Let him go on as if nothing had happened. We shan't know whether any harm has been done until I submit the manuscript to the Herald and perhaps to a magazine. If they should think that the manuscript's value had been damaged by that newspaper flurry out there on the coast, they can say so. If they don't mention it it is not our affair to remind them of it."

On March 11, 1907, the manuscript was returned to Higbie by Twain's secretary and Higbie was urged in an accompanying letter to see Mark Twain's official biographer, Albert Bigelow Paine, who was then on his way to the coast for additional material on the author's early life, so that the Higbie reminiscences might aid in making the work more complete.

So far as Higbie's relatives know, Twain and his old-time partner never met after the collapse of the Aurora boom.

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THE BUCKPASSER

(Continued from Page 7)

dictate a letter to her speeding, contemptuous pencil he had taken care to give the process the aspect of an amiable collaboration on Miss Carston's part, asking her advice as to words and phrases, thanking her when the finished work lay on his desk. Sometimes, watching her under the direction of A. W. Larner's crisp commands, he had detected the sardonic unconsent registered in her compressed lip and secretly revered her untamed spirit. Now, elevated to authority above her, he must issue orders even as Larner had issued them, impose his will on this personage who had barely yielded to the extraordinary resolutions of the late sales manager. He recoiled from the prospect of even the relatively facile affair of raising her wages. But the thing indubitably had to be done. He summoned her, controlling a fluttering incertitude of voice.

"Miss Carston, I've decided——" He caught a gleam in her direct eye which checked him on the threshold of this attempted bravado. "Mr. Thurlow agrees with me," he amended hurriedly, "that you can handle my old job better than some outsider."

"I could."

Miss Carston's entire assurance relieved him. He nodded.

"If you're quite sure of it you may take hold right away."

It occurred to him that having her at his elbow would provide a trustworthy fountain of conviction to be tapped at will. He took heart again. It might be practicable to reverse the positions in fact if not in name. Instead of being obliged to order Miss Carston about he could use her as a prop and brace for his own procedures. Surveying her unrelenting grimness, he felt that here was a willing candidate for the passed buck. He brightened.

"It will be necessary to take on somebody in your old place. I—er—I think you're much better qualified to pass on stenographic ability than I am. Suppose you look after that matter."

Again her resolute eye gleamed, but he was conscious of a difference. There was an effect of warmth in the flash this time, a glow rather than a glitter.

"Very well." Miss Carston made a hieroglyphic on her book. "Salary?"

"I leave that to you," he said hastily. "I I " A path opened suddenly before him. "I believe in delegating as much authority as possible, Miss Carston. Without criticizing Mr. Larner's policy, it seems to me that he burdened himself with a great deal of unnecessary detail. I'm giving you practically a free hand, and I expect you to use it."

There was no doubt about the glow now. For the first time in their acquaintance he saw Miss Carston display symptoms of an imminent thaw. He was again inspired.

"About your own—er—salary. This new position naturally deserves better pay. But Mr. Thurlow is anxious to keep expenses down as far as possible, and of course it's to our advantage to have our departmental overhead as low as we can make it. I'm going to ask you to fix your own pay, therefore. Hereafter, you see, we're going to—to think of this plant and this department as if we owned them."

"That's perfectly splendid!" Miss Carston's prominent chin perceptibly diminished its aggressiveness. "I'd like to say once for all that this policy will show results, Mr. Haskett—and I'll prove it. I can get a competent stenographer for twelve dollars—I know just the girl I want. You'd have had to pay her fifteen anyway, but I've talked it over with her and she'll take twelve if I deal with her. And for myself, I'll be satisfied with twenty. If it had been just a case of doing more work with no authority I'd have stood out for twenty-five. But the way you put it ——"

"That's fine—fine!"

Wilbur breathed deep. One of the abiding terrors of the new job receded rapidly into distant dimness. Of course he would eventually get himself into trouble by such evasions. Successful men like A. W. Larner and Martin Haskett and George Graydon were those who shouldered responsibilities with an eager greed. Failures like Wilbur shuffled out from under. In the end he would be discovered, condemned, flung out as he deserved. He looked forward to this event with something like hope. It was all very well to be in receipt of an enlarged wage, to enjoy a position of dignity in the sight of others, to be congratulated and respected and even envied, but the game, he perceived, was worth less than the candle.

A fellow lived only once. To spend that spangle of existence in acute discomfort for the mere money's sake was demonstrably the bargain of a fool. In spite of the fact that he had contrived to evade the issue in Miss Carston's case, he was oppressed by a sense of isolation amid yammering problems which he and no one else must solve, and this condition would grow worse rather than better as time marched. The longer he clung to his unhappy eminence the harder it would be to endure it. The sooner he was unmasked and overthrown the better. There would always be jobs—comfortable, friendly jobs, placing no strain on a man's soul and yet yielding a living. Hampton wasn't the world. He could emigrate.

He yearned for the day hungrily. He even meditated going frankly to Mr. Thurlow and declaring his unfitness, wistfully contemplating a release from the hateful constriction of surrounding responsibilities. But he drew back from a step so decisive. If he resigned it would be unquestionably his own deed, his own fault. There would be no excuse to advance at home. Better leave it to Mr. Thurlow. It wouldn't be long at the worst and best of it.

Nevertheless after his first few days the sense of standing alone became unendurable. After delegating to Miss Carston so much of his proper work that only a trifling residue lay in his hands, he was still bent and suffocated under the weight of it. Every day there were a dozen minor issues to be decided. He must tell Dugan whether to take the side trip to Kansas City or stay on his appointed route; he must answer Shelby's wired interrogation as to letting Weinberg & Levy return for full credit certain items of old stock alleged to be unsalable; he must advise Fraser as to the policy of giving the Ellsworth Company jobbers' prices. Every mail beset him with a multiplicity of such stresses. And Mr. Thurlow, appeased by the results of his dealings with Miss Carston, was beginning to be inquisitive again, to ask him for suggestions, for constructive ideas! He groped under such a demand for his fixed device of evasion, longing for the strength of character to resign at once and have done with it all, but aware that the thing was utterly beyond him.

"I'll be frank, Haskett. We've got to do something. We've been slipping downhill steadily."

Thurlow's face exhibited a weariness which Wilbur could understand now. His self-pity forsook him for the moment as he realized how much heavier a burden of responsibility and concern bore down on Thurlow's old shoulders. It was bad enough to be a mere sales manager, he had discovered. How much worse to stand where Thurlow stood! And yet there were people—his father, Cynthia—who believed that it was better to be Thurlow than Wilbur Haskett; that Wilbur himself was better off than he had been two weeks ago!

"It's all up to the sales end, Haskett. We can make the goods as well as ever, but we can't sell—that's the long and short of it. It's costing us more and more to get a dollar's worth of business. We aren't running to full capacity either, and that sends up the overhead. I counted on Larner to find a way out for us, but he was hopeless. We can't destroy our whole business structure and begin over again. We've got to find what's wrong with the concern as it stands, and dig up a way to correct it."

"Yes, sir." Wilbur spoke gravely. "That's my idea exactly."

Under cover of the speech he fumbled in mental darkness for something which would side-step the issue thus put squarely up to him. It was pure instinct which actuated this process, not a conscious desire to hide his incompetency and cling to his new job. The easy path out of every difficulty was to pass the buck as best one might. Usually he accomplished this quite easily, but to-day it presented obstacles seemingly impassable.

"I've had my eye on you since you took hold," continued Thurlow. "I like the way you've gone at it. You've got rid of practically all the routine and detail. That was one trouble with Larner. He couldn't let go of anything. He wanted to have his finger in every little trifle. You seem to have the gift of making other people do things for themselves. It's a big part of executive ability, that."

"Yes, sir."

Wilbur nearly grinned. If Mr. Thurlow remotely guessed at the real reasons why he had transferred seven-tenths of his work to Miss Carston's willing hands he wouldn't call it executive ability. Hardly!

"That leaves you free to center your mind on constructive work. You've begun well. But I'm worried. We can't go on like this. We've got to hammer out a new selling policy that will keep the plant busy, and I'm hoping that you'll see something practical in that line mighty soon, Haskett. It's entirely up to you."

Pure instinct prompted Wilbur's instant disclaimer. It was not in his nature to accept such a statement without challenge.

"I don't see that, sir. It seems to me that it's up to the whole organization. The sales department's only one branch of the business. We can't sell unless we get the right lines of goods; we can't sell them even then unless they're priced right, nor unless we get efficient coöperation from the credit department. Sales policy depends on all those things. I think"—he saw a fresh egress opening before him—"I think that was Mr. Larner's big difficulty. He tried to formulate his own schemes without consulting the other departments."

"That's true enough. He stirred up a hornets' nest every morning. I hadn't thought of it in just that light, though. Then you think ——"

"I think that selling methods are up to the whole organization, sir. I think they all ought to be consulted about it—invited to suggest things."

Mr. Thurlow slapped his thigh.

"I've got it! What we need here is a sort of conference scheme—have all the department heads meet every day for a talk over their troubles, exchange and discuss ideas, shake together into a united body! I ought to have started it long ago. You're perfectly right. Everybody in the plant has a certain share of selling to do, and ought to have a voice in the selection of selling methods. I'll get them together right after lunch. That's a first-rate idea, Haskett."

"Oh, it's your idea, sir. I only told you what was wrong. You thought of the remedy."

Wilbur spoke quickly. Mr. Thurlow wasn't going to fix responsibility for the innovation on Wilbur Haskett! He'd make it clear from the first that the scheme was none of his. The president chuckled.

"Well, maybe I did. We won't quarrel over the glory till we see how it works. But I think it will."

"Yes, sir."

Wilbur escaped, immensely relieved. With a regular daily conference to consult, he could shift most of his depressing burdens to the joint strength of the organization. He foresaw that he would be gladly relieved of the worst job of all—inventing, originating. Larner's friction with McIlhenny and Torbitt and the others had risen less from his intrusions on their respective provinces than from his impatient rejection of their attempts to intrude on his. McIlhenny was convinced that he knew more about selling than he did about costs. Torbitt maintained that only a man trained in the science of passing on credits could possibly understand the true art of salesmanship. These two would be fertile sources of originality. There would be no need for Wilbur Haskett to invent, and the conference would also spare him the need of rejecting impossible schemes. He could rely on Mr. Thurlow and the rest to act as balance wheels on excessive enthusiasm.

Suddenly it came to him that by merely centering his intelligence and energy on such evasions he could not only minimize the unpleasant features of his new importance but continue undisturbed in its profits for a considerable period. Of course in the end they would find him out, but in the meantime he would enjoy his increased pay, his improved status in men's sight, with relatively little of the detested business of deciding things for himself. The idea burned happily in him. For once, it seemed, his advantage marched hand in hand with his inclination. He set himself, behind a desk cleared of its litter of perplexing trivialities magnificently transferred to Miss Carston's gratified capability, to devise new means of passing the buck so deftly as to deceive the clumsy eye. For the first time in his experience business presented the aspect of amusement. It was going to be something like a game, he thought—a game which he was predestined to lose in the end, but in the playing of which there was immediate profit and pleasure.

From the outset the conference justified its creators. Wilbur, skulking as unobtrusively as possible in a background of attentive silence, contrived to put his own problems to vote in such fashion as to acquit him of even a deliberative part in their solution. And by abstaining from taking sides he discovered an increasing popularity in which there was a perceptible tinge of respect.

As if in return for his reverential acceptance of Torbitt's views of selling he was invited to express opinions on certain nice questions of credit, and these, when adopted, became Torbitt's responsibilities, not Wilbur's.

"If I were you ——"

The phrase fitted pleasantly on his lips and left him cheerfully free of any share of answerability for what followed. He wasn't Torbitt. What he might or might not have done in the event of an exchange of identities with the credit manager was purely in the field of speculation. He was conscious of an increasing comfort in the situation.

Also even a less percipient eye than his would have observed an improvement in the affairs of the Thurlow Clock Works. The effect of the conferences was swiftly manifest in a smoother coördination between departments. Even Werfer, the thin-skinned Swiss who ruled the factory and who could overawe Thurlow himself by exploding in an effervescent fury when outsiders meddled with his preserves, yielded to the weight of a majority opinion against him. Under pressure he consented to the discontinuance of some of his petted models on which there had ceased to be a visible profit. Under duress thus applied he withdrew his opposition to some of the novelties for which the road men pleaded in every letter.

"We're shaking together," said Thurlow.

He looked younger, Wilbur thought. Twice lately he had taken an afternoon for golf. He dropped a hand on Wilbur's shoulder.

"You've begun well, boy. That conference idea was just what we needed."

Wilbur said nothing. It wasn't necessary to shift the fatherhood of the conference now. It stood too firmly to offer possibilities of reproach.

"But you've only begun." He frowned at the wall. More trouble! "This new spirit is a good thing, but it won't save us. We've got to find something better yet. The other fellows keep right on cutting in. We're losing ground steadily. I'm counting on you to find the way to get back, Haskett."

Wilbur shrugged. Worse and worse! For a moment he wished that he had refused the promotion at the beginning. No sooner did he get himself safely past one ordeal of invention than another was thrust upon him.

"I'm too close to it myself," said Thurlow. "I'm nearsighted, so to speak. I didn't see that conference idea, obvious as it was, till you suggested it. Now you ——"

Wilbur saw light. Just as Mr. Thurlow sought to shift a burden to him, so could he pass it on with the same excuse.

"We're all nearsighted, sir. What we need is an altogether outside view. Why not get it—put the whole thing up to somebody who isn't so close to our everyday problems?"

Thurlow reflected.

"It might help. But who?"

Wilbur meditated.

"Get some good advertising agency to come up and look things over. They ought to have a sort of bird's-eye view, oughtn't they?"

Thurlow stiffened at the word. He detested the whole scheme of publicity, root and branch. A proper self-respect, he maintained, forbade a man from flaunting his name and wares in the public eye like a wayside hawker.

(Continued on Page 79)

I Like It On My Cereal

PURE and wholesome is Carnation Milk and so rich thousands of families use it daily as cream for cereals, on fruits, in coffee and with desserts. Diluted according to directions it fills every milk requirement for cooking and drinking. It is just cows' milk, evaporated to the consistency of cream, then sterilized in hermetically sealed containers. Nothing is taken away but part of the water; nothing is added. Buy this convenient and economical milk from your grocer, the Carnation Milkman. Send for our free cook book containing one hundred tested recipes.

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY, 932 Consumers Building, CHICAGO; 932 Stuart Building, SEATTLE

Carnation Milk

"From Contented Cows"

Sold by Grocers Everywhere

Carnation Milk Products Company
Seattle Chicago Aylmer, Ontario

"I'm Warm — Are You?"

Tub! Scrub! Rub! What fun it is where it's warm, and it's always warm where there's a Westinghouse Electric Cozy Glow.

For those chilly mornings and evenings—for the cool weather of fall and spring, when it's too early for furnace fires—for any time and any place where quick warmth means comfort, you'll find a Cozy Glow just the thing.

The Cozy Glow is light and easily carried. Attach it as you do your electric iron or toaster, and it will give you warmth without waiting.

Stop in today at the sign of the Westinghouse store, where the dealer will be glad to show you a Westinghouse Cozy Glow—or any other Westinghouse appliance.

WESTINGHOUSE
ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO.

Westinghouse

ELECTRIC WARE FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

(Continued from Page 76)

"I'm a manufacturer, not a huckster," he was fond of informing the occasional solicitors who reached his presence.

"Out of the question," he snapped. "When I get down to that level I'll put up the shutters."

"I didn't mean to recommend advertising itself," said Wilbur hastily. "I thought—there are plenty of agencies who are more of sales experts than advertisers. We could hire one of 'em to go over our layout and see if there's anything we can do. It looks sensible to me. They see the inside of dozens of businesses. We only know one."

"There's something in that," said the president thoughtfully. "Yes, it might help. We'll try it, anyway. I'll write—no, you do it."

"Excuse me, sir. But we'll get better service if they feel from the first that they're dealing with the man at the top."

Wilbur ducked and side-stepped without a conscious effort now. He was perfecting his technic with every added day's experience.

"That's true too," Thurlow nodded. "You've got a level head, young fellow—and a pretty hard one too."

Wilbur accepted the tribute modestly. You could certainly get away with it, he informed himself. If you were sufficiently quick about it, the very people to whom you passed the buck would regard it as a favor and a new proof of sagacity.

His experience with the amazingly alert gentleman who presently appeared in behalf of the Marny Agency confirmed this conviction. Mr. Gerrish clearly enjoyed the process of receiving bucks from people who didn't care for them.

"It's refreshing to find a sales manager who doesn't know it all and then some," he confided to Wilbur over an intimate lunch table. "You don't act as if I were up here to put skids under you. You give a fellow a free hand."

"Go as far as you like," said Wilbur cordially. "The blue sky is your limit for all me."

Thus when Mr. Gerrish read his typewritten findings to the assembled conference Wilbur was constrained to blush and wriggle under sundry references to himself and his conduct of his department which were as patently sincere as they were undeserved. The gist of the report was simple:

"You've got a first-class line of goods at fair prices. Your credit policy is liberal and sound. You have a satisfactory system of buying and your cost figures are accurate. Your factory is highly efficient, your labor well treated and contented. I see only one serious defect. You lack anything in the nature of a leader."

Gerrish paused and ran an eye impressively round the group. There were nods of assent. Wilbur reserved judgment. He saw no reason in premature self-committal.

"Every one of your competitors has one or several specialties which they use as entering wedges. The Northern, for instance ——"

They listened to a familiar catalogue, nodding.

"My conclusion is that you can follow this example successfully. I am not a clock man, and my agency has had no close experience in that branch of business, so that I do not venture a suggestion as to the nature of the leader which you might select. That is for you to discover out of your greater and closer knowledge of your field."

Wilbur concealed a grin. Mr. Gerrish, he perceived, had learned a little of his secret. This was passing the buck straight back whence it had started. But he observed that those who received it were artlessly unaware of the fact. Gerrish wound up his address with a diplomatic reference to advertising. If the Thurlow Clock Works evolved a suitable specialty, susceptible of profiting from conservative, reasoned publicity, he and his agency would be happy to go into that question.

He departed in an atmosphere of reluctant approval. Not for nothing had Mr. Gerrish ascertained the prejudices of Thomas Thurlow before beginning his investigations. His careful abstinence from solicitation placed him well up in that gentleman's regard.

The conference, in executive session, confirmed the Gerrish report. The Thurlow Clock Works needed a leader. It remained to fix upon one. Here opinions divagated. There were several tart exchanges between Messrs. Torbitt and Werfer. Thurlow, pouring oil on rising waters, turned to Wilbur.

"Let's hear from the sales department, please."

Wilbur wagged his head.

"We're not ready to talk yet." He spoke impressively, as one who shelters a mighty secret. "I don't believe in jumping at an idea. We can't afford to guess wrong about this."

Even Torbitt admitted the force of this observation.

"I don't like guessing anyway," pursued Wilbur carefully. "And that's what it amounts to—sitting here and choosing a leader. None of us really knows how any clock may affect the public." He felt firmer ground below him. "Before I suggest anything I'm going to test it out—on the people who'd actually buy or refuse to buy the goods. That's slower, but it's a lot safer."

"Perfectly right," said Thomas Thurlow. "We'll adjourn this meeting. Same time to-morrow"—he glanced at Wilbur. "Be ready then?"

"I may," said Wilbur cautiously.

He went out regretting his course. He'd let himself in for it now. When he appeared to-morrow empty-handed they'd see through his shams. Well, it didn't matter very much. A job where a fellow had to be straining his mind with weighty decisions all the time wasn't the place for Wilbur Haskett anyway.

IV

"LET me think," said Cynthia superfluously. Wilbur was patently willing to countenance the process. She drew her distinct eyebrows together. "You don't want to imitate other people of course. You want something distinctive and different and new."

"Yes." Wilbur nodded gravely.

Shifting his immediate problem to Cynthia's acquiescent mind relieved him briefly of its burden, but he was not sanguine of results.

"And yet it mustn't be something—something freakish," she pursued. "You want something with a real value—something that lots of people will want and keep on wanting. Let me think."

She thought visibly for several seconds. Watching her, Wilbur once more revised his opinions of her appearance. She was getting better looking every day, he thought to himself.

"Anything in the way of a fancy clock wouldn't do then," she argued. "Tastes vary too much. What you want is something that almost everybody could use—like an alarm clock, for instance."

"Everybody makes them," he objected. "That's the most crowded field in the business."

"Yes," she nodded, "I see that." Another interval of meditation. "But—but they're all so—so obvious. Even the nice-looking ones are just alarm clocks—you can tell the minute you look at them what they're for."

"Yes."

He smiled tolerantly. A woman's objection! Why shouldn't an alarm clock reveal itself honestly for what it was? After all, it was a utilitarian affair—not a decoration.

She clapped her hands sharply.

"I've got it! I've got it, Wilbur!"

She sprang up, vanished. He heard her feet on the stair. Returning, she showed him a little bureau clock finished in imitation ivory and ornamented with her monogram.

The Thurlow plant turned out thousands like it every year.

"Look here! Why couldn't you make a clock like this with an alarm system in it? Then a girl who likes pretty things on her bureau could use it to wake up by. I ——"

"Alarm clocks are built for men," he objected. "And men don't care for pretty little dewdabs."

"Yes, but women do; and women have to wake up just as often and just as early as men." She nodded with emphasis. "Married women have to wake up earlier," she enlarged from what was evidently an institution in the Graydon family. "And I read somewhere that there are more than five million self-supporting women in the country. They need alarm clocks just as much as men. Why don't you try catering to that field instead of following in other people's footprints?"

Wilbur was impressed.

"It looks possible," he conceded. "I—I'll take it up with the rest of 'em anyway."

He listened absently to her eager amplifications of the idea, his doubts lessening. There was something in it. He knew that the mechanical problem could be solved easily enough. The Thurlow Works already made clocks no larger than Cynthia's with alarm trains compactly stowed in them. They made clocks with much the same style of case and design. Yes, it would be worth while offering the suggestion.

He carried home with him a sensibly deepened impression of Cynthia's attractions. It occurred to him that a man like Wilbur Haskett needed exactly the qualities which Cynthia appeared to possess. Lacking these in his hereditary equipment, it might be practical to acquire them by marriage. He put the thought firmly away. It was bad enough to make up one's mind about petty affairs of everyday importance. He knew himself too well to harbor any illusion that he would ever nerve his vacillating soul to such a mighty decision as the selection of a wife.

He followed his natural bent next morning by a canny preparation of the way for his suggestion. He visited the other departments one by one, broaching Cynthia's idea diplomatically, so that his auditor must be dull indeed if he did not anticipate the climax of the proposal. Torbitt and McIlhenny, and even Werfer himself, were each convinced when Wilbur departed that they had helped to originate his scheme. In the conference, therefore, it appeared as the joint invention—opposition stifled in advance. Wilbur, concealing his own intermediacy as far as possible, breathed easily. It was agreed that the factory should make up some samples, that costs and profits might be determined and a selling price fixed on the basis of these, that the salesmen be consulted with the models already on exhibition. Thomas Thurlow stopped Wilbur in the corridor.

"That was clever, son. Mighty clever. I didn't think you had it in you. Good work!"

Wilbur wriggled uneasily—affected innocence.

"Oh, you can't fool me! I know it was all your notion. None of those fellows is capable of getting an idea like that. But I didn't mean the idea itself. I meant the crafty way you sold 'em on it beforehand. I spotted you this morning making your rounds. You let each of 'em think he'd thought of it first. That's real brains, Haskett. Most men would have wanted all the credit, and we'd have spent the afternoon answering objections. You're a diplomat. That was great—great!"

Wilbur went back to his desk grinning. He would have preferred to avoid the credit, but since it was inevitable, he was entertained by the comedy of Mr. Thurlow's misconstruction. Actually he was being praised for side-stepping the detested initiative, ducking his just responsibilities! It was funny. But the crisis had been once more deferred. It was more than ever like playing a game. He enjoyed playing it, almost forgetting the odious features of his exalted state in his pleasurable concealments.

It was easy enough to keep in the background of later developments. The salesmen unitedly hailed the new clock with relief. The office and factory approved of it no less cordially. There remained only the trade and the public to be persuaded. Wilbur mechanically prepared his own plans for this without any deep confidence. The charming little lady alarm clocks had lifted him safely past a threatening situation, but he hardly hoped that they would accomplish much more than this. Presently no doubt he would face issues which no amount of shiftiness could evade. Then his hollow pretensions would be understood and the just penalty exacted of him. He was still willing that this should happen, though a growing fondness for the material aspects of his estate had the effect of weakening his distaste for its demands and obligations.

He was right. The salesmen reported a puzzling lack of progress. The trade preferred to hold back from new things, they said, with scornful comment on this conservatism subjoined in token of their own fearlessly progressive spirits. A few small orders sifted across Wilbur's desk, lost in the adverse reports. He waited, resigned to disaster but no longer actually hoping for it. It was pleasant to have a little more money than he needed, to wear better clothes, to indulge more liberally in the pastimes which attracted him. He felt that he would regret this prosperity, when he reverted to the penury of his other days. Still it couldn't be helped. He sensed the

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How do You Know?

OF course, Mennen Shaving Cream has been amazingly successful, so that our only real problem for the last two or three years has been to make it fast enough, but just the same there must be a lot of men who still insist our cream can't be any better than the hard soap they have learned to endure. Perhaps you are one of them.

How do you know? How do you know that I am not telling the truth when I say that your first trial with Mennen's will be a wonderful experience? How do you know that your friends are fooling when they plead with you to abandon your belief that bearded ones were born to suffer?

Please try it—just once. Send for one of my 15 cent demonstrator tubes or plunge on a giant size 50 cent tube.

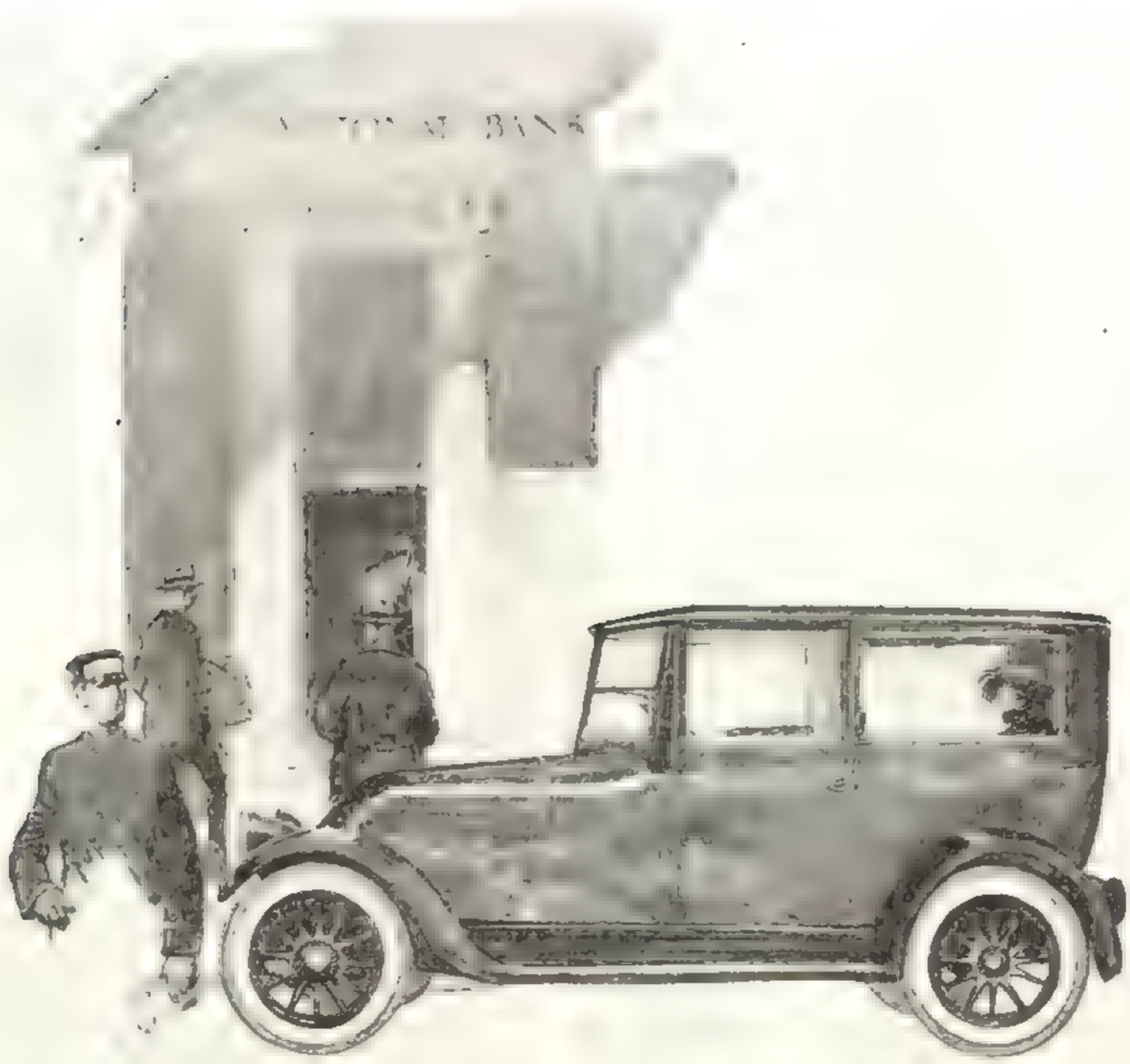
Moisten your face and squeeze a little cream on your drenched brush. Use cold water or hot—it makes no difference. Whip up the lather on the point of your chin and spread gradually. Keep adding water—lots of it. The amount of water has a lot to do with results. Brush in the lather for three minutes. Don't rub it in with fingers. The rest is between you and a well stropped blade.

As your razor gently caresses where it used to punish, let this thought dwell in your mind—it pays to try.

Don't forget that I will mail my demonstrator tube for 15 cents.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



THE FRANKLIN

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
12,500 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation
(National Averages)

MOTOR CAR performance above the average is something that most owners are willing to pay for. With the Franklin you not only get such performance, but get it *at less cost.*

Greater comfort, easier control, fewer annoyances and delays, even in covering greater distances in a day—all this is yours with a Franklin. And yet your gasoline, tire and repair bills are practically *halved.*

Nothing indicates more clearly what motorists think of this combined road-ability and economy than this fact:

1920 will increase the total number of Franklin owners to over 65,000—an increase of more than 22% during the year.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 79)

sword of Damocles above his neck. A mere question of time. He had passed his buck as far as it would go.

"They all say it needs advertising," wrote Walden from Chicago. "Won't touch it unless we sell it for them—the boobs!"

Thomas Thurlow, looking older and more worried than ever, read the report, sitting beside Wilbur's desk. He shook his head.

"I suppose they're right. Times have changed, Haskett. A man has to bang a drum nowadays or nobody pays any attention to him. I'd advertise fast enough if I could."

Wilbur lifted interrogating brows. What prevented Thomas Thurlow from following his own desires?

"The fact is we can't afford it. I—I had a talk with your father and Graydon today. I'd made up my mind to risk a campaign if they'd let me have the money. But they won't. I don't blame them. They've carried a pretty heavy line for us, and the statement looks worse every time I have to show it."

Wilbur clicked sympathetically. This was the sort of thing he might expect if he kept on climbing! Suppose he reached the dizzy level of president some day? It would only mean looking and feeling as Thomas Thurlow did. He shook his head. Not for Wilbur Haskett. Better obscurity with an easy mind than to sit in the seats of the mighty.

"If we could get a few orders without advertising, or advertise without waiting for orders," continued Thurlow, "I honestly believe we'd pull out of the woods. This new clock is a winner. It's an untouched field—millions and millions of women just waiting to be told about it. But it goes round in a circle. We can't sell the clocks without advertising; we can't advertise without money; we can't raise the money unless we can sell the clocks."

Wilbur deftly passed the buck.

"Let's send for Gerrish. Maybe he can think of something."

So Gerrish came back, listened, sympathized.

"What you want is something to show your bank," he declared. "They can't visualize. We'll work out some good copy and design and a sound plan of attack, and then put it up to them again."

Duly the results appeared—beautiful advertisements which made Wilbur Haskett's mouth water and even convinced the lingering prejudices of Thomas Thurlow. They were dignified without being tame, convincing without blatancy, insidious in their appeal to eye and reason alike. Wilbur, against his wish, accompanied Thurlow and Gerrish to the bank.

His father was noncommittal.

Graydon, jingling keys in a trousers pocket, regarded the designs and listened to the projected methods in an obviously divided mood.

"I'd like to do it, Tom," he said at length. "This all looks good—fine. But you know I'm not loaning my own money. I can't take chances here, and we're carrying you now for—well, I don't dare increase your line, and that's the long and short of it."

He jingled the keys again.

"Why don't you put it up to the trade instead of me? Take those ads out and let your customers see 'em. Tell 'em you'll agree to run the advertising if they'll give you an order conditioned on your doing it? Then bring us the orders and we'll put up the money fast enough."

Wilbur, carefully fixing his eyes on the wall, struggled against a grin. Even George Graydon wasn't above slipping out from under troublesome decisions! As an expert in the art and science of passing the buck Wilbur paid tribute to the deftness with which the banker accomplished it here. But to Gerrish and Thurlow this seemed unrevealed.

"There's sense in that," conceded the agency man.

"Sounds so to me," said Thurlow. "We'll try it."

Wilbur repressed a chuckle. He caught his father's eye fixed on him with an unwilling, reluctant pride. His own relief at the new postponement of trouble was deepened as he realized that Martin Haskett was enjoying his son's apparent reformation—was pleased and proud of his semblance of success. It almost made him wish that he wasn't going to be disappointed presently when the truth was exhibited. It laid upon him a new and vexing sense of obligation, of responsibility.

He took comfort in the reflection that his destiny now lay entirely in the hands of others. If the advertising was good, if the salesmen presented it effectively, if the trade manifested a becoming attitude of conviction—in any case it was no longer up to Wilbur Haskett himself.

Experiment proved depressing. The salesmen, armed with advertising samples and data, furnished with conditional-order forms, reported an undiminished resistance.

"They all say they'll stock the new clock if we make a demand for it," was the refrain of the letters. "They won't touch it till they're sure, even on this conditional basis."

Wilbur was depressed without surprise. He accepted this state of affairs as predestined. But he foresaw the effect upon himself with a genuine displeasure. His father wouldn't look at him with that queer glimmer in his eye when he had lost this job. Cynthia wouldn't treat him with her new and exhilarating respect. He wouldn't have a comfortably filled pocket. And he felt a growing compassion for Thomas Thurlow as he observed the president's deepening evidences of discouragement. It must be a hard thing to watch a fine old business go to pot and carry you down with it when you were old.

There were times when Wilbur Haskett heartily wished that he were different—that he could do something better than just passing on the buck. But as he drove his unwilling mind toward the problem his old habit held him fast. It would be easier, safer, wiser, to put this thing up to somebody else.

On impulse he stopped in to talk to Wally Bleistein, a schoolmate now engaged in rejuvenating what had once been a thriving loan establishment and had become under Wally's management a promising young jewelry business.

"What's wrong with you fellows, Wally? Why won't you string along with us and put this new clock across?"

Wally spread his hands in a persistent, ancestral gesture.

"Why should I take a chance? I don't know it's a winner, do I? If it goes across I can easy buy what I want. If it don't, I don't have a case or two of stickers in my storeroom."

This was incontestable. Wilbur was silent.

"I let the other fellow do my gambling," confided Wally. "Me, I wait till I see where the cat jumps—every time."

Wilbur detected the familiar philosophy. It hadn't occurred to him that Wally, the successful, steel-skulled Wally Bleistein, was as given to evading issues as Wilbur Haskett himself.

"You pass the buck, eh?"

"You bet I do! Look at it sensible, Wilbur. I know some about this business, but do I know it all? Not! I make mistakes. Every man makes 'em. But the whole trade don't. When the trade says a certain article is right, then it is right. One head goes wrong, maybe, but ten thousand—*uh*-huh!" He wagged a wise head.

Wilbur pondered this.

"Then if the rest of the trade signed these conditional orders of ours you'd feel safe, eh?"

Wally nodded.

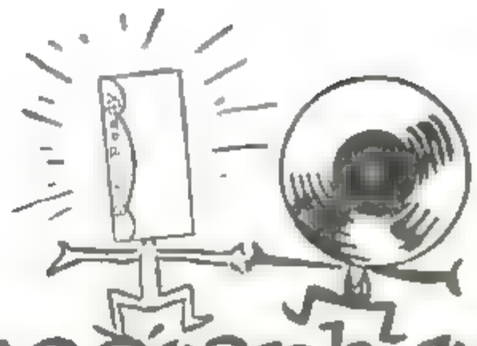
"Safe—yes. But still I wait. Why? Because there ain't any reason for me to put in an order till I see the demand. Why should I tie up? I could wait just as well as not ——"

Wilbur saw the force of this. The trade as typified by Wally Bleistein declined to receive the buck. That was all there was to it. But Wally lowered his voice confidentially and leaned on his counter.

"Suppose now you make it worth my while to order ahead—that's something else again. You give me an inside figger, maybe. Then I sign up—if the rest say it's O.K. Otherwise not."

Wilbur surrounded this idea slowly. He walked back to the office digesting it. Suppose that they recast the prices to allow of a special introductory discount as a reward for those who signed up in advance? That would tempt in even the coy and wary Bleistein, and if Bleistein signed the order his signature would serve to persuade somebody else. "One head goes wrong, maybe, but not ten thousand!" Suppose—suppose—he found himself running down the corridor toward Thurlow's office, the scheme suddenly full-fledged in his brain.

"You see, sir, they're all—all anxious to put it up to somebody else. Let's let 'em do it! We'll just change this order blank



Phonograph *records and* safety razor BLADES

YOU buy a phonograph for the music it will play you, and you buy a safety razor for the shaves it will give you.

How foolish it would be to buy a beautiful phonograph for which you couldn't buy any good *records!*

And how absurd it is to buy a safety razor without stopping to think a lot about what kind of blades it uses. The phonograph record is really the music, and the *blade* is really the shave.

what could be sweeter?

Long after your nobby safety razor frame and your beautiful plush safety razor box have ceased to be novelties, you will realize DAILY that the *blades are the thing.* It's the blades that have to do business with your beard, year in and year out.

This is the great claim to fame of the Ever-Ready Safety Razor—it is the most perfect device possible for holding Ever-Ready Radio blades.

wew licked the world.

It is a remarkable frame, remarkable in balance, in angle, in swing, and in its mechanical simplicity and steadiness—a frame guaranteed for ten years — but, above everything else, remember it as THE RAZOR THAT HOLDS EVER-READY MASTERPIECE *BLADES.*

We sincerely believe that we have absolutely licked the rest of the world on blades. We believe the Ever-Ready blade has the toughest temper and the tenderest touch of any safety razor blade going.

It has an almost unbelievable endurance—a persevering sharpness that will astound you—and yet a smooth sharpness, kind to the most sensitive skin.

Don't buy a safety razor as if it were a piece of jewelry. Buy it for the work it will do. Look to the future. Buy it for the blades it uses and the shaves the blades will give.

Buy an Ever-Ready Safety Razor because it uses Ever-Ready Radio blades.

Ever-Ready Safety Razor outfits, a razor and six blades attractively boxed, are still $1. Sold everywhere.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Makers of the famous Ever-Ready Safety Razors and Ever-Ready Shaving Brushes

Factories:
New York Brooklyn
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"Why don't you use Scotissue Towels — They dry"

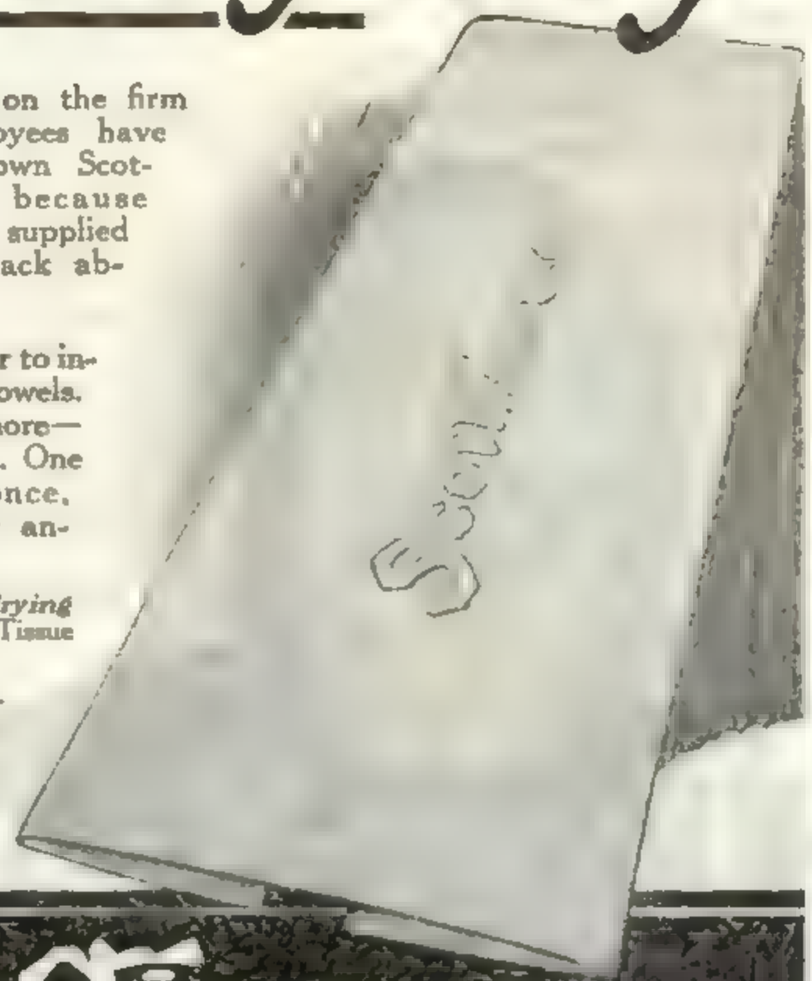
It's a reflection on the firm if women employees have to bring their own Scot-Tissue Towels because the paper towels supplied are harsh and lack absorbency.

How much simpler to install ScotTissue Towels. They cost no more—service considered. One towel, folded once, dries the hands; another the face.

165 square inches of *drying* power in every ScotTissue Towel.

Write on your business letterhead for trial test offer.

For your protection—the name ScotTissue *on every towel.*



Scotissue Towels

Scott Paper Company

CHESTER, PA.

New York Chicago San Francisco

ScotTissue Products for Personal Hygiene

to read that it's conditioned on our selling, say, sixty per cent of our trade—and selling a certain definite number of clocks. If we do that we go ahead and advertise, and the orders are valid. If we don't we don't advertise—don't make the clocks even, and it's all off. That lets every dealer pass the buck to every other one, see? And by offering a special price to those who sign up on that basis we give 'em a reason for not waiting. We could call it a reward for helping us play absolutely safe. It'll work, Mr. Thurlow! I know it'll work! Everybody's a buckpasser at heart! Look at us! We wear the same kind of clothes the other fellow wears; and he's wearing 'em because we do! We read the same books he does—because he does—go to the same shows, buy the same cars, build the same houses—all because we're buckpassers, because we're convinced that the other fellow knows more than we do! Why, when you think of it, every human institution is built on passing the buck—political parties, fashions, architecture—everything. Look at this very problem of ours! We tried to pass it on to Gerrish; he passes it on to the trade and the trade passes it back to us. We put it up to the bank and they hand it along to the trade again. It goes round and round in a circle. But this scheme harnesses us up to it instead of making us fight it. We encourage every customer to slip the buck to every other one. And they'll do it—they'll eat it up, sir!"

Thurlow's face brightened gradually.

"I guess you're right, Haskett. I—I've got a weakness for letting the other fellow do my thinking, myself. That's what I liked about you. You showed me how I could divide up my responsibilities among the lot of you with that conference scheme. How—what made you see all this? I don't see where you got your notion."

Wilbur yielded to an impulse of confession. He leaned forward.

"It's just because I've always been a buckpasser myself," he said. "Only I never realized before to-day that it wasn't a special, private disgrace of my own. I've been trying to get over it." He laughed. "Never again! Why, it's the whole secret of everything!"

"I shouldn't wonder," said Thomas Thurlow. "And while we're at it, I'll indulge myself a little more. Call up Fletcher and get the new order forms under way. Wire the road men to stop quoting the old price till further notice, and do anything else you think of. I'll leave it to you."

Wilbur laughed. Back in his own office he addressed Miss Carston.

"Call up Fletcher's printing shop, please. And send out this wire to the road men."

■

SIMULTANEOUSLY Wilbur Haskett confronted a disturbing realization and a spectacle which made coherent cerebration increasingly difficult. The realization concerned his new philosophy, the doctrine which had rehabilitated the Thurlow Clock Works and lifted Wilbur Haskett himself, with almost the rapidity of a modern elevator, to heights of affluence and importance from which before his enlightenment he would have recoiled in dizzy horror.

For nearly ten months he had regarded it as an all-sufficient system of existence. His faith in it had steadily intensified under a succession of convincing proofs. The secret of achievement, he firmly believed, was to pass the buck as expeditiously and skillfully as one might. And he realized now that he had been mistaken. Sound and broad as was his system, it was not adequate to all problems. It failed here in his greatest need.

The same spectacle which was rapidly rendering him incapable of rational thought was bringing home to him the existence of this problem, impressing him with its imperative need of a solution. He tried weakly to remove his glance so that his attention might concentrate on a question which no one but Wilbur Haskett could answer, but his eyes refused to obey. They clung stubbornly to a silhouette against a young moon peering amiably through swaying masses of leafage; they observed the elusive play of this sifted radiance in soft, alluring hair; they were aware of the white gossamer caress of a frock spun of cobwebs and starbeams. It was impossible to think when such absurd lyric figures of speech crowded into a fellow's mind.

And yet Wilbur knew that he must think. This thing had to be settled. He couldn't keep on putting it off. Every time it became harder to evade. He'd simply got to make up his mind.

Make up his mind! He hated it and all it connoted more than ever, now that he no longer regarded it as an unattainable and Lacedæmonian virtue. Making up your mind was not only unpleasant—it was needless, silly, even harmful. You might so easily make it up wrong!

And a matter of such transcendental import as this one—a decision which would affect and govern a fellow's whole life, stretch out its ramifying consequences into distant generations—he felt himself flushing at the thought, for all the shadows, and resolutely drew away from it. He needn't worry about anyone more remote than himself. That was quite enough of a problem without complicating it. A mistake here and now in the dappling moonlight might wreck all his years beyond repair. It was awful to think of it—to know that alone, unaided, he must choose blindly between veiled futures—risking everything on a mere difference between speech and silence.

And yet it had to be done. He must decide now—this very moment. Either he must commit himself irretrievably to the course which—merely contemplated—thrilled him with an ecstatic agony of hopes and fears, or he must put the idea sternly out of his mind forever. He couldn't go on like this—not another instant. The torture of indecision was worse than the pang of resolution.

While his eyes clung more tightly than ever to the cause of all this inner conflict, his mind, like a trapped, desperate, wild thing, searched frantically for escape from the menacing horns of the dilemma. Always till now there had been a way out of such corners. There must be an escape here—there must be somebody, something, to which this question could be referred. He fingered a coin in his pocket. He might even leave it to the blind arbitrament of head and tail. But he rejected the thought. Chance was even blinder than Wilbur Haskett.

This thing needed intelligence, logic, reason, forevision. If only there were somebody to decide—somebody who knew!

Suddenly light flamed in on him. He laughed at the blindness which had tormented him so long, so needlessly. The system was still unmarred by an exception. Life was still soluble at will by the simple magic of passing the buck! He leaned forward eagerly.

"Cynthia, I want to get your opinion about—about something. What would you think of—of marrying me?"

Right-Posture Boys' Clothes

The *Style* that makes a boy want to hang a sign on himself: "Caution—I'm A Live Wire!"

The *Quality* that makes Mother feel: "Thank Goodness, I'm through buying Son's clothes for a good long time."

The *Economy* that makes Father say: "Leave it to Mother; she can make a dollar work over-time and Sundays."

The 'Right-Posture' Feature is exclusive with Right-Posture Clothes

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Take your boy to the "Right-Posture" dealer during "Right-Posture Week," September 7th to 11th.

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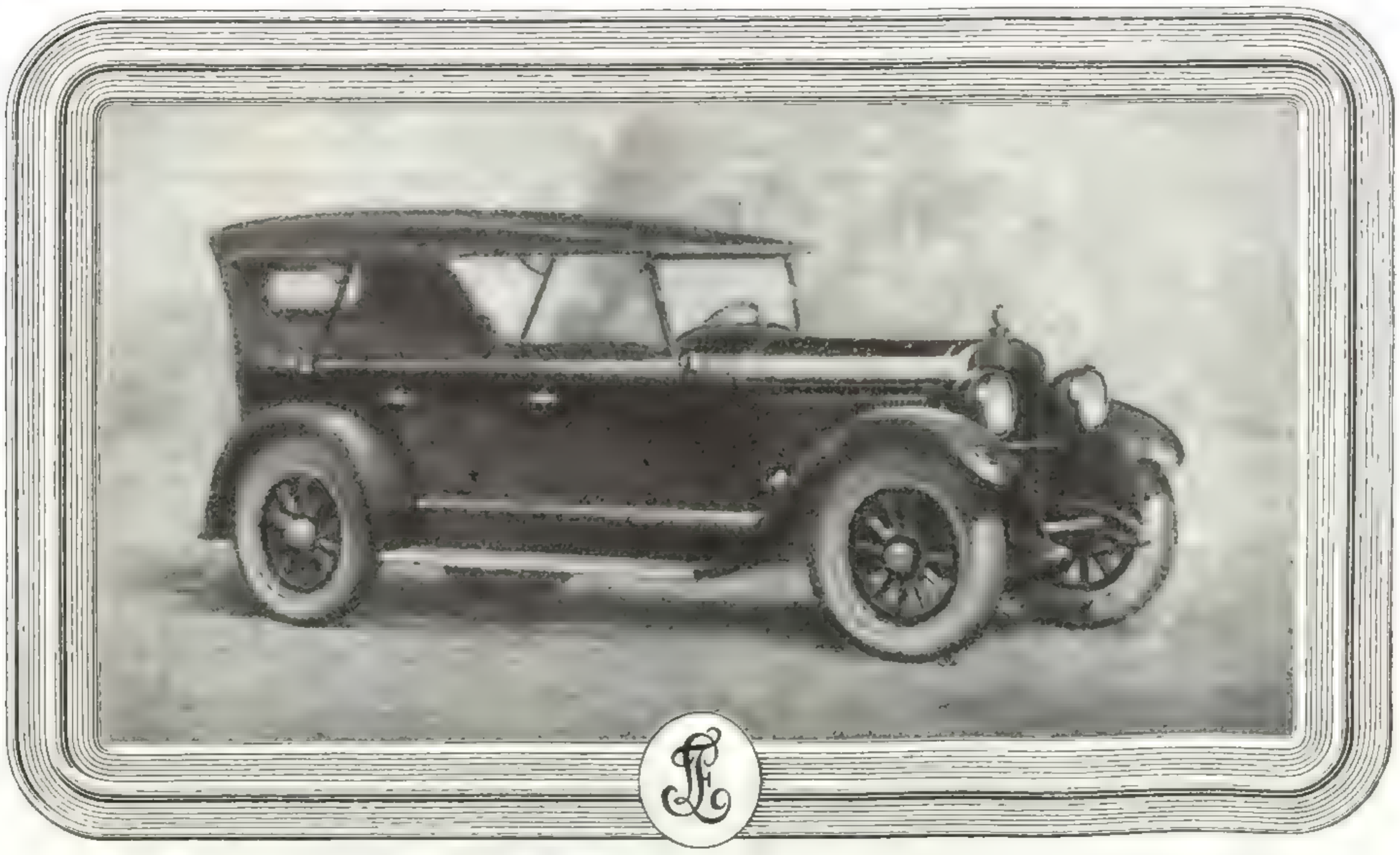

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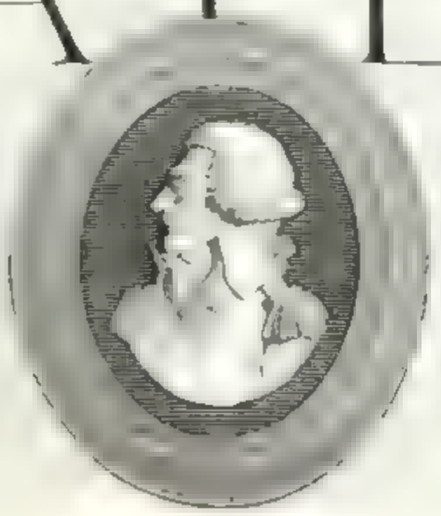
Now you may place your own estimate upon LaFayette.
Automobiles are in the hands of our distributors and are going forth to private ownership.
As you see these cars abroad upon the highways you will have basis for comparing them with others which you admire.
But not until you have actually driven a LaFayette will you have true gauge of its merit.
Then will you understand why we have stressed repeatedly the car's competent engineering.
Once you have taken your place behind the wheel you will sense the practical application of that engineering.
It is very possible the car will find such favor in your eyes that you will wish to own a LaFayette.

LAFAYETTE MOTORS COMPANY at *Mars Hill* INDIANAPOLIS

LAFAYETTE



EVERY LITTLE HELPS

(Continued from Page 9)

farms to the extent of millions of dollars in crops, and it is not a mere one-season benefit either. It is a constructive and semipermanent improvement. Adding more than 80,000 tons of limestone to the fields of fifty-three counties is an achievement that means something substantial to the food output of a state.

Legumes stand second in the list symbolized by the slogan "Give 'em 'l'." Before the counties covered by this survey felt the quickening touch of county-agent activities they had 15,496 acres of alfalfa; now they have 47,533 acres. A gain of more than 32,000 acres in this soil-building, milk-making crop is a gift of riches that only alfalfa growers and users can really appreciate. Then these county agents increased the acreage of soy beans from 3286 to 28,971 and jumped the sweet-clover acreage from 11,145 to 33,015. They added a total of more than 78,000 acres of land in leguminous crops in fifty-three counties.

These same agents, in a single year, brought into these counties the following breeding stock: 189 pure-bred beef bulls, 383 pure-bred beef cows, 224 pure-bred beef dairy bulls, 855 pure-bred beef dairy cows, 372 pure-bred beef boars and 1234 pure-bred beef sows.

The Calf-Club Boys

This is enough to show that they did not let down on the livestock end of their constructive program. They put in enough pure-bred foundation stock to go far toward remaking the livestock industry of that whole region. The question of the intelligent feeding of cattle and swine was not overlooked by these master husbandmen. Only 156 tons of tankage was fed in these counties when the county agents began their task of agricultural reconstruction. Now the farmers of their parishes are feeding more than 20,000 tons; 4864 self-feeders are now in use, where only 350 were used before. This fact indicates that the science of feeding has been established in this territory, and will be reflected in better animals produced at a lower cost because of a balanced ration fed in an economical manner.

While the increase in livestock brought into these counties by the county agents means a great increase of available fertilizer and the immense acreage of legumes introduced implies a vast fund of available nitrogen, these leaders of food production have demonstrated the soundness of their training by introducing a balanced ration for crops as well as for farm animals. At the outset of their labors the farmers in their counties were using only 2113 tons of acid phosphate; now they are putting 18,863 tons into their soil.

All this as the direct result of fifty-three county agents in Kentucky!

Three years ago, before Graves County, Kentucky, was invaded by an agricultural agent, it contained less than ten farmers who were shipping cream. Last year the cream shipped from about 200 farms in that county brought in more than $30,000. This change in dairy production had its start in the pure-bred-dairy-calf clubs established by the county agent as a means of converting the adult farmers to their opportunity in this field. Almost every calf was bought with money loaned by the local bank. Incidentally these boys learned something of business methods when they signed their notes and then paid out on them by bringing to the bank seventy-five per cent of each cream check when the calves reached the age of production.

It must also be remembered that these dairy herds have wrought a great change in the productive capacity of the farms on which they are fed. They have brought clover, alfalfa and a consistent system of soil building. It has been a big constructive work all along the line. Then, too, there has been a corresponding change in the farmers and the farm boys where these herds have been established. The separators have poured out streams of thrift as well as cream. The calf-club boys of Graves County are thrifters. There is scarcely an exception to this rule. What is more important, they are putting their profits and earnings into more animals of the sort that has given them their start; they are enlarging their investment in the kind of property which they understand and with which they know how to profit.

Again, this example of thrift on the part of the boys and girls seldom fails to exert a strong influence upon their fathers. The rather sudden rise of the dairy industry in Graves County, Kentucky, is a monument not only to the constructive influence of the county agent but also to that of the boy and girl who learn that production and thrift are team mates that pull mightily when hooked up in double harness.

Up to the time when a county agricultural agent opened an office in Paducah, McCracken County considered the milk industry as a joke. It had several other thriving fluid industries that were keenly appreciated—but milk!

However, the hopeful and persistent apostle of better food production started a string of pure-bred Holstein calf clubs and got the farm boys going. When the dry spell struck Kentucky a Paducah brewer who had been watching the work of the milk-production missionary astonished his fellow citizens by converting his brewery into a creamery and poultry-feeding station. This change cost him about $60,000, and he freely admits that the basis upon which this investment rests is the pioneer work done by the demonstration man who introduced the dairy-calf clubs and the poultry clubs. This converted brewery now handles about 2000 gallons of whole milk—or its equivalent in cream—a day.

The constructive punch of county-agent work is graphically shown in the change wrought in the assessed valuation of Marshall County. In 1916 its total assessed valuation was $3,500,000.

Then came in a live county agent who said to the tobacco farmers: "If you'd treat your soil with a tenth the care and tenderness that you do the young plants in your seed beds you'd really get some production."

Many scoffed, but some decided to take a chance and try out this newfangled notion of a clover crop and an established order of rotation. Very largely as a result of this work on the part of the county agent the assessed valuation of the county—which is wholly agricultural and contains no large farms—is $6,750,000. The rotation in this county is tobacco, wheat and clover.

The Drawing Event

"I never realized," declared a Kentuckian who has a keen interest in the agricultural progress of his state, "what a hold the county agent had secured on our people until I attended a certain political meeting. Kentuckians, as everybody knows, are strong on politics. They'd rather attend a political meeting than go to a ball game or a fox hunt—and that's saying something!

"Well, I was in this political meeting where a good brand of Kentucky oratory was flowing freely when I noticed that the audience was trickling out the door. In a short time the speaker was talking mainly to empty benches. Of course I had to find out what had the drawing power to empty a political meeting in the state of Henry Clay.

"A corn-judging contest had started in th' cotehouse yard! That was all."

One of the most cheering indications that the race of constructive thinkers is not wholly extinct came to me in the form of a conversation overheard in the lobby of a hotel in a live town not far from St. Louis.

"There's scarcely a chamber of commerce in the country," declared a well-dressed stranger, who was evidently speaking to a local business leader, "which hasn't been beating the wrong trail, working on the theory that the only way in which to build up the prosperity of a city is to pull in industries and add to its population. This theory is almost childishly superficial; it mistakes effect for cause, and is about the shallowest brand of business bunk that has met with common acceptance. On this plan scores of towns have become hospitals for sick industries staggering about on their last legs or being pushed in wheel chairs by local enterprise. The only way to build a city or a town to a stature and strength that will last and will permanently command the respect and pride of its citizenship is to develop the whole region from which it draws its nourishment and support. Anything short of that plan is an attempt to lift one's self by one's own boot straps."

Having long since reached the conclusion that the activities of the typical chamber of

GIRARD

Never gets on your nerves

"As a man thinketh—

so is he." Few people realize the controlling influence of a man's mental mood on his productiveness in every field.

It takes the trained psychologist perhaps to explain just why your enjoyment of your cigar has such a practical effect upon the work you do, but every satisfied smoker recognizes the fact.

When you smoke the mild, full-flavored Girard, the real Havana blend, you know the keen zest of a truly satisfying cigar. And you know at the same time the sense of clear-headed, steady-eyed efficiency, the mental grasp which stays by you at your daily task and which comes only of a well-poised mind and thoroughly contented mood.

Try the Educator size today—a grand, good smoke!

Sold by progressive dealers everywhere.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf

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commerce or commercial association could be fairly described as factory snatching and that the measure of a city's success was the efficiency with which it served its community instead of the number of its stores, plants and population, I hailed this heretical declaration with joy.

"Who are those two men?" I asked the hotel clerk.

"The tall one," he replied, "is the president of our biggest bank; the stranger who is giving him an earful is a missionary from the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce. He's going to talk to-night to the business men and farmers. He sure is some live wire! His name's Carl J. Baer. I'll say he's a bear, too, if you ask me!"

"A missionary from a chamber of commerce," I mused. "And talking a doctrine that would throw any ordinary booster club into cramps!"

An hour later I extracted from this interesting industrial heretic the story of how he came to acquire his strange convictions as to community building. He was in the lumber business in Arkansas when the European powers went to war and suddenly stopped buying American cotton. This blow brought a sudden conference at Little Rock of the leaders of business throughout the state. At this meeting it was figured that the drop in cotton from twelve and a half cents to five and a half cents had cost the state about $100,000,000 in a night. It was decidedly a dark night for Arkansas. That state had put about ninety per cent of its financial eggs in the cotton basket, and the bottom had been knocked plumb out of it.

How Arkansas Solved Her Problem

The bankers attending that solemn gathering said: "This state is bankrupt. The people must buy their food, because they haven't raised it. They've raised cotton and we've financed that crop. Now that cotton has dropped way below the cost of production, the notes we're carrying are relatively worthless. Besides, the farmers must have more money in order to buy food and the necessities of life. We can't finance them to do this. The money for this must be brought in from the outside somehow, but heaven knows how!"

From the figures placed on the table at this and later conferences it appeared that Arkansas had spent about $83,000,000 for necessities imported from other states—$25,000,000 for meats, $23,000,000 for canned foods and $35,000,000 for corn, oats, hay, mill feeds and mules.

Looking up from these figures, Mr. Baer remarked that it appeared to be high time for Arkansas to feed herself. Also he ventured the opinion that the situation seemed to point to the moral that it was unsafe and poor business for the banker, the merchant and the business man of any kind to consider only his own immediate advantage; that the interests of one tied into the interests of all and that the most intelligent form of selfishness was that which took into account the interests of all.

Under ordinary circumstances this might have sounded like a Sunday-school platitude, but in the situation which they faced it had more the sound of a revelation. He told the bankers that they were largely responsible for the situation. They had found cotton the handiest crop to finance and consequently had made that the basis of backing the farmer. Beyond that they had given the farmer and his problems little thought. Consequently the farmers had followed suit and put their whole future on cotton.

"If this state," he told the conference, "pulls out of the hole it will be because the banker, the merchant and the business man are brought to understand their dependence upon the farmer and because they do some straight thinking about the farmer's problems and their relation to them. Our first job is to see that Arkansas is geared to feed herself."

This view was adopted by the conference, and the task of showing the farmer the way out was entered upon in a systematic and state-wide way.

In the fifty counties of the state in which meetings were held it was the usual thing for the banker to rise and admit: "We've got you into this hole by making cotton the basis of our crop loans and not caring whether you raised anything else or not. We didn't look beyond the loan; we couldn't see anything but cotton, because that was the most convenient security in which we could operate. Naturally that drove you into expanding your cotton acreage to the exclusion of everything else. Now, with the bottom out of the cotton basket, we find all your eggs and ours, too, smashed into one grand mess. You were crowded into the practice of importing nearly all your food and other necessities from other states. We are here to acknowledge our mistake, to urge you to take steps to grow the crops that will enable Arkansas to feed herself, and we are here to back you to the limit in making that change."

The merchants and other business men of the towns and cities went out into the country districts, ate their share of crow and did their part in correcting the great one-crop, self-centered mistake. A year later an inventory was taken which indicated that Arkansas had produced $83,000,000 worth of foodstuffs more than it had raised the year before—and the largest cotton crop in the history of the state.

Carl Baer was at the center of this campaign and directed its movements. Ten private telephone wires focused on his desk and reached every sector of the battle line. In that battle to lift the state out of the starvation class he learned the rudiments of the big job of bringing city and country together and making them pull in double harness.

Then he was called to Memphis to do much the same work for that city and in a large measure for the whole state. Here he developed the idea that a production department is an essential of any sound and efficient chamber of commerce and that the heavy end of that department must be the farmer. Here he worked on the principle that no intelligent man will start a business without an inventory as a base line for figuring gain or loss at the end of the year. An agricultural inventory was taken, and a year later the farmers were shown the immense progress they had made in profits and in raising their own foodstuffs and feedstuffs.

Finally Mr. Baer found himself in St. Louis at the head of the production department of the chamber of commerce. Largely as a result of his work, it is a safe bet that there is not another city of its size in America whose business men are closer to the men on the farms and in the towns of the territory from which it draws trade and support than St. Louis. Chamber-of-commerce work there has left the notion that factory snatching is the great thing in city building a long way behind.

The Wheel of Progress

"At the risk," said Mr. Baer, "of being accused of having wheels, let me compare any city, any community—or the whole nation, for that matter—with a wheel, of which the people in that community are the rim. Solid wheels are becoming fashionable these days, so let's assume that this wheel has segments instead of spokes. The names of these segments are production, industry, transportation, commerce and civics. These are the five things that must be considered in building a community.

"Take the segment which I call production. It includes everything in the way of securing raw materials for the use of man—farming, mining, forestry and fisheries. Of course farming outranks all the other elements. It has been determined by responsible statisticians that seventy cents of every dollar in this country comes from the farm. Another way of saying it is that agriculture furnishes seventy per cent of the nation's efficiency. About forty-five per cent of our population is agricultural. Agriculture is America's greatest industry, and yet the average city business man gives it only an incidental consideration. When business as a whole depends to the extent of seventy per cent upon agriculture for its support, it is plain that the business man who doesn't make a consistent attempt to understand the economic problems of agriculture, and of those engaged in it, is not a good business man.

"Now consider the second segment in our wheel of progress, as I call it—that of industry—the converting of raw materials into finished products. The amount of capital invested in industry doesn't compare with that invested in agriculture. In fact our agricultural investment is greater than that of manufacturing and railroads combined. On the other hand, we discover that wages are two to five times greater in industry than in agriculture and that the living conditions offered by industry are immensely more alluring to the average man than those offered by agriculture.

"This means that the men in industry, commerce, transportation and the professions are sapping the strength of their main support, agriculture, and that if they do not wake up and see to it that agriculture gets more nourishment, more practical encouragement and a squarer deal, they are going to kill the goose that lays the golden egg. Not until you have tackled the job of trying to get the business men of a city to understand the elemental importance of agriculture, and their dependence upon it, can you realize how vague and general are the ideas of the city man on this subject. I've been through that mill and I know.

"Of course the big thing to be achieved is to secure a proper balance among all the divisions of human activity—production, industry, commerce, transportation and civics; to see that those engaged in each of these lines have an equal chance for development and an equitable share of the rewards for effort. Perhaps this sounds rather theoretical, but really it is intensely practical. If there is a real economist in this country who doesn't hold that men engaged in the production of raw materials, and especially the men in agriculture, are getting smaller proportionate rewards than those in industry, commerce, transportation and professional life, he is yet to be heard from."

Practical Help for Farmers

"Right here is the reason why every chamber of commerce in the United States should have a production department in charge of an able man; why every man in business and professional life should touch elbows with the farmer and get intimately acquainted with him; why the farm bureau should be given a front seat in the chamber of commerce and its membership be represented in the executive committee of that organization. It is the reason why the old traditional line between city and country should be abolished and why every American city which is looking for growth and progress should pay a lot more attention to helping the country about it to grow and prosper than it does to getting more factories and swelling its population by forced feeding and artificial means.

"This can't be done by handing the farmers a lot of bunk. They've had too much of that already. They're gun shy as to smooth talk from city folks. What they want is to have their problems understood by the men in industry and commerce and transportation and then to have some practical help in solving those problems.

"For example, our production department here has sent as high as 5000 men in a season into the harvest fields to help meet the shortage of harvest help. We made a canvass of the industries of St. Louis and signed up the men who wanted to have a little change from their work and get some country air and some country food. Our effort was to pick men who had lived and worked on farms in their youth and were not without some experience in harvesting.

"In any effort to help farmers by sending them labor from the city common sense must be used in selection to the end that the supposed help may not prove a hindrance instead. Of course we find farmers who are unreasonable and who regard the fact that a hand comes from a city or a factory as conclusive evidence that he is useless on a farm. To overcome this prejudice is a part of the job. In fact it is just about as important a part of this work to get the farmer to understand the city man and his problems as it is to get the city man to understand the farmer.

"If you want another example of the practical service that the production department of a chamber of commerce can give to the farmer in his tributary territory, take the matter of transportation, of the shipment of livestock. Our department does a lot of work of this character. It often happens that the chamber of commerce located at a transportation center can untangle a shipping snarl for a farmer or a farming community out in the state where they would be helpless to get results.

"Again, consider the matter of marketing the products of the farm. Here is where a live chamber-of-commerce production department can give real service. In the first place that department should know something of the farmer's production costs. If the farmers, for example, upon whom the city depends for its supply of fresh milk ask for a certain increase in price, the manager of the production bureau of the chamber should know if the advance asked is a reasonable one. If it is, the chamber should see to it that the city consumers are made to understand that fact.

"It has more than once happened that the dairy farmers were not getting a fair and living price for their milk because the distributors were getting too much or because the system of distribution and delivery was wasteful and overlapping. A situation of that sort is a distinct opportunity for the chamber-of-commerce production department to score and not permit the greed of the milk distributors to work an injustice to both the country producer and the city consumer.

"When it comes right down to brass tacks, cities and towns should be rated as successful, not on their population, their bank clearings or the number or size of their industries, but on the degree of efficiency with which they serve all the people in their natural territory. I know a city which ten years ago had a population of 53,000, with fourteen banks. The people who borrowed money from those banks paid eight to twelve per cent interest as a rule. Frequently fourteen to twenty per cent was paid when money was tight.

"To-day that city has only eight banks and the average interest rate secured on their loans is close to seven per cent—a trifle below that, I understand. Meantime that city has nearly doubled its population. The reason for its growth, I think, is that its business men have done excellent teamwork to the end of making it a better, fairer and more efficient place in which to do business and have given attention to the upbuilding of the country round about from which its substantial support must come."

W. Frank Carter, president of the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce, believes that the production bureau should be a part of every important chamber of commerce in America and that its mission is a highly constructive one.

Building From the Bottom

"You can sum it all up by saying that one production department or development-service bureau is the most important piece of work the business men of St. Louis have ever put over. It's a builder, and it builds at the bottom, at the foundation, and builds solidly. We have had hundreds of letters of appreciation from the farmers and country business men in the big territory from which our city draws its trade, but not one word of complaint or criticism.

"In other words, the plan works. It's practical. It pans out in results. In the year in which it has been in operation the business men of this city have made immense advances in their understanding of the problems of the other fellow. Manufacturers have come into a clearer knowledge of their relation to the farmer, to the storekeeper and to the professional man. So with the storekeepers, the transportation men and the members of the professions. But the big point of progress has been made in establishing a better working understanding between the business men of St. Louis and the farmers and business men out in the country—in Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi and Iowa.

"I am firm in the belief that there is not another region in which you will find quite so close a relationship between the people of the country and the business men of their metropolis as exists between the folks throughout our trade territory and the business men of St. Louis. Of course it has taken much preliminary foundation work to establish this basis of understanding. Our speakers have talked with more than 200,000 persons in Missouri and adjacent states. There has been a consistent campaign of getting acquainted all along the line. We have gone to the territory round us—to the farmers, merchants, bankers, manufacturers and lawyers of the region round about here—for facts and ideas.

"The only message we have carried is that we've been living altogether too much to ourselves and thinking too narrowly of our own interests and that this practice is not only poor citizenship but poor business. Going back to Mr. Baer's symbol of the wheel, we have been making an honest effort to give all five of its segments a chance for equal development, realizing that when one segment becomes over developed and another underdeveloped the whole must suffer and perhaps collapse."

(Continued on Page 89)

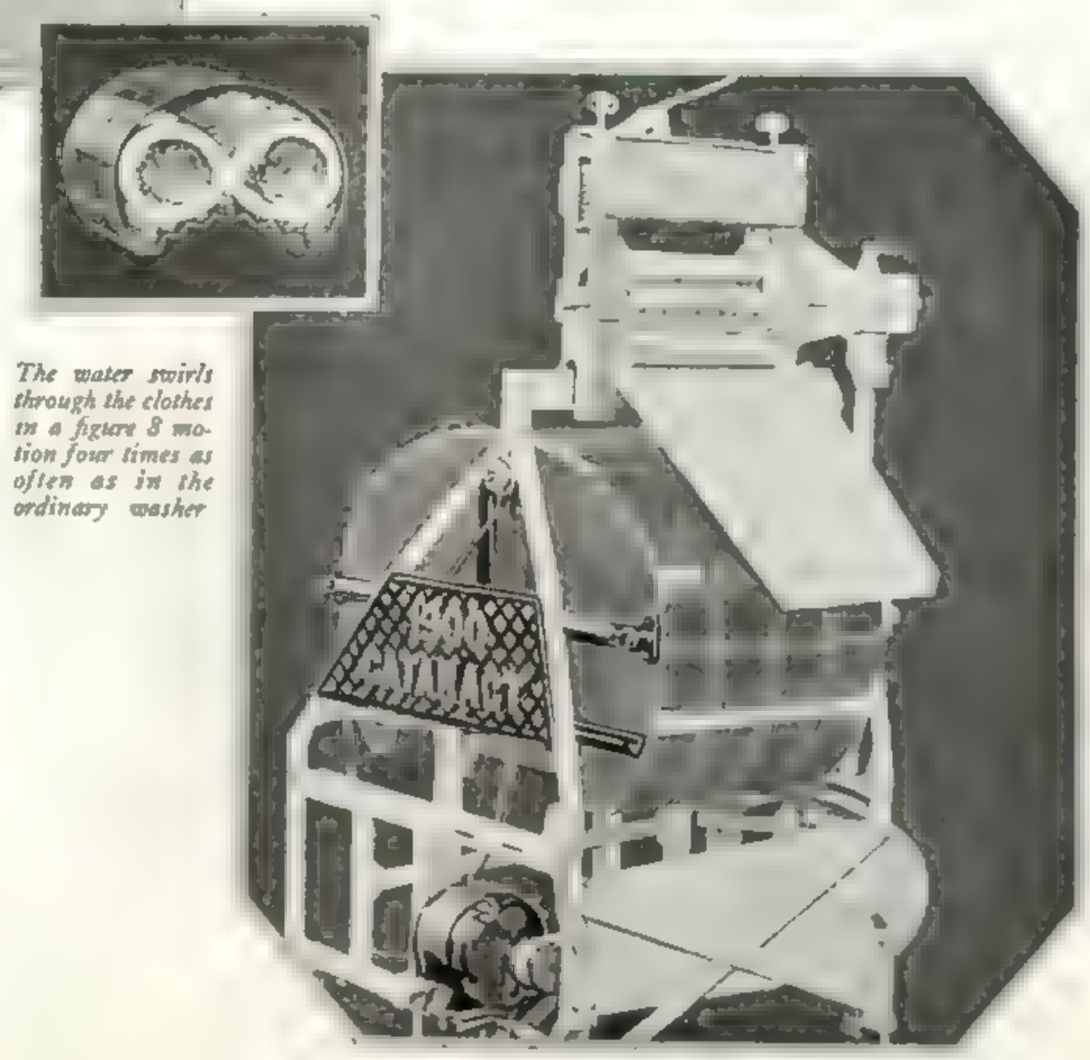
Home from the summer vacation! Up go shades! Shutters are flung wide open, and the welcoming light comes streaming in. But alas, covers are dusty, and curtains have become soiled. Then when suit cases and trunks are opened, out come tumbling soiled little rompers and smocks, and mussed white skirts and blouses. So much that needs washing!

But the Woman-Who-Is-Wise bundles all the soiled things together and carries them to the basement. There stands her 1900 Cataract Electric Washer with its gleaming copper tub, and silvery gray trimmings, silent and ready to receive those clothes and make them spotless and crisp as new.

Into the smoothly lined tub they go, and swiftly, purposefully the tub rocks back and forth, sending the soapy cleansing water through the clothes in the magic figure 8 movement, which forces that water through them four times as often as in the ordinary washer. Thus the clothes are washed rapidly and thoroughly by this wonderful figure 8 motion, which is an *exclusive* feature of the 1900.

Then through the wringer they go, which also works electrically, and which can be shifted from the washer clear over to the clothes basket without the need of one extra step. Never any tears in fine undergarments, never any buttons snatched off! For there is not a single part in the tub to catch the clothes and cause wear and tear. Nothing to lift out and clean after the wash is finished!

The 1900 Cataract costs less than 2c an hour to operate, and washes the clothes in 8 to 10 minutes.

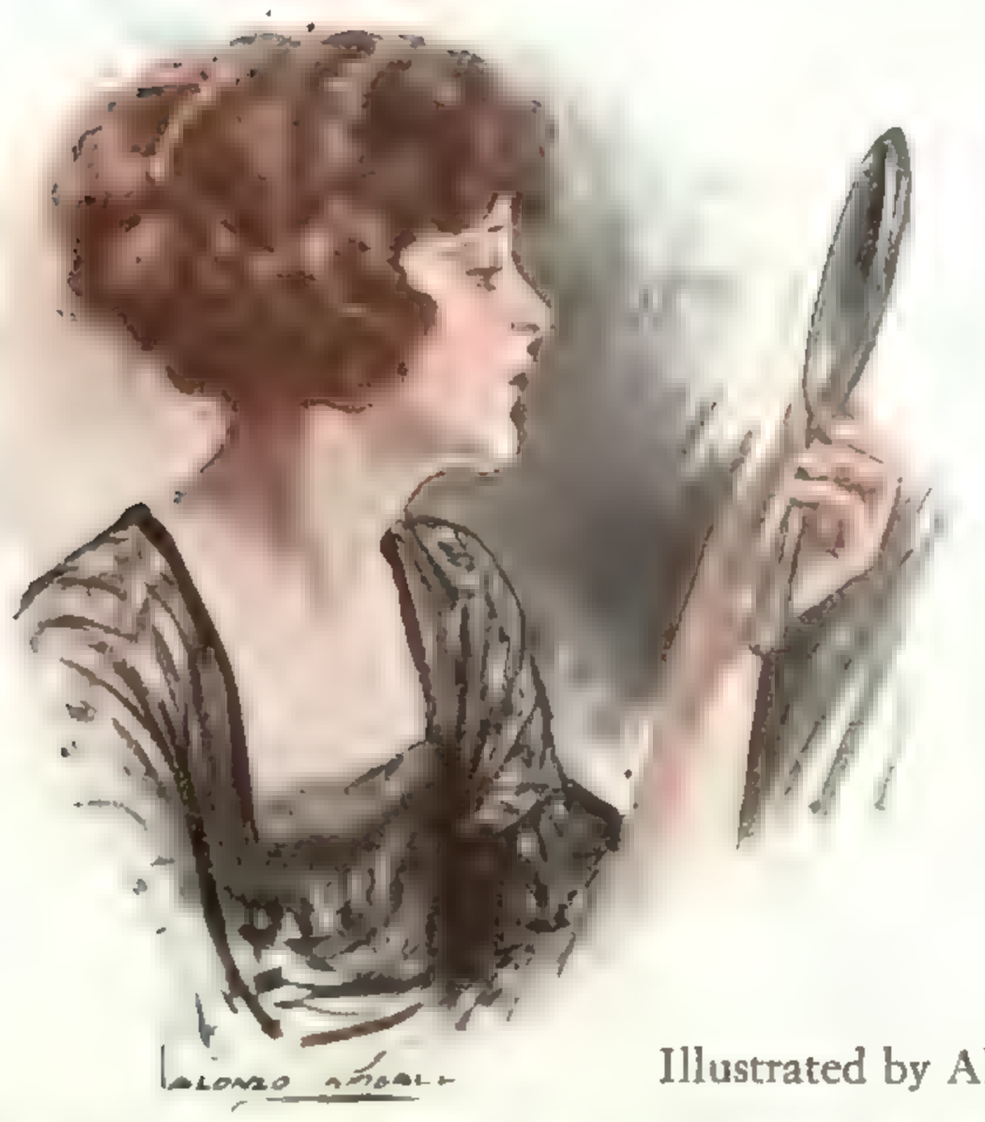


The water swirls through the clothes in a figure 8 motion four times as often as in the ordinary washer

1900 CATARACT WASHER

1900 WASHER COMPANY, 203 Clinton St., Binghamton, N. Y.
Canadian Factory and Office, Canadian 1900 Washer Company, 357 Yonge St., Toronto

Write for a copy of the book "George Brinton's Wife". It is an interesting story with some interesting truths.



How to Shampoo Your Hair Properly

Why the Beauty of Your Hair Depends on the Care You Give It

Illustrated by Alonzo Kimball

THE care you give your hair makes all the difference in the world in its appearance. Proper shampooing is the most important factor. It brings out all the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful; but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it's because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, fresh looking, soft and silky.

It is a very easy matter to keep your hair looking beautiful when you use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often it is used.

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then, apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

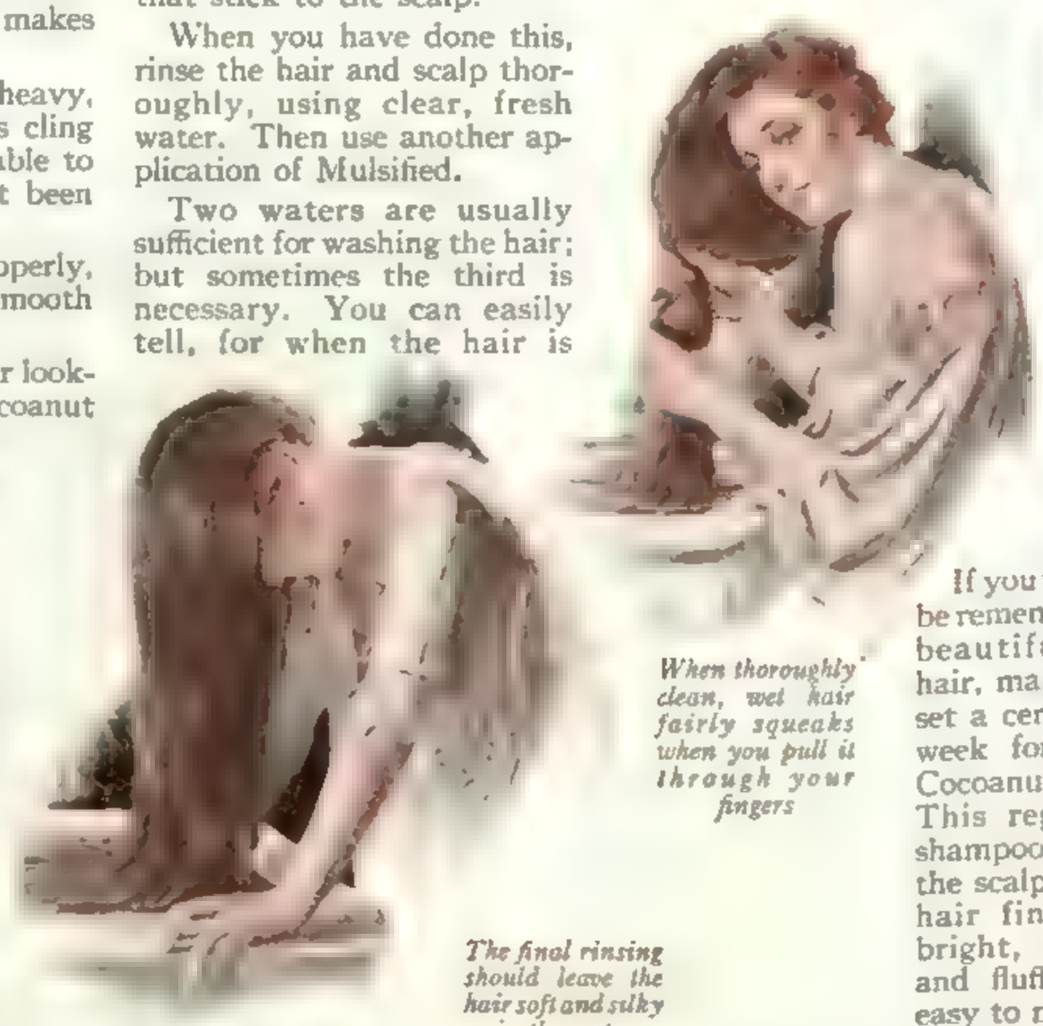
Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips

Rub the Lather In Thoroughly

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary. You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.



When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers

The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; and finish by rubbing it with a turkish towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then, give it a good brushing.

When the hair is dry always give it a good thorough brushing

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
REG U S PAT OFF
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Copyright 1920
The R L W Co

(Continued from Page 86)

One of the strong features of the development bureau's work is getting the facts. For example, it has taken an inventory of the resources of the state, county by county, as to forty-one principal forms of wealth. As there are 114 counties in the state, this has been a man's job.

A leading business man declares: "I thought I knew Missouri and was proud of her before this job was done. But when I study the figures of this state-wide inventory I am amazed at my former ignorance of what I had to be proud of. And think what a help that survey is in planning business, placing local newspaper advertising and controlling credits!"

Any business man who has become a little tired and skeptical of booster-club methods in town and city building and has about concluded that whooping up the old home town is rather a thankless task and that the only thing to do is to sit tight and let Nature take its course will find it mighty cheering to visit the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce and recharge the batteries of his enthusiasm with the new stuff that Carl Baer, the dynamo of the plant, is generating.

Educational effort to the end of protecting production and promoting contentment and progress on the part of workers is by no means confined to the associations or other industrial organizations. Some of the most remarkable and cheering examples of constructive effort in this line are furnished by individual firms and corporations.

The line of education given the workers in a certain industrial plant in the Middle West is well calculated to give the average manufacturer a severe case of heart palpitation, for it spreads the vital statistics of company affairs on the board with an unsparing hand and reduces to graphic charts the house secrets of costs, production, labor, turnover, trade and plant expansion and profits with appalling frankness. If there are any skeletons in the closets of this corporate family that have not been dragged out into the daylight of discussion, they are certainly adroitly concealed, for all the ordinary ones appear to be present and accounted for in the materials put before the workers for their consideration.

This plan of lifting the lid from company affairs and letting the employees into the secrets of the concern has been in operation and in evolution for about five years. The management is well pleased with the results. Since this policy of educating its workers in the intimate affairs of the corporation has been in force it has never had a strike or a serious difference with its employees, and it is willing to show its hand to the public as well as to its employees. For example, here is its production for a period of ten years, with all the makings for an analysis needed for a very complete answer to the questions: What production is the average worker delivering to-day as compared with any other year of the last decade? And what share is he getting?

YEAR	FACTORY VALUE OF PRODUCT	AVERAGE VALUE A MAN	AVERAGE NUMBER OF MEN	AVERAGE WAGE EARNINGS BASED ON FIFTY-ONE WEEKS WORK	TOTAL WAGES
1910	$ 3,836,290	$ 3578 63	1072	$14 04	$ 767,406
1911	5,097,523	3542 33	1419	12 82	927,0 86
1912	6,739,756	3689 17	1872	13 53	1,278,426
1913	6,795,196	3479 87	1904	13 45	1,347 004
1914	9,023,172	4097 72	2202	15 03	1 088,467
1915	21,040,078	5598 72	3758	16 51	3,163,857
1916	17,053,311	4722 66	3611	17 34	3 180,921
1917	22,448,927	5171 53	4341	20 94	4 667,105
1918	30 152 748	6389 01	4844	27 07	6,688,051
1919	35,252,477	6490 98	5468	31 75	8,849 022

The labor turnover layout, however, is the exhibit to which the visiting employer looks to get a line on the power of this policy to hold its men. In this particular industrial district for 1918 the labor turnover was close to 300 per cent; in this company it was sixty-three per cent, of which nearly nine per cent of the quits were army enlistments. The turnover for 1919 was twenty-four and a half per cent. The annual percentages are figured by dividing the average number of employees for the year by the total number of separations, regardless of their cause. The entire showing as to turnover was posted on the bulletin boards in the men's locker rooms.

If the scheme under which this company is handling its relations with its employees is purely educational, as an official of the corporation has declared, then this industry is certainly writing a new definition of education; and it is putting it in pay-roll terms that carry direct responsibility on the part of the company. A striking feature of this novel educational policy is found in the fact that it was started before the beginning of the World War—back in the quiet days of 1914. But the outbreak of the great struggle crystallized the ideas of the leaders of this company into definite form as to certain principles at the bottom of employment relations.

For one thing, these men saw that labor was no longer to be considered as a commodity to be bought as cheaply and sold as dearly as the law of supply and demand might permit. These men who dictated the policies of this corporation decided to base their hiring and firing and paying on the principle that the worker is entitled to a compensation that will give him a decent living and a firm assurance in his heart for the future. This was taking a rather broad stand, considering the fact that the standard of living referred to was admittedly that becoming to a self-respecting American citizen. There was no side-stepping on that score.

Nor was there any disposition to dodge the issue that this policy placed the company on the footing of trying to square the pay roll—not to speak of its output and its profits—by the laws of sound economics. If there was in America a busier or a more serious school of economic research than that conducted in the offices of this company, the fact has not been made apparent to those in a position to know. When a group of men have pledged themselves to back their findings in the field of business economics with their money and their industrial reputation they are likely to become serious—rather!

Trusting the Workers

The management of this corporation simmered its researches into the conclusion that there would be, for the period of the war and probably some years thereafter, a reasonably steady increase in the cost of living and that the only thing to do under their new profession of industrial faith was to provide for an increasing wage scale that would at least keep pace with living costs.

This scheme was not made a secret of the management. Instead it was drilled into the workers as diligently as if it were a new process for turning raw materials into motor trucks at a reduced cost. The management had acquired the conviction that its employees would work better and stick longer if they knew that the company had pledged itself to a definite plan which provided for their future and their protection against an increase in the cost of living. Also the heads of the company were of the opinion that the better the workers understood the principles upon which this plan was based the more would it appeal to them.

This involved the future decision that this instruction should deal with figures and conditions having direct and vital application to the well-being of the workers; in other words, that the company would put all its cards on the table and let its employees know precisely where the company was in relation to themselves, its patrons, its creditors, its management and its profits.

"Of course," says a high official of the corporation, "this was a decidedly radical stand. It could be safely taken on one basis only—confidence that the workers are fundamentally square and will react by meeting confidence with confidence. We believed that the typical worker would yield this reaction, especially when shown that his interests and those of the owners and the management were really mutual.

"The opposite policy of keeping all company affairs secret from the workers had been tried out to a finish from the beginning of corporations, and the finish appeared to us most unsatisfactory. Among the workers it had developed the policy of fighting the devil with fire until the industrial world had become a scene of almost universal conflict. It appeared to us high time to stake our future on a policy of open-faced confidence and a square deal, with nothing held out. There are plenty of employers who consider it a well-nigh fatal mistake to let their employees, especially their shop workers, know when they have closed a big contract. To do so, in their opinion, is to send out an invitation reading, 'This is the time to strike for higher pay.' In a plant operated on the old theory that labor is as much a commodity as raw material that sense of caution is likely to be justified. If there is any safe halfway house between entire concealment of company affairs from employees and utter frankness—backed by unremitting education—I have failed to find it. Mutual confidence between employees and management cannot be complete or anything approaching it without complete frankness. And mutual confidence is the basis on which our policy rests. That's all there is to it.

"We started out to deserve and secure the confidence of our men. There are many indications that we have got it. One is that our labor turnover is phenomenally small. Then we have had no demands and no labor troubles. Again, our production, figured from any angle you choose, is decidedly satisfactory to the company. Finally, we can scarcely make a beginning at hiring all the men—the first-class men—who want to find employment with us. These facts seem to tell the story.

"But let me make the point that a thorough educational program is a necessity to any company that decides to adopt the all-cards-on-the-table policy with its men. If you call it a safety-first measure you'll not be far out of the way. The employer who proposes to show his workers all the vital statistics of his business needs to be sure that they are understood and also that the reasons for them are equally plain. Just to expose the important figures and let it go at that is not enough—far from it.

"The average shop worker is neither a financier nor an expert accountant. His knowledge of the principles of business management is naturally limited. For example, he should be taught that a management must put aside a reasonable sum to meet emergencies and take care of expansion; that it must maintain its plant and equipment in prime condition or suffer for a failure to do so. In other words, to expose to an employee the exact condition of the company and all its affairs without teaching that worker to understand not only the statements themselves but also the elemental principles of business economy back of them is not only a futile but perhaps a dangerous thing.

"In this connection it should be said that the quickness with which our employees grasp the foundation principles of business economics is remarkable. If they were taught in an abstract way the men would not get them nearly so quickly. When a worker is shown a set of figures or a chart involving the conditions upon which his own income is based and the security of his position depends his wits become sharpened and his interest quickened to an extent which enables him to get a practical grasp on the subject. Our experience is that the average worker can be taught sound economics when the principles are applied concretely to his wages and the affairs of the company upon whose success these matters depend."

One of the big subjects with which the workers and the educational drive of this company has dealt and is still dealing is the relation of wages to the cost of living. Basing the dollar as worth 100 cents, the decrease in value in its district as follows:

1914	$1.00	1917	$0.72
1915	.90	1918	.55
1916	.86	1919	.50

And these later estimates have been confirmed by government and other reports. The base wages of employees have been kept consistent with the dollar value.

One notable feature of this constant educational pressure is that it keeps the minds of the men constantly on the problems of production. According to officials, the workers are studying and discussing production with surprising earnestness and intelligence. The result is that the men upon whose toil the volume of production in this plant depends are the best missionaries of sound production doctrines and when they spot a worker who is saturated with heretical theories on this score they turn on the light until he is forced to see his responsibilities to production in the light of common sense.

The
ANSONIA
NEW YORK
Broadway at 73RD Street
In the Riverside Residential Section
One of the Great Hotels
Under the direction of
JOHN McE. BOWMAN, Pres

EDWARD M. TIERNEY
VICE-PRES. & MANAGING DIRECTOR

The Ansonia holds a unique place among New York hotels. With its 18 stories and 1410 rooms, it is the fourth largest hotel building in New York. It offers the charm of beautiful interiors and the ease of sumptuous appointments for both transient and permanent guests. For the latter, apartments of from three to twelve rooms—furnished luxuriously or unfurnished. And everywhere hospitable will and action add the human touch of individual personal service.

The Riverside Residential Section is quiet and beautiful; yet just a few minutes from theatres, clubs, libraries, music and art exhibitions, and shopping centers. One block from subway to Pennsylvania Station, the Grand Central Terminal, or more distant parts of the city. Fifth Avenue busses pass the Ansonia entrance.

The Great Pershing Square Hotels, New York, also under Mr. Bowman's direction —

The Biltmore
Adjoins the Grand Central Terminal

Hotel Commodore Geo W Sweeney Vice Pres
Grand Central Terminal
"Get off the Train and Turn to the Left"

The Belmont James Woods Vice-Pres
Opposite Grand Central Terminal

Murray Hill Hotel James Woods Vice Pres
A Short Block from the Station

PERSHING SQUARE HOTELS
NEW YORK

True Shape SOCKS

ARE you one of the thousands of men who know the comfort, economy and style of *TRUE SHAPE* Socks? And here is the explanation of *TRUE SHAPE* popularity:

(1) More silk than is usually thought necessary to put into a sock and the best that money can buy.

(2) Double duty toe, heel and sole knit full size for long wear and lasting comfort.

(3) Ankle sturdily built and shapely too.

TRUE SHAPE Socks are made for the man who cares about appearance as well as for the man who must think about cost.

Be good to your feet and your pocketbook. Ask for *TRUE SHAPE* No.152.

Wherever you are, you'll be sure of hosiery satisfaction if you insist on the TRUE SHAPE diamond on each pair.

TRUE SHAPE Hosiery is also made for women and children. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct.

TRUE SHAPE HOSIERY COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

The strict censoring of all quits is regarded as an important feature of this company's policy. Virtually any employee finds it just as hard to get off the pay roll of this concern as he did to get on it. There can be no doubt that this policy has a strong influence on the remarkably small labor turnover of this plant. Why? Because many a man becomes dissatisfied with his work because he is misplaced, either as to the job he is on or to the supervision he is under.

When a worker wants to quit this company he is booked for an interview with the employment manager, the superintendent and his foremen. These are the men who must interview every man who is hired. In a high percentage of cases the result of the session with this board of censors on quits is that the man either goes back on his old job under conditions that eliminate the cause of his dissatisfaction or else he is transferred to another job in which his chances for success and satisfaction are improved. This censorship of quits applies to men who are slated to be fired as well as to those whose wish to leave is voluntary. From the viewpoint of the management, a failure in human engineering has been scored every time an employee leaves the company for any reason whatever.

The Company's Wage Policy

The wide-open attitude of this company on the qualifications of employees is covered by this official statement:

There is absolutely no discrimination in hiring from the standpoint of nationality, politics or organization. There are only three questions which an applicant must answer satisfactorily—namely, whether he is married, a resident of the city and has at least his first citizenship papers. No physical examination of applicants is required but may be had if the applicant so desires.

Apparently this policy should open the gates wide enough to admit plenty of assorted materials on which to try out the regenerative influences of the educational system.

The monthly publication of the corporation is regarded in the official circles of the company as being the greatest single influence exerted in the education of its men. It goes into the homes of 5800 workers, and there is substantial evidence that it is almost universally read. Though many pages of this magazine are devoted to factory news of a personal sort and also to home and household matters, it always contains a high percentage of reading devoted to company affairs and finances, to production problems and to principles of business economics of the most vital and timely nature. Charts and cartoons are outstanding features of this publication. The editorials are written with a simplicity and directness which insure their being understood by almost any workman.

The company officially defines its wage policy in these words:

The highest possible wage on a straight-time basis without bonuses, premiums or profit sharing is paid employees. The factors instrumental in establishing the wage scale are cost of living and amount of production. It is the policy of the management always to study the future from all angles and make the company a safe workshop and a part of every employee's home.

As to hours of work, it declares that they must be regulated by the relation of earnings to the cost of living and by production, holding to the margin of safety between too long hours, which result in inefficiency, and underproduction, which endangers the future of the plant.

It attempts to strike the happy medium that involves opportunity for the general development of the worker outside of the factory and at the same time provides for maximum production paid for at a maximum safe wage rate.

The shop-committee system of this company, through which the educational campaign is carried out, is built on the domestic model. It follows the family formation as closely as it can. It has no printed rules and regulations and is as devoid of complicated machinery as an oyster. Any employee of a department in which an election is held is eligible to act as a committeeman. Department superintendents, their assistants and general foremen are permitted to attend their department committee meetings but are not considered members.

Their meetings are wide open so far as topics for discussion are concerned—everything goes in this free forum. And the minutes of these meetings are posted up in the locker rooms where the men can blame or praise their representatives for their words and actions as they please.

It is a safe bet that only a small percentage of employers in America to-day will be sold on the employment policy of this company on catalogue description. At first blush it appears to be decidedly open. Many will feel that it is almost indecently lacking in reserve. But the fact remains that the company which has staked its money and its future upon this wide-open policy couldn't be induced to desert it under any consideration. Possibly the fact that all of its executives, excepting four or five specialists, have come up from the ranks may have done much to make this policy succeed.

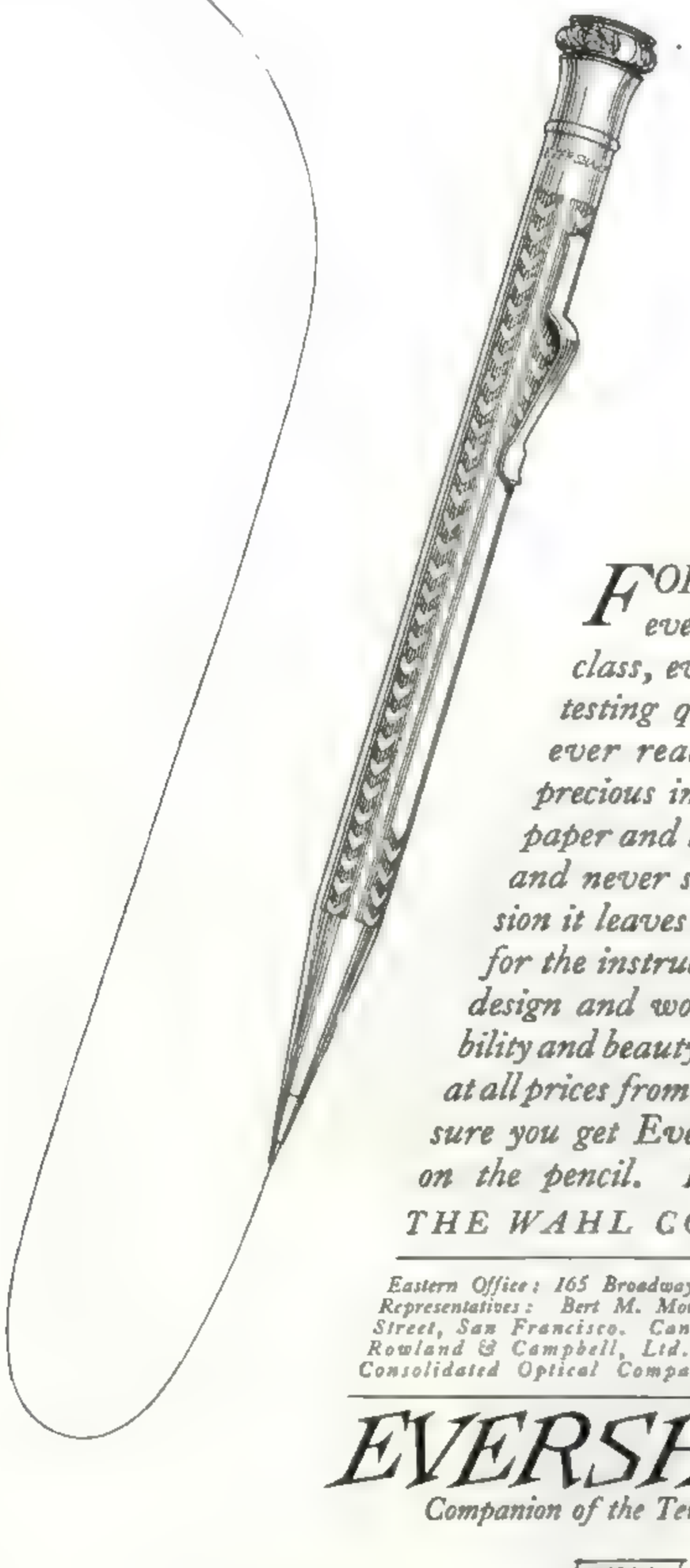
A Good Job Well Done

Anyhow, they are able to point to several very soothing and substantial facts: Their production is highly satisfactory; so are their profits; the proportion of their men that quit is phenomenally small; no difficulty is experienced in maintaining or increasing force; their workers are so contented that they have been immune to the ravages of the strike epidemic.

To an innocent bystander it looks as if this company could be held on the charge of doing quite a neat job of constructive thinking.

In fact any large employer who is low in his mind is likely to extract a real drop of cheer from a visit to this plant.

All of which brings us again to point that hope of industrial sanity has not wholly perished from the earth; that there are still workers who want to work and who realize that production and thrift are the only roads that lead to the land of plenty. Incidentally, too, it is hard to escape the conclusion that there are also quite a number of hard-headed thinkers who are still on the job and working overtime, without extra pay, just because the job has got to be done and because the home folks of this country must have enough food and clothing and fuel and other necessary and agreeable and good things to go round.



FOR every problem to be solved, every entry in the notebook during class, every essay and every knowledge testing quiz, the Eversharp Pencil is ever ready and ever keen. Every precious instant it saves mental effort, paper and lead because it is ever sharp and never sharpened. On every occasion it leaves a neat, legible manuscript for the instructor's examination. Wahl design and workmanship give it reliability and beauty. In all sizes and styles, at all prices from $1.00, upward. Make sure you get Eversharp—the name is on the pencil. Dealers everywhere.

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Companion of the Tempoint Pen

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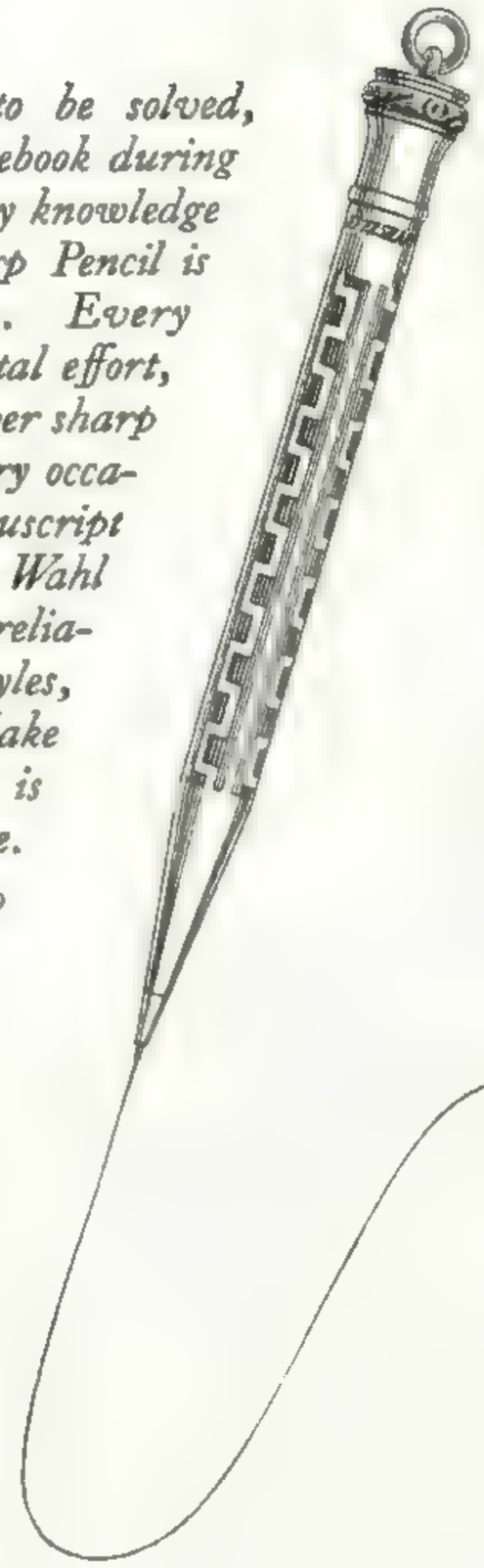


The Name is on the Pencil

FÉLICE

(Continued from Page 21)

"But, Hugh, dear," said Félice one evening when her husband suggested this to her—they were dressing for a dance dinner at the Thompsons' and Félice was painstakingly powdering her tiptilted little nose—"do you not think I understand? They give us all this courtesy for two reasons—no, three. The first is simply that I am French' or rather that I was French, for I am becoming American very fast, am I not, *chéri*? The second is that I am what one would call a novelty. That is the one I just now thought of. And the third is because everyone loves you."

She walked over to where he stood before his mirror struggling with his tie, and placed herself squarely in front of him, looking straight up into his eyes.

"Am I doing all right, Hugh, dear?" she asked. "Am I making good for you here in your country and your home? I am trying so hard, Hugh—every moment I have to try so hard. Do I satisfy you, dear?"

"Satisfy me?" Hugh stepped back in his surprise at her question. "What a funny thing to ask! Of course you satisfy me. You satisfy everybody. Why? What a silly thing to say!"

Félice dropped her eyes.

"It is not silly," she said softly, "unless it is very silly to love one's husband as I love you. Every minute of my life I try—and always I wonder if I do the French thing instead of the American thing. I want so much to do the American thing always—to dance in the American way, which I will learn; to talk in the American way, which I am afraid I will never learn—everything." She smiled wistfully. "You are a man, Hugh. Men, I suppose, cannot understand such—such—what would one call it?"

"Plain silliness," said Hugh easily, coming over to her and patting her bare white shoulders.

Abruptly she threw her arms about him.

"Oh, my dear one," she cried out, "tell me you love me! Tell me!"

"You know I love you." A shade of masculine irritability lay in Hugh's reply.

"Love me," said Félice. "That is all I ask—just love me. I know I am silly, Hugh, and I am sorry—but sometimes I get so lonely."

Hugh kissed her.

"We've got to hurry," he remarked. "We're late now."

Hugh MacKannan was undoubtedly one of the best-looking men in Aldervale. That much the blond Esther Benlar had long known. He had poise, too, and a good deal of manner, and though he was a trifle younger perhaps than she might have desired, she had, nevertheless, ticketed him in the files of her not inactive mind as one of those who might be classed as a possible desirable. Esther Benlar was quite particular in her classifications of both men and women—so particular that she was sometimes called a snob.

In regard to Hugh MacKannan she had more or less casually noted that he was personally attractive, that he was not poor, that he had a car, that—through the medium of his wife—he entertained enough to be interesting, that he danced well and played bridge faultlessly. Of late he had come more immediately to her attention because of the sudden popularity of Félice, but still only in an offhand way.

To-night, however, she was studying him across the table with narrowed eyes. Covertly but steadily she watched him, then turned her scrutiny to Félice, and at last she allowed the corners of her lips to form a sort of smile. If anyone could read she knew she could.

When the men came out after dinner from their coffee, their cigars and their discussion of the stock market and of golf, Hugh found himself taking a seat beside Esther Benlar. He did not know why in particular, except that she had smiled at him as he sauntered into the room and had made a fluttering little motion of invitation with one graceful hand and with her eyes. Hugh felt himself subtly flattered. He had known Monty Benlar's blond wife for some time—knew her just well enough to call her Esther in the casual country-club manner—but he had always conceived of her as preferring other men. In fact, she had something of a reputation for preferring other men. Mrs. Benlar smiled disarmingly as he took the chair beside her.

"Your little wife is perfectly delightful," she said. "I am simply charmed with her. We all are. I should think you would be the happiest man in the world."

"I am," said Hugh.

Esther sighed.

"She adores you," she observed softly. "Anyone can see it. It is such a relief, you know, in a town like this"—she laughed idly at her own words—"to find a couple so perfectly happy, so perfectly suited to each other. Don't you think so?"

"Why," Hugh hesitated uneasily—"why, yes, of course. I don't know that we're awfully different from anybody else, though."

"You don't mean to say, Hugh MacKannan, that there's a single topic on which you two differ?" Mrs. Benlar's smile was incredulous. "If you and your little Félice don't always understand each other perfectly—if you two aren't the one exception to the rule—then I give up." She let her lovely arms fall to her sides in mock despair.

Hugh did not know what to reply. He certainly did not want to make a banal remark that his companion would laugh at, and yet he did not want to say anything else. So he looked at the toes of his shoes, smiled and shook his head.

"What kind of an answer is that?" she bantered.

"No answer," said Hugh, feeling now that he was pulling himself out of a hole.

She leaned down absently to draw a black-satin slipper more firmly over a black-silk heel, and her soft shoulder came close to him. It occurred to Hugh at that moment that Esther Benlar was an extremely beautiful young woman. She was wearing an evening gown of ebon satin, a somewhat daring gown with only one shoulder strap of gauzy net, and the gleaming blackness of her costume made her long arms and rounded shoulders seem the purest creamy white, at the same time stressing the delicate pinkness of her cheeks and the two blue eyes beneath their aura of high-piled, corn-colored hair. Hugh wondered vaguely if her lips were rouged. She caught his glance at that moment and laughed merrily.

"It's an art, my dear boy," she said. "Especially the eyes. It took me years to learn it. If you're very curious I'll let you see the process sometime if you like. It's quite interesting, you know. You sit down at your dressing table quite the plain, middle-aged woman, and you rise—don't you think I make myself quite a butterfly?"

"You're not middle-aged," remonstrated Hugh, which is exactly what she meant him to say. "I doubt if you're as old as I am."

"How old are you, oh, sagest of men?"

"Just thirty."

"Isn't that funny?" she said. "I'd always thought of you as much younger, but I suppose that's because of your dear little wife. If you care to know"—she lowered her voice—"you are a whole year older than I am. But then"—her fingers played with a fold of her satin skirt—"I somehow lost my youth long ago. At least I've felt so."

Hugh's eyes were fixed upon her.

"Please ask me to dance to-night," she spoke suddenly, looking up. "I want to talk to you. I—please dance with me."

Hugh MacKannan's mind was in a whirl as he helped Félice into her warm velvet wrap and walked with her out to their car.

"That Mrs. Benlar," said Félice, trying to keep her voice even—"she is rather beautiful, isn't she, Hugh? And very attractive?"

"Why, yes," her husband agreed, "of course. She's a very attractive woman."

Félice fell silent, but after Hugh had started the motor she spoke again.

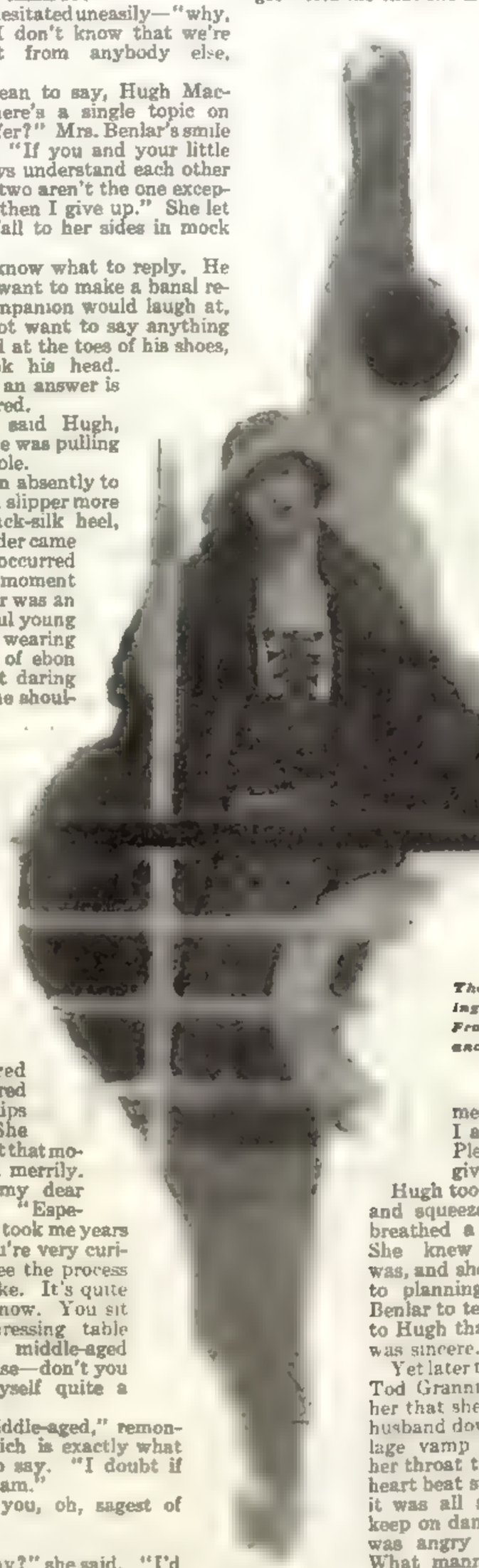
"They tell me," she ventured—"that is Mr. Kennison—Harry Kennison, I forget—told me that she is a vamp. Is—was she trying to vamp you, Hugh?"

"Of course not. Every time a girl speaks to a fellow it doesn't mean she's making love to him, does it? Mrs. Benlar is a very nice person."

"You call her Esther, don't you?" pressed Félice.

"Of course. I've known her round here for years—since before the war anyway. Why do you ask such things, Félice?"

"Only for one reason, dear. There is only one reason for everything I do—at least, for everything I mean to do. I know I am foolish, Hugh. Please say you forgive me."



The Sliding, Swishing Water Seemed Frothy Soft and Lacy and Coolly Green

Hugh took her hand in his and squeezed it, and Félice breathed a sigh of content. She knew how foolish she was, and she straightway fell to planning to ask Esther Benlar to tea simply to prove to Hugh that her repentance was sincere.

Yet later that evening when Tod Grannis laughingly told her that she'd better nail her husband down before the village vamp lured him away, her throat tightened and her heart beat such a tattoo that it was all she could do to keep on dancing. But Félice was angry only at herself. What manner of girl must she be, she scornfully thought, to feel such ridiculous jealousy so easily? Of course Hugh must see other women—of course he must. All this talk of vamps and vamping—that was just American, and the sooner she learned to understand it the better it would be for her. Besides, she knew Hugh. Was he not her husband?

Out in the mild darkness beyond the glassed-in veranda of the club, where narrow graveled paths crisscrossed a lawn that was already lush with the promise of spring, this same thought was uppermost in all the turmoil that filled Hugh MacKannan's mind. He was Félice's husband and he loved Félice. Nothing else mattered in the world. Of course there was something thrilling in walking and talking so romantically with this beautiful, golden-haired creature at his side, but he loved Félice. No matter what happened, he loved Félice.

Esther Benlar had seized a filmy silken scarf, and with a challenging lift of her eyes had led him out into the misty starlight.

"Hugh," she began shyly, when they were alone, "you must not think I am terrible. But I need someone—someone to talk to. I don't know why. It just came to me to-night after dinner. I feel so alone."

"Why," Hugh found himself stammering; "why—I don't see—I should think ——"

"Oh, Monty!" she said lightly. "You know Monty, Hugh. He's a dear and I love him. But, oh, Hugh, I might just as well not have any husband at all! He never understands. I don't know why. He doesn't—that's all."

"I'm sure he cares for you a lot," Hugh asserted.

"Oh, yes, in a way. Let's go down this little path toward the brook, Hugh. I don't feel like dancing for a moment, do you?"

Hugh touched her cool elbow to steady her as she hesitated at the top of a flight of three stone steps, and immediately drew his hand away. He mustn't do that again, he reflected—not out here.

"Aren't you coming?" she queried playfully from the bottom of the steps. He started, then laughed and followed her.

"Hugh," she said as he descended beside her, "I don't know why it is, but it does me good just to be with you. You are so happy, Hugh, with your dear little Félice—so happy. And somehow you make me happy. You don't mind sharing a little of it, do you?"

It was dimly dark and very quiet. They could just hear the music across the lawn. A strange feeling came to Hugh MacKannan; a feeling that he was somebody else, not himself; that for the moment he had been transmuted; that his body and soul were the body and soul of another. From far away, somewhere down by the city, a searchlight stabbed up into the sky, twisting this way and that, but fuzzing out futilely in a white glow against a high-hanging layer of night mist. Under normal conditions Hugh would never have thought of it as a pallid soul seeking vainly to escape through the confines of the clouds. The shimmering black figure at his side broke the silence.

"Say something, Hugh," she prompted.

He flung his hands down miserably.

"I can't, Esther," he said. "You know I can't."

"I know you're a dear boy," she informed him, "a dear, dear boy." She took a step forward, then turned.

"Hugh."

"Yes?"

"Look at me."

"Yes?"

"Do you think, Hugh, that I am—just a little bit—beautiful?"

"You know you're beautiful, Esther."

"I wish I were," she said softly. "You only think so because of my frock and because it's dark. In the daytime I'm quite homely. I know it, Hugh—don't try to say anything—please. Oh, I'm so unhappy!"

She raised her eyes toward his with an appealing tilt of her head, and he saw that they were glistening with a promise of tears. And suddenly—she was so close to him that he breathed the scent of her hair—he found his two arms about her. He had genuinely meant to pat her comfortingly on the shoulder, but it had not come out that way. Hugh let his mind go blank. For a moment she nestled where she was, her warm satin-sheathed body against his, then slowly she lifted her chin. But at that instant she froze—jumped, shivered, stepped back from him.

"Hugh!" she exclaimed, aghast. "What were we doing?"

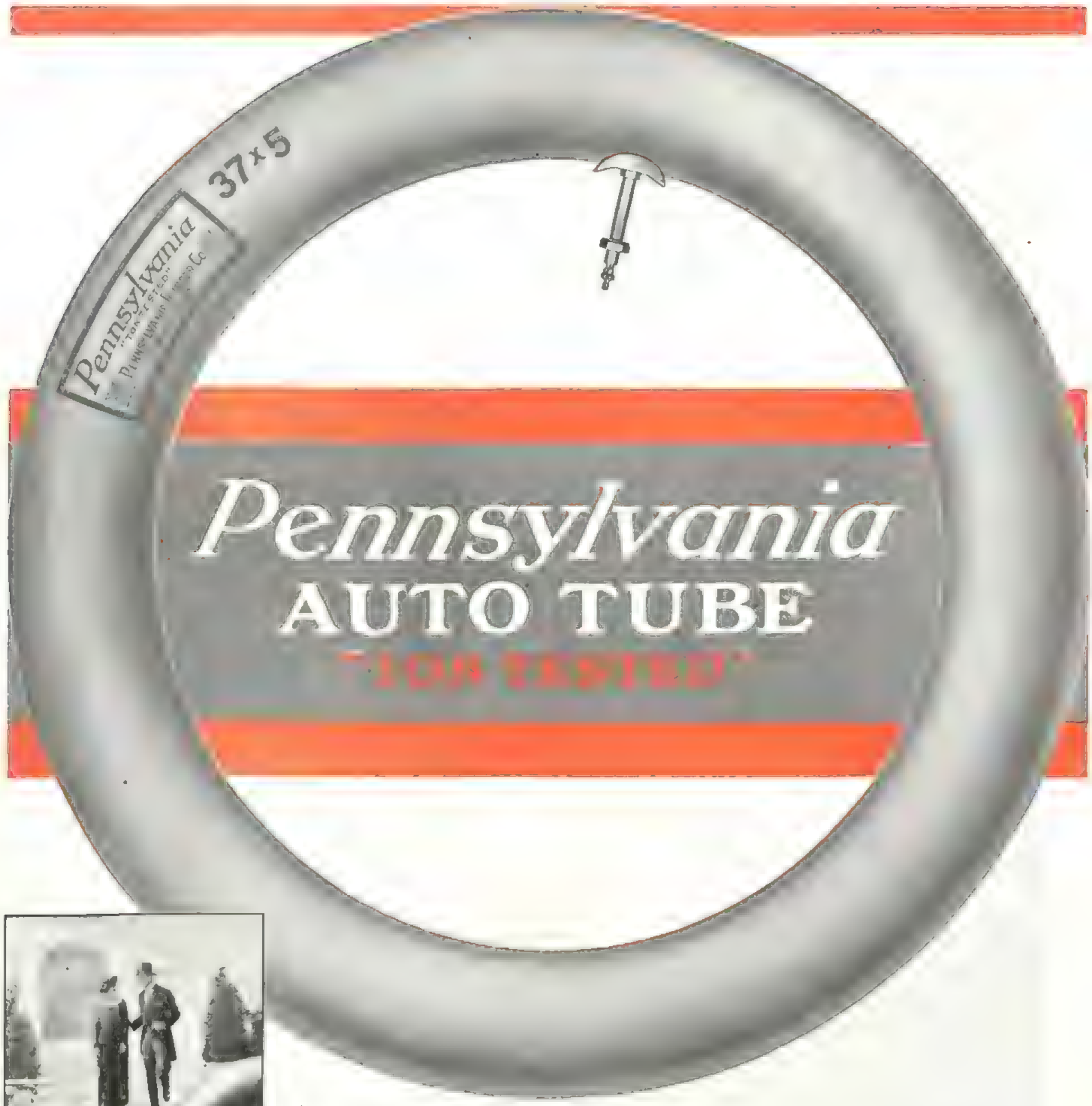
"God knows!" said the boy, who knew only that he was shaking all over.

"We must go right back," declared Esther, drawing the silken scarf about her shoulders.

Hugh stupidly brushed a whitish film of powder from the front of his jacket.

"My Lord," he muttered, "I didn't mean ——"

(Continued on Page 97)



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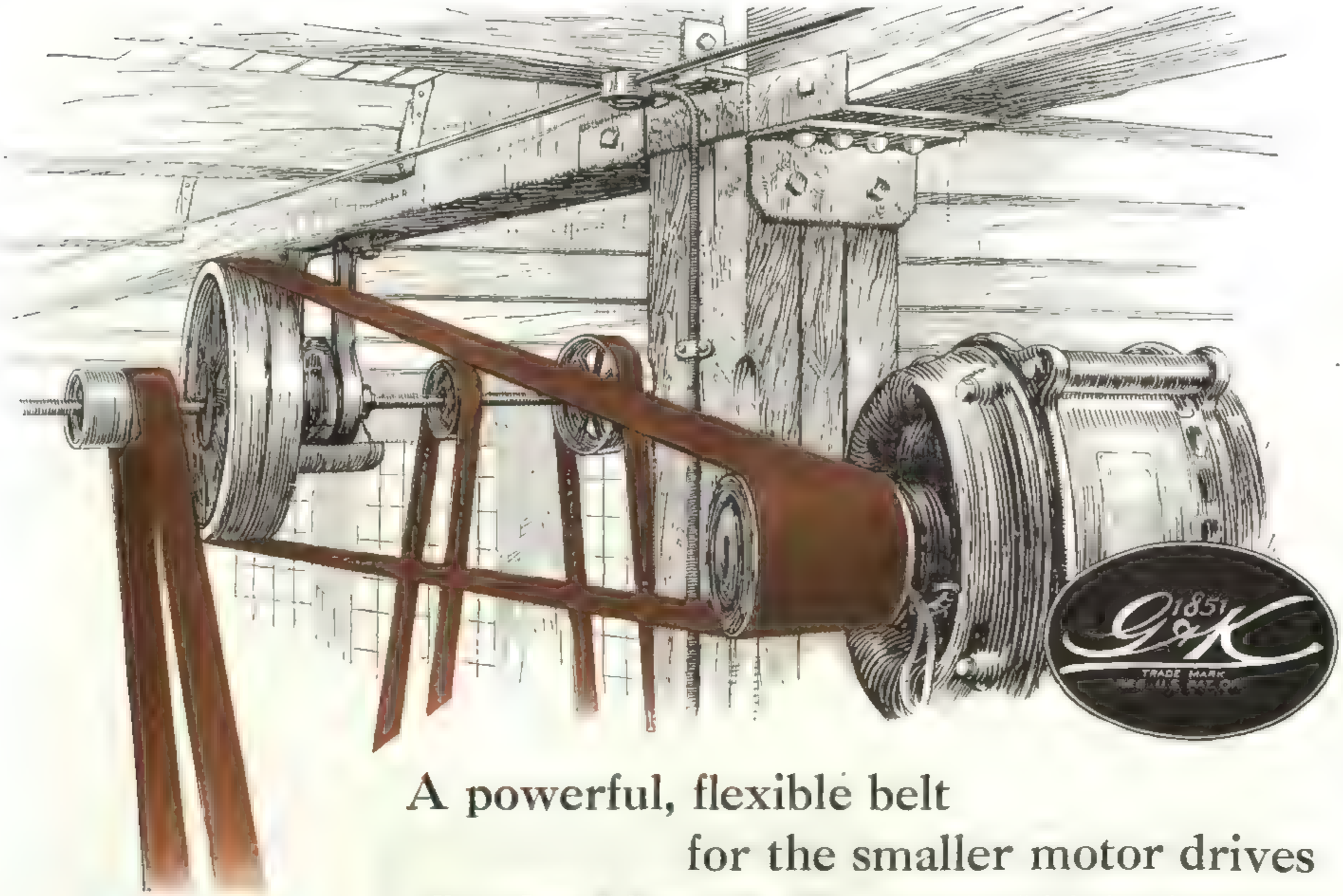

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(Continued from Page 92)

"I know you didn't, Hugh, dear. Neither of us did. We must be careful, Hugh, always. Our friendship can be so wonderful, and we mustn't spoil it—that way."

"Let's go," said Hugh MacKannan tersely.

Ahead of him across the lawn danced the figure of a slim girl of nineteen, dark haired, dark eyed, pale of skin, an accusing figure whose patient, wounded gaze he had not the courage to meet. Hugh had only one desire at that moment, and this desire he could not gratify. He wanted to spit.

Yet, later that night, studying her face minutely and from all angles in the triple mirror of her dressing table, Esther Benlar smiled. Brushing out her glorious corn-colored hair she smiled quite happily. He certainly was a dear boy. All the really nice ones acted like that the first time. Yes, he was a dear, dear boy. She was still smiling when she switched off the lights and climbed luxuriously into bed.

For two unbroken weeks Hugh MacKannan plied Félice with almost hysterical attention. He felt an intense need to make up, to square himself. He brought her presents—flowers, candy, a quaint beaded hand bag. He came home early four afternoons to take her out in the car. He petted her. He unearthed from the back of his mind a veritable host of French endearments and called her by them until her eyes glowed with amazed delight. Then—it was at the next club dance—he found himself once more in the solitary company of Esther Benlar.

Again she adroitly called a halt to the proceedings, this time at a slightly earlier stage of the game. Specifically she dropped her hand into his and squeezed his fingers once as they walked, then drew away from him and kept away—by inches—until they returned to the club. He felt better, of course, as she knew he would, and rather more confident. But the third time she led him out—this was a week later at the Cholmondeleys' spring dance—she found the way to a tiny vine-embowered summer house in the garden, and there she suddenly melted into his troubled arms and cried, and then slowly lifted her red lips to meet his.

Hugh MacKannan did not know what to think of himself. He loved Félice—he knew he loved Félice. But this—this other thing had him thoroughly upset. Lord, it was wonderful to be with Esther—simply wonderful! It couldn't be wrong. In his real heart he was not being disloyal to his wife—not a speck. This other thing was somehow entirely separate and distinct; and besides, Esther cared for him, really cared for him, and there was no reason on earth why he should prudishly hurt her happiness. She was a wonderful girl—he thought of her now as a girl—and everything was all right. None the less Hugh knew that everything was not all right.

He found himself wondering about Esther's husband. Monty was such a nice fellow—everybody liked him. Why didn't he show some spunk? Hugh decided, and probably decided correctly, that Monty Benlar didn't have much spunk. If he had had spunk Esther wouldn't have felt the need of someone else. Monty took life too easily. Some women—Hugh reflected, not without a nod of self-approval—some women needed a man who was a Man. Quite naturally Hugh pictured himself in this monosyllabic rôle.

By the middle of May the newest romantic venture of the blond Esther Benlar had become an irresistible topic of hushed delight to half of Aldervale. At first it had been hinted at in vague whispers, but now it was being dissected with frank abandon wherever two or three met together in unconvention assembled. To the credit of Aldervale, which needed credit in many things, let it be said that most of those who ventilated the affair were pretty well disgusted. Everybody liked Félice—came as near loving her as everybody can come near loving anybody—and few liked Mrs. Benlar.

"I don't get it," said Harry Kennison to his wife one evening after she had regaled him at dinner—allowing proper intervals while the maid busied herself about the table—with the report that Hugh MacKannan and Esther had been seen at the Roof Tree Inn on Twenty-eighth Street—certainly an out-of-the-way place—at luncheon. "I don't get it at all. Of course only a weak sister like MacKannan would fall for her—though at that he seems to have the makings of a pretty decent fellow. Why do women like Esther Benlar always pick weak ones?"

Mrs. Kennison smiled.

"I suppose, Harry," she observed, "it's because they can't get the strong ones."

"But what's he see in her?" her husband demanded. "She's good-looking enough when she gets herself up, but she hasn't a grain of sense. Those eyes she makes and that near-kittenish manner! Why, Dot, she's the worst fool to talk to I ever met!"

"Joe Fancher didn't think so," said Mrs. Kennison with a sage smile.

"Oh, Joe! He told me all about it afterward. He did fall for her for a while, but he soon got wise. Do you know what he said?" He grinned hugely. "He said he never could decide whether he wanted to kiss her or kick her."

"Yes, but she knew which she wanted," said Mrs. Kennison. "And I'll bet you a pair of real silk stockings against a box of those cigars I pick out for you that, whatever he did, he didn't kick her. I'd like to kick her," she added savagely.

"I'd like to kick MacKannan," put in her husband. "He's the one that needs kicking."

"Poor little Félice!" Mrs. Kennison sighed. "She's absolutely wilting away, Harry—simply wilting."

"What's going to happen?" the man asked.

"Goodness knows, dear! It'll end some way. They always seem to. But Félice is different. She doesn't let much show on the surface, but I think she takes things very hard."

"I'd like to kick him out of town," Kennison muttered as he reached for his evening paper. "And to think that Monty Benlar stands for it right under his nose!"

"Oh, Monty!" said his wife. "We all know Monty." And she took up her sewing.

As for Félice, the one thing nobody knew was what she thought of it all. That she knew what was going on was publicly obvious, for the fresh sparkle of her eyes had begun to give way to a lackluster apathy, her face was becoming drawn and her hands fluttered nervously whenever she talked. But she said never a word, not even to Hugh. She smiled as before, but again it was the forced, tired smile of her wartime days. Occasionally she invited Esther Benlar to the house—just often enough, not too often—and Esther invariably accepted. As far as Félice herself was concerned, the gossips of Aldervale were forced to be content with unmixed speculation. Yet everybody felt that sooner or later something was bound to break, and eventually something did.

What happened took place in this wise, entirely without melodrama and entirely without warning: It was at the Fourth-of-July dance, and Félice had just finished a round with Tod Grannis, who was slightly bald and genially middle-aged. Félice liked him very much, mostly because he seemed to like to dance with her.

Tod suggested amiably that they wander outside and cool off. Now Félice didn't want to wander outside. Hugh had been missing from the floor for two consecutive dances, and the last place on earth that his wife desired to go was where he and that woman might possibly be. So she demurred.

"Oh, come on," her partner insisted, and swung wide the screen door of the veranda.

"It's very pretty down by the brook," he suggested as they passed out into the fresh summer's darkness.

"No," said Félice with an incisive nod of her little brown head, "let's stay up here near the club. I like the lights and the people. One can have the brook any night."

Félice had no intention of being stampeded. She had not analyzed it, perhaps, but she still had one flag nailed to the mast. Hugh might be doing she knew not what—oh, why did it hurt her so to think of it?—but as long as she herself did not know what he was doing she could still feel that the things everybody said were lies. To Félice ignorance had become a sort of negative bliss. For almost two months her chief waking horror had been the thought that sometime, in some way, she might herself actually stumble across the thing she so fiercely told herself did not exist.

So to-night some instinct kept her close to the glowing lights of the club. It was perhaps just as well. Esther Benlar was going away for the summer that next week, and Esther was not minded to have Hugh forget her.

Félice and Tod Grannis walked leisurely up and down before the building, he chattering, she silent. As they neared the end of their path Tod saw two figures in the half dusk—two figures coming hand in hand up the slope. He thought, of course, that Félice saw them too. Perhaps she did.

Now neither Tod nor Félice realized that they were hidden by the shadow of the high porch. They had halted, as people do before turning to retrace their steps, and they consequently made no sound. Tod was staring casually to see who the two approaching figures might be when suddenly he went rigid. They were Esther and Hugh, and they were passing unconcernedly within a dozen feet of them. Instinctively Tod turned to place the bulky shadow of his frame between the girl at his side and the pair. At all costs Félice must not see. Then Esther's clear whispered voice came to them, its words unmistakable.

"Hugh, dearest," she breathed, pulling her hand playfully away from his, "you must let me go now." Then as they passed on: "Oh, Hugh, I will never forget that last blessed kiss!"

Tod Grannis turned distractedly to Félice. Only a deaf person could have helped hearing that. But the girl was smiling up into his uneasy eyes.

"Tod," she said quite evenly, "I think I would like to go down to the brook—now."

He guided her carefully down the graveled path, and told himself hopefully that perhaps she had not heard after all. But once out in the darkness she turned to him tempestuously.

"Tod," she moaned, clutching at the lapels of his coat, "oh, Tod—promise me you will never tell a soul! Promise me! Promise me!"

"I promise," he said.

And suddenly she was leaning against him, still clutching him, and the tears were coursing down her cheeks.

If Félice's mother had not died that summer it is not impossible that things might have come out differently. Aldervale always gave great weight to Madame de Dordain's death. Félice, so people said, brooded over it unconscionably. It occurred to only a few, notably to Tod Grannis, who kept his own counsel, that perhaps it was a blessing in disguise. At all events it gave Félice something new to think about.

Somewhat to Hugh's annoyance—he said nothing, but his attitude was perceptible—his wife put on the deepest mourning. Naturally enough she stopped going out and ceased entertaining. There were few parties anyway during an Aldervale summer, so that made small difference. But Félice had become exceedingly quiet. She would not try to learn tennis, which Hugh wanted her to do very much—all the girls knew how to play, he told her—and as for golf, she merely smiled and said she preferred to walk elsewhere than on the links. In consequence, Hugh went out a good deal by himself.

Félice, however, was doing one thing Hugh did not know about. She was counting the days, marking them off one by one with a hope that was half a dread against the time when Esther Benlar would be back in Aldervale. Hugh was counting them as well, and the odd part of it was that he too rather dreaded Esther's return. Now that she was away, he was more nearly happy than he had been for months—that is, he would have been happy if Félice hadn't insisted on being so queer. Yet he wrote Esther regularly. He couldn't seem to help himself. And for some reason his heart beat high at each morning's clandestine thought that to-day there might be a letter waiting for him at his office. Often enough there was.

Félice spoke of Esther to Hugh only once, and that was late in August on a day when suddenly she felt that she must burst unless she said something, unless she knew something. It was at the dinner table.

"Hugh," said Félice guardedly, "have you any idea when Esther Benlar is coming back?"

Her husband peered at her.

"Oh, about Labor Day, I hear," he answered easily. "Why?" He could not resist the question.

"Nothing, Hugh. I was just interested. I know you admire her very much and I thought you might know."

Hugh's eyes narrowed.

"She's all right, Félice. Don't you worry about us."

"Will you be angry, Hugh, if I tell you that sometimes I do worry—a little?"

"Of course not," he returned magnanimously. "People talk—we all know that. But if you knew what she'd been through, how unhappy she was, you'd never—what's the matter?" he concluded sternly, catching sight of a familiar mistiness clouding her eyes.

"Nothing, dear," said Félice, biting her lip. "I suppose we all must have our share of unhappiness—sooner or later. Please forgive me. I will never say anything again."

Nor did she.

Félice waited. As Labor Day drew near and finally arrived she watched Hugh as a mother watches a sick child, and her heart went down and down. Then one evening Esther's liquid voice flowed over the telephone.

"Just to let you know I'm back," she informed Félice. "How are you? It must have been a terrible summer here in all the heat. And how's Hugh?"

"He's here," said Félice tersely, and called him.

A little later Hugh came into the living room, his cap in his hand.

"I think I'll take a walk," he said half sheepishly.

"Why don't you drop in to see the Benlars?" his wife suggested, taking sudden pity on his helplessness. "They're just back. Maybe you can help them."

"Maybe I will," said Hugh.

After he had gone Félice squeezed her two fists together against her breast. It was all over now, she knew. Her one threadbare hope had proved to be shoddy.

Two weeks later, one morning at breakfast, Félice laid her hand upon her husband's arm.

"Hugh, dear," she said, "I wish to go back to France."

He started, sat back in his chair.

"Only for a trip," she went on. "Just a month or so. There are so many things that need attention—my dear mother's things and those of the rest of my family. I cannot talk about it much, Hugh. I have been feeling it lately. I shall be happier if I can go."

"But I can't get away," Hugh expostulated. "This is the heaviest time at the office, right after the summer lull."

"I am a married woman," said Félice simply. "I can go alone. Many girls do."

"But dear girl, it's impossible."

"Hugh," Félice looked at him gravely, "I must go. It is not easy to go and leave you behind. Please do not make it more difficult than it is."

He looked down darkly, growling at his neatly poached eggs. At that moment Hugh was hating himself hotly, because the second thought that came into his head had been not of Félice but of a blue-eyed creature with corn-colored hair. Presently he looked up.

"This is awfully sudden, isn't it?" he asked.

"No, Hugh. I have not wished to worry you, but I have been planning it all summer."

"Well, I don't know," he finally admitted. "Maybe it would do you good."

Why was Félice looking at him so strangely? Could she by any chance see the picture that was prodding him so wickedly somewhere in the back of his brain?

Suddenly he stepped over to her and took her little face in his hands and kissed her. Félice gave him her lips, then passionately threw her arms about his neck and held him down to her. For Félice knew—she had, first abjectly then resignedly, planned it for months—that this was one of the very last kisses she could ever have from him. Once in France she would force herself to remain. It would be far fairer to Hugh—and as for herself, if Hugh did not need her, perhaps her poor country did. She could make herself needful, essential to someone.

Aldervale buzzed again of course at the news of Félice's projected departure. It was generally agreed that she was a little fool. Esther Benlar made no comment. Only the triple mirror of her jar-laden dressing table caught her nightly smile. Nobody need tell Esther now that she'd lost her charm.

Félice sailed for France in mid-October. Hugh took her solicitously to the ship, feeling himself a cad as he did so. Try as he might—and be it said for Hugh that he had tried conscientiously—he could not purge from his mind a strangely stirring anticipation of the weeks ahead in Esther's unforbidden company.

They found many gifts in Félice's stateroom—a great basket of fruit from the Kennisons, candy from the Fanchers,

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books from the Cholmondeleys, and a stunning cluster of American Beauties from good old Tod Grannis. Félice cried a little when she saw them, and when the deep, booming whistle intoned its last warning and Hugh kissed her good-by—he kissed her tenderly and squeezed her close, then kissed her again and again—she cried still more. As he walked down the gangplank and disappeared into the bobbing, seething, shouting, sobbing crowd it was all she could do to keep herself from racing after him.

At the far reach of the Ambrose Channel the big steamer caught the slow, easy heave of the open sea. The sky had begun to gray over and Félice felt very much alone. She picked her way dully along the deck until presently, drawn irresistibly, she looked down over the swaying rail. The sliding, swashing water seemed frothy soft and lacy and coolly green. It would be such an easy way out. Indignantly Félice shook her head at the thought. That would be the weakling's way. Besides ——

Félice wrung her hands as she leaned feebly against the rail. How weak she must be—how miserably weak to entertain still even the smallest jot of hope! How could one hope now? All that was left was to be brave, as ancestors of hers had been brave throughout the history of France. She threw back her head and walked to her stateroom.

Hugh MacKannan went to see Esther that evening, as both he and Félice had known he must. But to-night for some reason Esther seemed flat. Beautiful as ever she was, and alluring as ever, and illusively provocative, in a gown of deep blue velvet into which she seemed to have been poured, but Hugh was strangely restless.

"What's the matter, dear boy?" she asked, reaching up to stroke his hair.

He drew back.

"I don't know," he said. "I guess I—oh, I don't know."

She studied him, catlike, then daintily stifled a yawn.

"You need sleep, Hugh," she remarked, "and so do I."

He lengthened himself slowly to his feet and held out his hand, smiling wanly.

"Good night, Esther," he said.

The house was dark when he reached it, and pitifully lonely when he turned on the hall lights. Hugh stopped, scratched his head, sat down heavily in one of the ghostly living-room chairs. Minute upon minute he sat there, then abruptly shook himself and stood up. He strode to the door, flung it open and this time he spat soundly out into the night.

"Lord!" he bit out. "Me!"

He took two long steps to the little table where the telephone instrument stood—the telephone that had so lately seemed consecrated to Esther Benlar's wonderful voice.

"Business be damned!" he muttered. "I'll take the next boat." He lifted the receiver.

"Hello!" he snapped. "Hello, there, hello! Operator, are you dead? All right—forget it—give me Western Union."

He strummed his fingers savagely upon the base of the instrument. Then: "Western Union?" he barked. "Say, I want to send a wireless to a ship at sea. Can you take it? Thank God! Here you are. Get this now, and get it right."

At six o'clock the next morning Félice lay staring vacantly upward at the slatted bottom of the empty berth above her head. Once or twice during the night she had almost dozed, but each time just as she was going asleep she had found herself stark awake again. She was angry with herself—bitterly angry. There must be no more of the thousand ifs that had been boiling through her brain. There simply were no more.

She drew in a long, tired breath. Yes, that was better. A twisted smile warped her dry lips.

Félice jumped, sat up sharply. That knock had battered upon her stateroom door.

"Who's there?" she called out fearsomely. "What is it?"

"Wireless message," announced a husky, half-hushed voice.

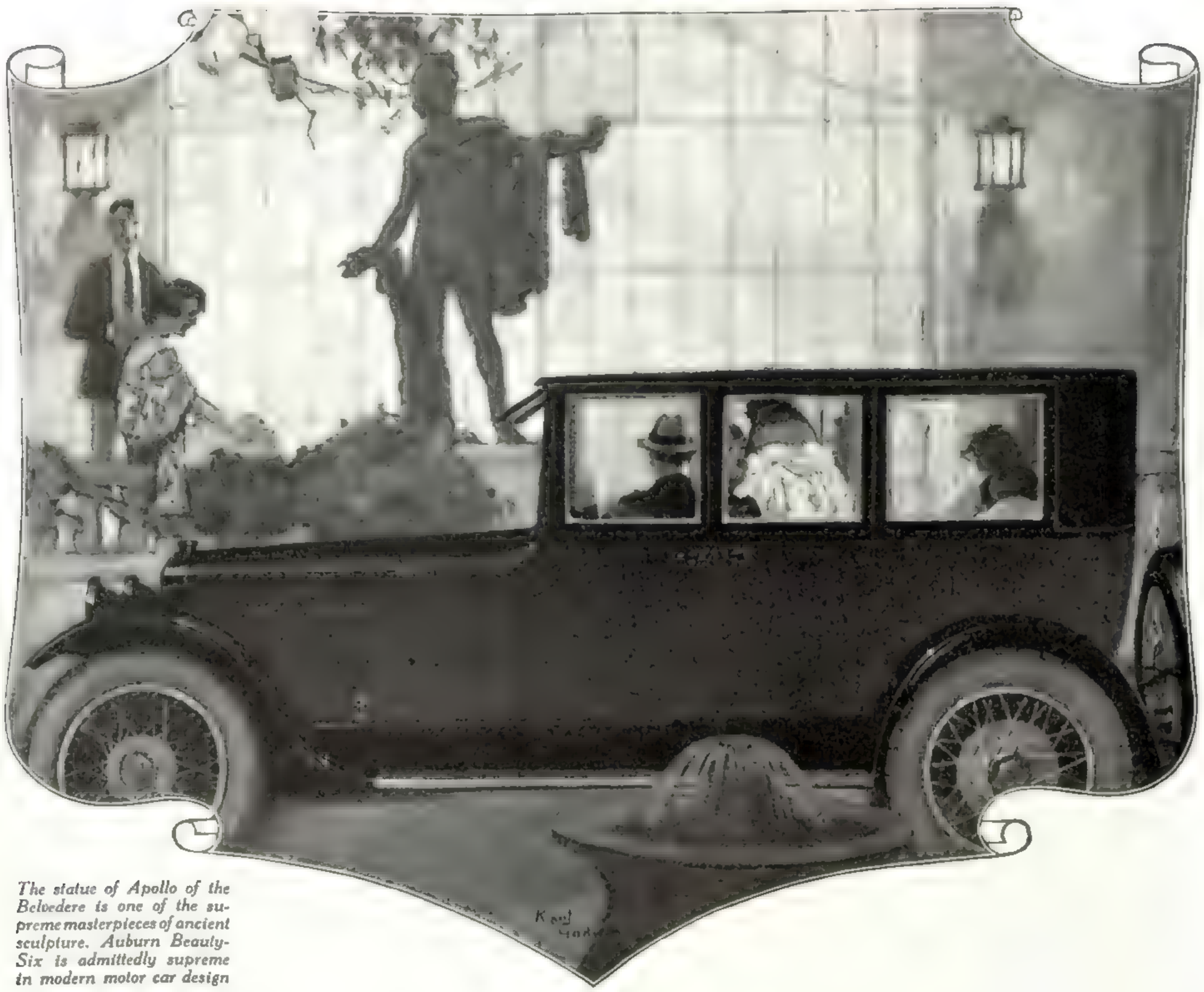
Félice managed to reach the door and turn the key. She seized the envelope, tore it open, held it shakily while she read the typed words. Then she groped backward with her hand and found the berth.

"Any answer?" the steward asked. "My Lord," he whispered to himself, "she's gone out!"

He turned cautiously, shut the door and hurried down the companionway.

A quarter hour later the stewardess, still cloaked in the faded green calico wrapper she had flung about her at the man's hasty call, fixed him with a derisive gaze.

"Fainted?" she scorned. "Fainted, me eye! She's asleep, that little body is. Sleepin' and smilin' like a baby, and huggin' that wireless so tight I couldn't read it."



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NONE BUT THE BRAVE

(Continued from Page 19)

Craig was startled and gazed at her. For a moment she feared she had suffered one of the worst of social accidents—a repulse of sympathy, the misunderstanding of a confidence. But at the last moment, when already she was feeling discomfort, Craig gathered her intention. Immediately he broke into a vast smile. He seemed to be smiling all over. His eyes twinkled into Margaret's with so charming a gratitude that she was afraid everyone must be noticing it. She hastily looked away and asked Alice what was the difference between a syndicate and a guild.

Merridew heard her question—he had been listening for her voice—and the eagerness with which he cut in to explain—more than that, the caressing tone with which he spoke of so unsentimental a subject, surprised as much as it pleased her. Margaret was greatly flattered; the more so when she discovered that the subject was not too hard for her.

"I see," she said at last. "In syndicalism the workers own the—the ——"

"—— capital as well as the business," Merridew prompted.

"Yes, but in guild socialism they manage the business." She paused.

"And the state owns the means of production—capital and so on."

"It's really quite plain when you think of it like that," said Margaret with some pride.

"I'm glad you think so. But not everyone finds it plain," he congratulated her.

"Margaret was always good at politics," murmured Mrs. Simpson.

"She has a flair for definition—the most valuable quality of a politician; to grasp essential points quickly and state them clearly."

Even Craig was heard to mutter admiration. Margaret was so much encouraged that she drank her second cup of tea before she knew she had had it. But Mrs. Simpson gave her a third without the usual comment upon its deleterious effects. Margaret was already acquiring some of the privileges of a married daughter.

Craig's compliment, though scarcely heard, was perfectly sincere. His own opinion that Margaret was a delightful girl carried much more weight with him when confirmed by his admired Merridew. If he had not felt a trifle jealous he could even have thanked the great man for perceiving her excellence. But he was jealous. It was impossible to misunderstand Merridew's eye and tone when he spoke to Margaret.

Mrs. Brownlow, who came to dinner that night with a party from Windmill Down to meet the distinguished guest, knew all that she wanted to know before the fish; and she had no better information than Merridew's voice when he asked Margaret if she was fond of golf, except perhaps the silence of the whole table to hear her reply. That also was instructive.

Margaret, who had been cheerful and even vivacious till that moment, while she described to a Mr. Amiss, who sat on her left—Craig on her other side was not talkative—a very funny story which she did not think had come out of Punch, though she could not remember where she had seen it, was panic-stricken by the sudden end of conversation.

"I—I don't play. That is—I can't hit the ball."

"The thing is not to be afraid of missing it. You have a putting course, Mrs. Simpson, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes—behind the spinney—and there are two driving holes. I'm sure Margaret would be delighted if you could take her in hand. She only wants to be told what to do. I always say that Margaret is so like her poor father. She learns easily."

"I noticed that at tea." He smiled his compliments.

Mrs. Simpson also smiled upon her daughter with maternal self-satisfaction, and nearly all the party at table, except Craig, permitted themselves to smile in a more or less discreet manner.

Merridew was the first to notice that Margaret was embarrassed by so much attention. He hastened to distract it.

"Golf," he said gravely, "is mostly a question of self-confidence."

Amiss laughed, and everyone looked at him.

"Craig is a scratch man," he said, stooping forward to glance at Craig, who avoided his eye. But no one saw the joke.

"Really?" said Merridew.

"If Miss Simpson wants a lesson Craig's her man," declared Amiss, serious after the failure of his point.

"Yes, Mr. Craig, I really do want to learn," said Margaret, turning to her right and immediately causing another silence.

Craig was in a rage with Amiss. He had meant to make this very suggestion himself, but not at table—rather in some quiet corner after dinner.

"I don't think—the fact is I'm not much good at teaching. I'm afraid I wouldn't be able to ——"

"I always say that it's so much easier to teach when one is not too good oneself—so much pleasanter," Mrs. Simpson helped him.

"Then I'm the man," Merridew declared. "We'll be beginners together and Craig can take us on when we are fit for the higher branches."

There was a pause while those of the table who could understand the snub so politely conveyed in Merridew's tone enjoyed it. Amiss only resented it. But Amiss admired Craig more than Merridew.

"By the way, Craig," said Amiss, "did you see that that fellow Jones has got his medal and a gold watch from the mayor and corporation of Brighton?"

"Is that the man who saved Miss Florence Flotsam? I must say I think he deserved a medal," remarked Mrs. Simpson, and did not know why everyone laughed.

"No, mother," Margaret protested, "it really was a very brave thing."

"Splendid!" cried Merridew in support. "Such extraordinary presence of mind. I was very much struck by the case. It was quite unusual—with a heavy sea and pretty cold weather too."

"I admired Mr. Jones," Alice remarked in a very Aberdonian manner.

"Ah, yes, Miss Barton, but you don't know the joke of the thing," said Amiss. "Your Mr. Jones didn't do any saving at all. He actually had to be saved himself. You see, he jumped in before he knew it was out of his depth and, as he couldn't swim ——"

"Are you sure?" Merridew interrupted. "Because it's not the story I heard, and I went into the thing rather carefully. I happen to belong to the Royal Humane Society, and as a matter of fact I believe I may say I was largely instrumental in getting proper acknowledgment for Mr. Jones. It struck me as a very brave act. Especially as I heard that there was another man who went in at the same time and caused Jones a great deal of trouble—got in his way and so on. I wonder where you got your information."

"I was there."

"Oh, then of course ——"

"It was a friend of mine who actually did save Miss Thingummy, and Jones too—a very great friend."

Amiss again leaned forward and smiled at Craig. But the smile suddenly collapsed. Amiss' great friend received his kind glance with a hideous though rapid scowl.

"I should like to have his name," said Merridew.

"Yes, Mr. Amiss, who was it?" asked Mrs. Simpson.

The confusion of Amiss was deplorable. Everyone saw that something had happened to him and no one could guess what it was. Margaret only was sympathetic. She thought that Mr. Amiss, in spite of his apparent aplomb, must be another like Craig and herself—the victim of sudden panics.

"I—I don't think I'm at liberty to—I rather fancy he didn't want his name to come out."

"But how strange! Why is that, Mr. Amiss?"

"Probably in debt," said Merridew with a knowing air—"or he's done something."

The ladies thought this a good explanation, though a sad one. Mrs. Simpson said it was very sad indeed, and Amiss was glad to slip out of the conversation. A last glance from Craig did not help his recovery. It conveyed the bitterest indignation. But for the life of him Craig could not tell whether he was angry with his friend for telling too much or too little, and he was nearly as angry with himself for preventing a full revelation by that untimely frown.

"We're both early risers. I suppose we couldn't have a little golf before breakfast—a first mutual lesson?" said Merridew to Margaret at bedtime in his most charming tones.

"Thank you awfully, Mr. Merridew. It's really frightfully good of you, but ——"

"Yes?"

"I'm so much worse when anybody's there."

"Ah, but someone has to be there. And when the other one is a beginner too—I'll come down at any rate, and if you aren't there I'll know you are feeling lazy."

Merridew pressed her hand and wished her good night with a friendly, good-natured air that immediately reassured her. Something in his manner at dinner had begun to make Margaret think that her great man was, as she expressed it, silly with girls. But now she was as much charmed by his frankness as his condescension. She determined to be down very early in the morning. Her spirits were so good that when she met Craig in the hall returning from the billiard room she almost danced up to him.

"Are you coming to golf?" she demanded.

"Golf—er—I didn't know ——"

"Before breakfast. You must come. Mr. Merridew's going to give me a lesson and I want you to criticize us."

"Thanks. I should like to."

Craig seemed about to say more, but as pretty often before, thought better of it and smiled instead.

"You must," repeated Margaret in a decisive tone, and added with a sudden burst of confidence, "I want you so that there'll be two of us."

"Two of what?" asked the incautious Amiss, justifiably surprised by this arithmetic.

"Ordinary people," retorted Margaret impulsively.

Amiss, who felt that in his part of clever young man he should have seen this point, was obliged to retrieve his reputation by the remark that there ought to be four, as Merridew would certainly want a photographer. Fortunately neither of Merridew's supporters heard him. They were shaking hands in a polite good night, and when Craig smiled Margaret also smiled, whereupon Craig, who had as it were been warming up for some time, began to beam, to radiate, to glow. It was most embarrassing.

"Good night, Mr. Amiss."

Margaret, slightly pink, touched his fingers, nodded and fled upstairs. She went to bed in such a warmth of private and peculiar pleasure that she was quite annoyed when Alice called to tuck her up and make a little love.

Next to aluminium paint, Alice admired Margaret's complexion more than anything else in the world. She made the second mistake of trying to gossip with her friend. "You know," said Alice, sitting on the bed, "he's not really been much spoiled by his reputation."

"I didn't know he had one," said Margaret with a great air of sleepiness.

"They say he'll be in the Cabinet at the next reshuffle."

"Oh, you mean Mr. Merridew," replied the reckless child.

"And whom did you mean?" asked Alice promptly.

"I meant Mr. Merridew too. Alice, I'm sure you'll catch your death sitting there."

"It didn't sound like Mr. Merri——"

"Why, Alice, you talk as if he was a Prime Minister. He's only a twopenny-halfpenny undersecretary after all. I don't really see what he's got to boast of."

"What has your great man done?"

Alice smiled, kissed the haughty young woman two or three times, tucked in her sheet, turned out the light and departed to her room, looking on the whole even wiser than usual. Merridew was up at eight and found the day most propitious. There was an interview with him in the morning paper, where he was described as the most brilliant of our young men. The adjective was especially pleasing. There were pictures of him in two weeklies, one of

"You Know," Said Alice, "He's Not Really Been Much Spoiled by His Reputation." "I Didn't Know He Had One," Said Margaret With a Great Air of Sleepiness

(Continued on Page 104)

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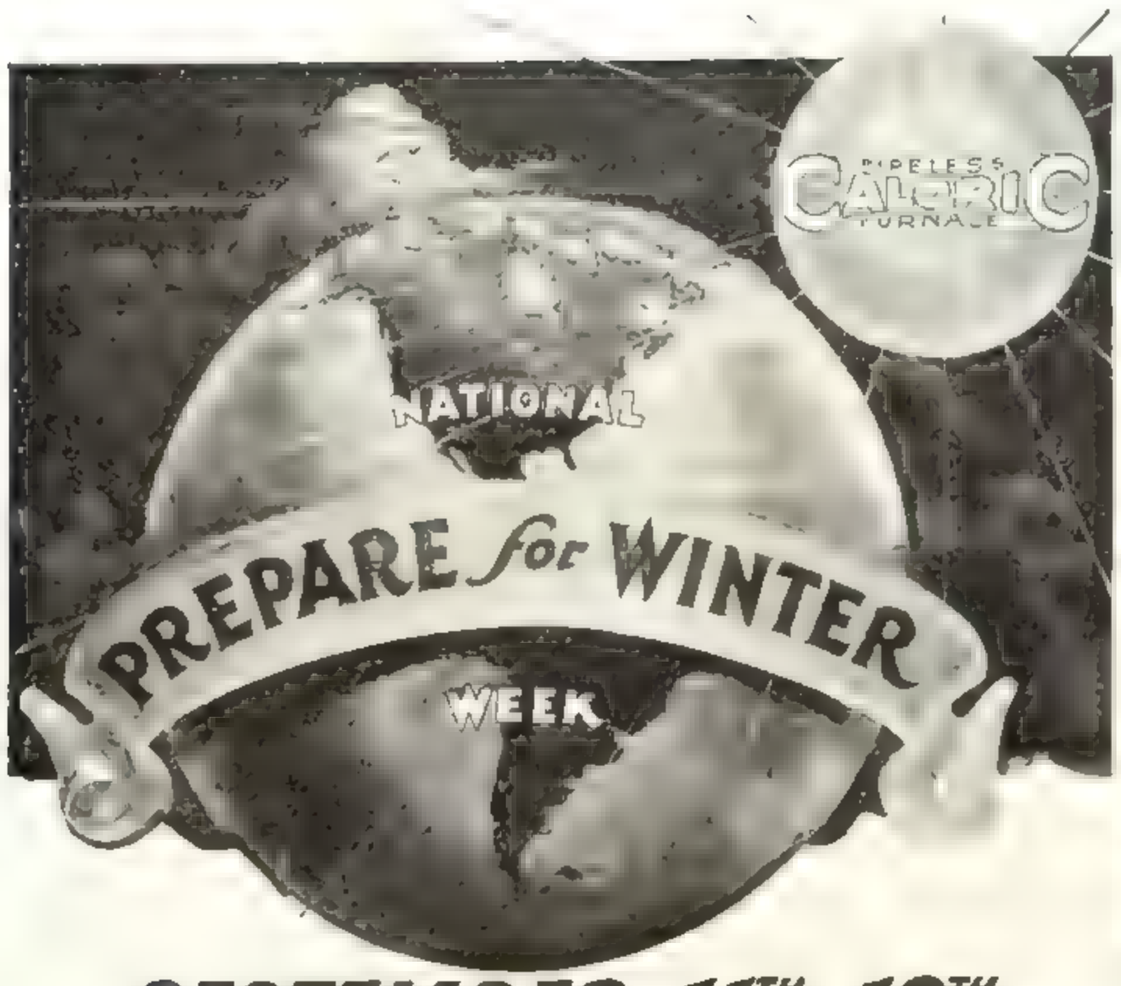

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(Continued from Page 100)

them full-page, in a group with the Prime Minister and a duke. Both photographs proved for the hundredth time that he took well. Even his post distinguished him, for the hall table was piled with his letters. Moreover, someone had been already looking at the papers, for one of them was open, and his own picture was the first thing that caught his eye. The someone could only be Margaret, who popped out of the bicycle room under the stairs with a bag of clubs in her hand just as he was noticing that he was taller than the duke and had on the whole a more intellectual appearance than the Prime Minister.

"What a shame, Mr. Merridew! You must get awfully tired of photographers," she said with hearty sympathy as they shook hands.

"Yes, it is a nuisance. However ——" He made a gesture of resignation.

"And that article in the Morning Chronicle—it must be horrid. I know I should feel an awful fool if anyone wrote such treacle about me. I've got three drivers and one of those clubs with brass underneath and some iron ones."

They strolled down the garden.

"You must hate all that fuss."

Margaret saw that her sympathy was appreciated, and offered more:

"Yes, it's the worst part of—what shall I say?"

"Fame."

"Call it that." He smiled in deprecation and then became more grave. "It really is the biggest sacrifice that one makes. All one's privacy—intimacy, one might say in a very real sense—all one's life ——"

Margaret was struck by this new turn of an old phrase. She pondered it a moment and then remarked with the nervousness of a young lady offering her serious thoughts for consideration: "It is really your life. And I think it must be much harder to give one's life in that way than if you were a soldier."

"You mean that it is harder to give life than death?"

"Yes."

Margaret was delighted with this neat summary.

"That's better than most epigrams, because it is true."

They reached the course in high good humor—Margaret no less flattered by the great man's friendship than Merridew by her admiration and sympathy.

Neither was the pupil found so stupid or the master so inexperienced as both had pretended. Margaret hit the ball at least once in every three attempts and Merridew proved to know a good deal about the theory of the game. He lectured her on the stance, the swing, the importance of keeping the eye on the ball, the crime—or folly, as one looks at it—of pressing, and if she did not make so much progress in golf as his trouble warranted, in friendly understanding she advanced very quickly. So Merridew was able to enjoy his surprise even more completely than he had expected. He might indeed have waited a little longer—his watch showed still half an hour to breakfast time, and breakfast at the Simpsons' was by no means a meal of set hour—if he had not seen far up beyond the spinney a figure on the lawn which looked like Craig—Craig carrying a bag of clubs.

Margaret at that moment was driving. Her ball, badly sliced, described a sharp curve and dived into the rough at the edge of the wood.

"Good shot—never mind, I saw where it went."

"That really counts one—my first stroke," said Margaret, very pleased. "This time we must play fair and count misses too."

Merridew pulled up the bag and they walked on.

"You see," he said, "you are getting on—in spite of me."

"In spite of you?"

"You said you were worse when other people were there."

"Why, you know you've helped me enormously. I'm at least twice as good as I was half an hour ago. You've taught me more than anyone ——"

"I learn more than I teach," said Merridew gravely.

"What could you learn from me? I know nothing about golf."

"Not about golf," said Merridew.

Margaret was a trifle surprised by these words and the strange look which went with them. But after a moment she decided that he must have been making an epigram, uttering some subtlety, which she had failed to understand. She smiled gently therefore in cautious appreciation and went on:

"The trouble is to remember all the different things at the same time. But when I think of how I ought to be standing I forget my hands."

"Would it surprise you to know that I can't help thinking of your hands either?"

"I'm afraid I do press," said Margaret after another moment of consideration. She wished Mr. Merridew would not make clever remarks.

"And your eyes."

"They always told me I had a good eye, but I suppose that's not the sort of eye you keep on the ball. I mean—a good eye is a—is a—it's an eye that sees well. But any eye will do to keep on the ball. I wonder where the ball is, by the way?"

"Margaret, don't you know what I mean? I've been thinking of your hands and your eyes and your hair and all of you for weeks. I think of nothing else."

Margaret was not only surprised—she was frightened. She turned a very unbecoming pink, as if she had run too far on a hot day and could not even speak. But she still looked for her ball.

"Dearest Margaret"—Merridew took her hand, club and all—"you know that I love you."

Merridew in his fervor had even forgotten Craig, who for his part had covered the ground at a high speed in the expectation of seeing Margaret. At this very moment he burst out from the laurel bushes at the side of the spinney almost on top of her. The attitude of the pair was most compromising. Even if their hands had not been clasped together, there was something in Merridew's pose, and a great deal in Margaret's cheeks, to tell a stranger what was happening. Craig did not even say good morning. He turned to run.

"Mr. Craig," cried Margaret, "have you seen a ball anywhere? I've lost my ball. It's a dimple, with a cut in one side."

Craig turned again and slowly approached. He could not make this out at all.

"G'morning, sir." He nodded to Merridew, who gave him a most peculiar look before he replied in measured tones, "Good morning."

"I think it must be somewhere about here," said Margaret, poking the grass with her club, "and mother doesn't like me to lose balls. They get into the mower."

"Yes ——"

Craig stood, so to speak, on one foot and looked extremely uncomfortable. A second glance from Merridew convinced him that he had not mended the error of his arrival by returning at Margaret's call, though something can be forgiven him. His mind was greatly confused, not only by his unfortunate position but the astonishing discovery that Merridew was a rival. Merridew was not only a hero to Craig, a hero who must be supposed above ordinary passions, but an old man. There was respect, even reverence, as well as admiration, in his regard for that statesman. He was not only anxious to remove himself from the scene of his interruption but to go to some retired place where he could think. Muttering that perhaps the ball had gone into the wood, he turned for the second time to hide himself among the trees.

Luckily Margaret saw his flight in time. She called after him in a kind of despair.

"Mr. Craig, Mr. Craig, where are you going?"

Craig pretended not to hear, even quickened his pace.

"Let him go," murmured Merridew in a confidential tone. "Do we want him?"

"But perhaps it did go in among the trees. If it bounced, you see ——"

Margaret ran after Craig. Merridew, who did not care to run over rough ground, smiled wisely, in a manner not unlike that of Alice Barton, and strolled off toward the house. He had expected something of this kind. The ingenuous surprise, the maidenly fright, were charming to him, as fine as he could have wished. As for Craig's interruption, Craig was plainly that kind of unfortunate duffer who was always putting himself or someone else in a false position. He forgave him as one forgives an infant or an epileptic. The rest of his own business could very well wait till after breakfast.

Meanwhile Craig was discovered sitting on a large stone behind a clump of fern with his hands in his pockets, frowning at the toes of his shoes. In fact he was thinking.

(Continued on Page 107)

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BOSCH

(Continued from Page 104)

"Have you found it?" asked Margaret as he started up, and added hastily, "Shall we go for a walk?"

"Yes, thanks, if you would like—or perhaps Mr. Merridew would rather ——"

But Margaret had already started. Craig hesitated, looked round for Merridew and finally marched after her through the trees. So for five minutes they proceeded in single file at a pretty fast rate. Thus Craig's apologies were late, though as soon as they came into the broad grass walk below the meadow and ranged side by side he began them.

"I'm afraid I rather butted in, but I had no idea that Mr. Merridew and you—that Mr. Merridew was going to ——"

"I do love this walk," said Margaret. "It's so quiet and out of the way." And then she sighed as if for the luxury of quietness.

Craig was readjusting his ideas to this new subject of conversation and had for the moment nothing to say.

"You like it too, don't you? Mother always says when you can't be found, 'Go and look in the hedge at the bottom of the meadow—he's probably hiding from us!'"

"Rather—yes." Craig pondered.

"I always used to hide down here from the visitors. Do you want to hide? I don't think you'd like to be in the papers either."

"Either?"

"Oh, only Mr. Merridew said it was so beastly to be in the papers."

There was a slight pause, and then Craig suddenly burst into eager speech.

"I don't know about that. It's not being in the papers, but being known. After all, you admire Merridew, and so do I. But it's only because we read in the papers what he does, and I think it must make it easier for him to be so—so easy and—and self-confident when he knows we know about him.

"He needn't blow his own trumpet. I'm sure, for instance, you would think far more of me if I had been in the papers, even in a small way." He paused for encouragement, but Margaret made no comment and he went on desperately. "The funny thing is that I might have been in the papers. You heard what Amiss said last night about that affair at Brighton—about Jones not being the real man. As a matter of fact, he was quite right. I know I oughtn't to tell you this myself; I feel beastly about it. I always seem to get things in a mess—and—and spoil things. But the real man who saved Florrie Flotsam, and Jones too ——"

"No," said Margaret, who had not listened to a word of this, but had followed her own involved thoughts, "I'm afraid that heroes don't suit me." She smiled at Craig, who looked much astonished.

"I beg your pardon."

"I mean—I don't think I have anything heroic about me. And I don't know what it is, but with Mr. Merridew I always—though of course he is a delightful man ——"

"Yes-s."

"I always feel rather small—as if I had to be careful not to get in the way of his feet."

"Oh!"

"Now you're shocked."

"No—no—goo' Lor' no! I understand." Craig made an effort and somewhat recovered himself.

"I dare say it's because he is a great man," said Margaret thoughtfully—"because of course he is a great man."

"No doubt of that," replied Craig devoutly, and both of their faces respectfully acknowledged the greatness of Merridew.

"But it's very hard to live up to people—to anybody," sighed Margaret—"especially for me."

The "but" was alone a problem which made Craig think pretty deeply.

"For me too," he said at last with caution. "Goodness knows there's nothing of the hero about me!" And he also sighed.

They walked on in silence, both apparently lost in meditation. Then Craig spoke with an unexpected loudness—effect of his unexampled resolution—which startled himself almost more than Margaret.

"I was wondering if you'd find it easier to—to live down to people. That is to say—to—to ——"

"Oh, I should hate that too," said Margaret sadly. "I'm sure it would be beastly to have to cramp oneself and make oneself out worse than one really was."

Now if Craig had been really a hero, a man deserving medals and gold watches, he would certainly not have been turned from his purpose by such a misconception as this. But though his mouth opened to explain to Margaret, without any more epigrammatic neatness of phrase, that he was trying to propose to her, not a word came out of it. A stranger would have supposed him suffering from lockjaw. Fortunately Margaret did not look in his direction.

"I think the happiest people are just ordinary," said Margaret, pursuing her own thoughts. "Good morning, Mr. Barton. I didn't know you ever appeared before breakfast."

Andrew grinned enigmatically. He joined the couple without hesitation. For if they were philandering he knew that Mrs. Simpson would approve him, and if they were not his interruption did not matter. His private opinion, drawn from Margaret's color and the young man's gravity, was that Craig had just been refused. His suspicions were increased when on the ringing of the breakfast bell a moment later Craig excused himself on the score of dirty hands, but with notable uneasiness of manner, and hurried on alone.

He even ventured to remark, "I am sure Craig is worth knowing if one had enough time," with a sly glance at his companion.

But he was defeated by her obvious surprise when she replied: "But isn't he a friend of yours?"

"Not yet—perhaps in three or four years ——"

"I thought he was all of our friend," said Margaret gravely, with a grammatical construction which completely occupied Barton's mind for the next two minutes. He was still attempting to parse it when Margaret also complained of dirty hands and left him in the hall.

Margaret intended to go to her room, but her way thither passed her mother's door, and she turned in upon an impulse which she could not have explained. For there had been no confidence between Mrs. Simpson and her only daughter for several years, ever since that daughter had put up her hair and become aware of her position of individual responsibility as a grown-up. But perhaps Margaret had for a moment forgotten that she was twenty years of age.

Mrs. Simpson was preparing to breakfast in bed and did not find her pillow quite so comfortably placed as she had first supposed, but she forgot this preoccupation as soon as she saw Margaret's eyes. Her kiss conveyed every congratulation.

"Mum, what a wet kiss," said Margaret, already drawing away.

"Darling, you looked so happy."

"Did I? I didn't mean to. Shall I get you another pillow?"

"It's no good not meaning to," said Mrs. Simpson with immense sagacity. She smiled fondly. "And I'm sure you ought to look as happy as you like. That makes everyone else happy too."

Margaret said that she must really run, and ran. But her mother fortunately recollected the pillow in time to call her back from the door. The rearrangement of her supports gave her the opportunity of another kiss.

"My dear, dear child, how proud I will be!"

"I hope the new bacon will not be so salt as the last," said Margaret with an anxious air as she made her escape.

Margaret washed her hands in the bathroom, and while she washed them she calmly reflected. She had chosen that most secure fastness, the bathroom, in order to be calm. There she was able to decide without false modesty or the risk of intrusion, bodily or mental, that Merridew was not too old for a husband and offered some extraordinary advantages to a young girl who had often felt the misfortune of insignificance. The mood of reaction, of relief and escape, in which she had so glibly chattered to Craig seemed to her now a foolish gaucherie. She was even annoyed with herself and could not answer the question, "Why should I be so frank with Mr. Craig?"—especially when she remembered that she could not be frank with her mother.

"Poor mum"—towel in hand, she smiled at her mother's eager hopes—"I wonder could she answer my questions even if I dared to ask them; I'm sure she never had the same sort of questions as me."

Margaret came down very late to breakfast, and the absence of her mother, as well as a gap left by the departure of Alice, who had finished early and gone to the garage to inspect a delightful new carburetor, gave her a secluded position at the top of the

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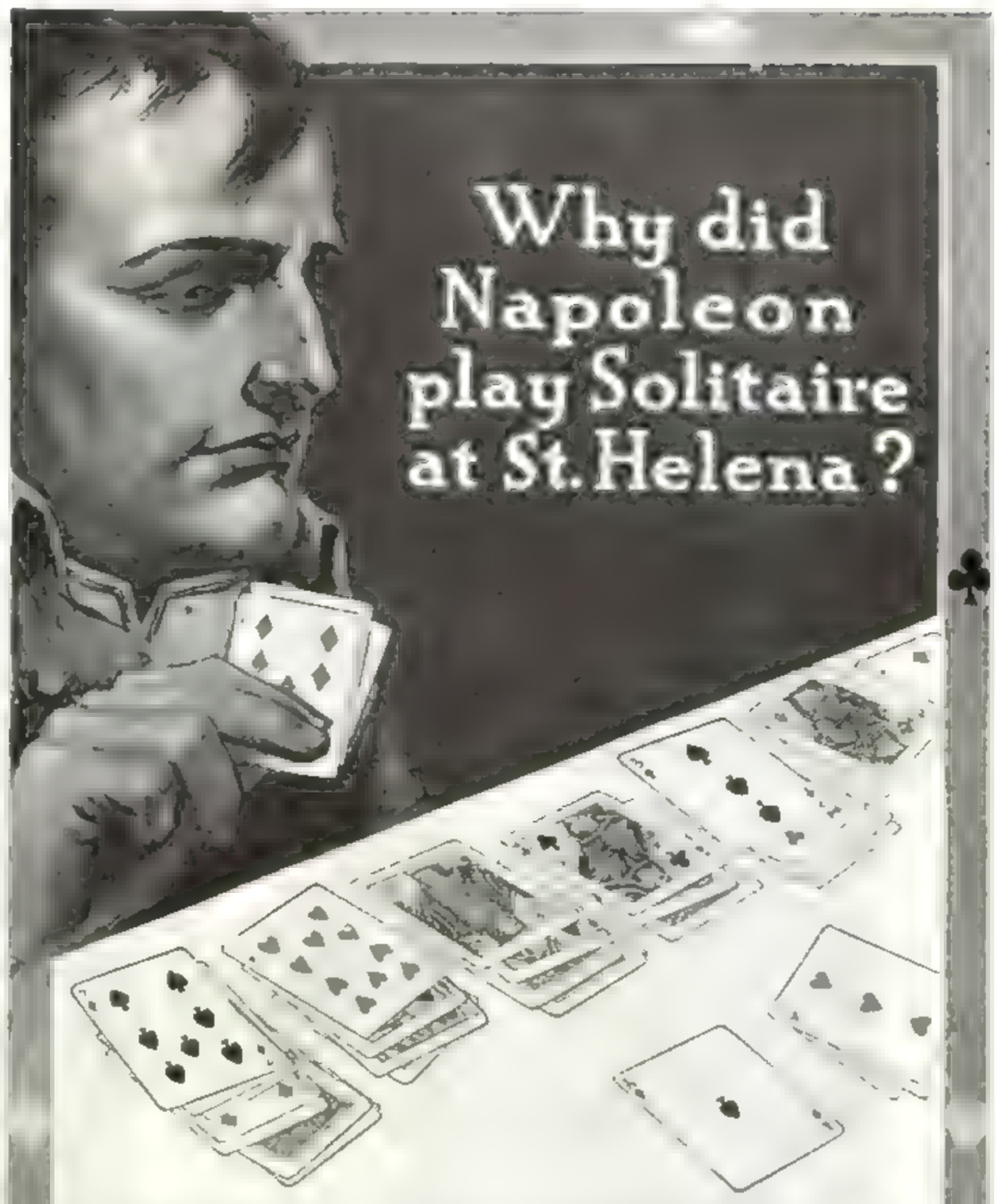

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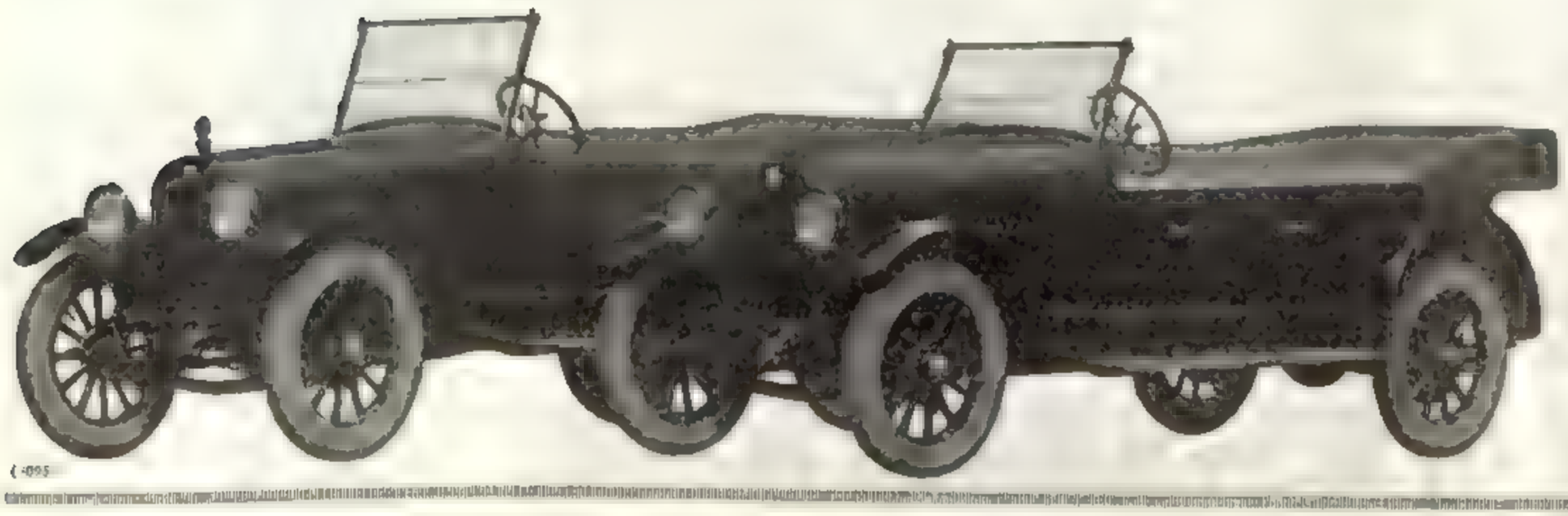

HUDSON SUPER SIX

(Concluded from Page 107)

table behind the coffeepot, in which she had not only further opportunity for thought but a chance of reading her letters. Merridew and Barton were talking about Morley's Reminiscences. Craig was wolfing his meal in the distance with an air of gloom, as if he feared that someone would try to speak to him.

Almost the first letter Margaret opened after she had finished her egg, given Merridew his second cup and put some marmalade on a scone, was Craig's. She was at that moment reflecting that her mother would never be able to patronize Mrs. Merridew—or later on, Lady Merridew—as she had patronized the diffident Margaret for the last few years.

"I'll stun her with a train at my first reception," was her bold thought as she turned over an autumn fashion catalogue and found the note. It was merely folded and the address was smudged.

"Who's this from—not the vicarage?"

She opened it and read:

Dear Margaret: I meant to ask you just now if you would marry me. But now I'm afraid I won't see you again alone all day and have to go to-morrow morning. Please could you let me know fairly soon?

Yours very sincerely,

ARTHUR CRAIG.

It should be said in fairness to Craig that this note had not satisfied him. His gloom at breakfast was partly caused by the fear that it did not fully express his feelings. But he had written quickly and there was no time for revision—no time to invent those touches of inspiration which give to such letters the charm of ingenuous passion.

Margaret read this letter twice with an unmoved countenance and then stuck it cornerwise in the top of her waist. But when she glanced toward Craig and caught his baleful eye fixed upon her over the edge of his cup, her self-possession was disturbed. She got up, murmured an excuse and left the room.

Merridew found her in the library, where she had been reading her letter for the third time and wondering at the very extraordinary way that life has of differing from one's preconception of it. This was not at all her notion of a proposal, and Craig's proceedings of the last two weeks were very far from courtship.

"I thought he was only a friend," Margaret reflected, and remembered whole afternoons with Craig when barely a word had been exchanged. When does a friend become a lover and how does he show it? Oughtn't he to make it plain? "If I were a man," Margaret considered, "I should certainly make it plain," and was brought up by the difficult question, "Would Craig be Craig if he could make any of his feelings plain, and if he were would he be such a delightful companion?"

This was so confusing that she felt a strong desire to go and look at Craig from a new point of view, as it were, and try to discover what it was in him which made him so like Craig—or, in a word, Craigish. That vast smile of his, which had embarrassed her the night before—that was Craigish. That was the way in which the feelings of people like Craig were expressed—or rather, burst out of them. It was not an unpleasant way. It was even exciting when you knew why the feelings were so explosive.

She went to the library door and unexpectedly caught a glimpse of Craig's left ear as he passed down the hall behind the stairs. It seemed to her a very characteristic ear. She wished she had seen his nose. Then Merridew came marching out of the breakfast room, and she fled back to her chair as if she had been caught in an impropriety. Her thoughts were scattered Craig's ear her mother's kiss Alice Barton's wise smile tiaras town houses ladyships danced a fandango in her brain

"I do wish I'd seen more of him that time. I'm not at all sure about his nose," was a ridiculous fancy that suggested itself as Merridew came in.

He caught her smiling. But in the same instant she was grave, and her air was so detached, she sat so still and looked so abstracted that he drew up his chair beside her and sat down without offering a remark. He was the better pleased to be able to finish his cigarette in comfort.

Merridew was enjoying himself. He knew he was enjoying himself, and this is always an additional pleasure. He had had a good appetite and a good breakfast, his cigarette was very good, and he thought he had never seen Margaret look so well—with such a glow of eye and cheeks. He admired her at his ease, for she seemed neither nervous nor anxious to talk. Her mood appeared thoughtful, a little lazy—most propitious, as he judged, for a lover.

He crossed the room to put the stub of his cigarette in the grate and returned to his chair, where for a time he remained as still and as thoughtful as Margaret. One cannot propose immediately after a cigarette, especially if one has obviously enjoyed it. But after three minutes of contemplative silence, while his brow, supported in his hand, bore the wrinkles of serious and solemn preparation, he felt that a long-enough interval had passed to give to his words the weight of considered approach.

"Margaret," he gently began, "I think you know what I have to say to you—what I tried to say before breakfast. I suppose I was clumsy, and perhaps you had not expected anything—had not seen how long and how much I have wanted to speak. But I hope you will hear me now."

He paused to give this excellent opening its proper effect, and began again in a still graver tone.

"Don't think, dear, dear Margaret, that I can't realize how much I ask of you—to share the hardships and anxieties, sometimes I'm afraid even the dangers, of public life."

"Oh, Mr. Merridew, but you know it would be a great honor," exclaimed Margaret with warmth. She was thoroughly roused to the occasion.

Merridew spoke well, and the plain force of words is always unexpected in itself. Every speaker who repeats the *clichés* of a morning paper knows that. Margaret was strongly moved, and when she said that Merridew did her honor by his proposal she meant it as much as she had ever meant anything. That was a good deal. She was even more earnest when he replied that so far from his doing her honor, it was he who would be honored by her acceptance.

"How can you say that, Mr. Merridew? It's absurd."

"Forgive me"—his calm, gentle tone overbore her energy—"but I know what I ask of you, by my own experience, better than you can possibly understand. It is the sacrifice of your peace, your privacy, all that you value most and best befits you."

Margaret was silent, but her expression showed so keen an attention that he dared to take the hand which lay on the arm of her chair. Neither did she seem to resent his touch, or even to be aware of it. He saw that her mind was wholly with him, and asked for nothing better, when with even greater assurance he continued.

"I can be honest with you, Margaret. I think that is one of the greatest things you have given me—the power of frankness. It is hard for a man in my position to be frank. Not that I have learned to be afraid of the truth, but of its distortion. In politics every man, even a friend, can be an enemy. For friends are also politicians, and their political minds can distort what their friendship should have made clear without any conscious disloyalty. I have been losing the power of confidence for a long time, and with that an intimacy of affection which is as necessary to the heart. I need not be afraid to seem sentimental, need I?"

Margaret colored faintly and he pressed her hand as if in encouragement.

"With you I can be frank, because I can trust you as before I only trusted silence."

He paused for a moment, and though Margaret did not move a muscle, not so much as her eyelids, he knew she understood every word, was listening with a concentration which itself made her immobile.

"I won't pretend to you that there are only disadvantages in a great position," he went on evenly, "any more than I hesitate to call my position a great one. That would be the worst cant affected modesty. I have power and responsibility. The one is not merely the obverse of the other. There is pleasure the keenest pleasure in both of them. They fill life as nothing else can, and a full life carries fuller happiness, just as a full hive holds more honey more business, more stress, more work, but more sweetness. I shall be in the cabinet before the end of this session. And you know as well as I do that the wife of a cabinet minister is as great or greater than any duchess in England—and by the proper measure, that of power. We have to all intents and purposes a single-chamber government, and that single chamber is ruled by the cabinet. I won't say that a cabinet minister is necessarily ruled by his wife." Merridew smiled at Margaret, who raised her eyes to his face with a glance more of inquiry than embarrassment. "That also would be cant," he went on firmly. "But I do say that a man's home so colors every thought and action of his life, public and private, that it is part of his character." He reflected a moment and ended with a bold open glance. "Man and wife are not only one flesh—they are far more really one mind."

"I'm not fit to have power," said Margaret suddenly.

"No one better. Margaret, you're not afraid ——"

"But I am. Truly I am. And now you explain it all so plainly, I see more than ever—I mean, I know myself better. And I know I would never be able to be—to be ——"

"Successful, powerful, envied?" he dared to banter her.

Her ingenuous shrinking from the brilliance of his picture was delightful to him. It was another fruit of that innocence in which he saw the promise of his happiness; a happiness, moreover, for himself and none other. On Margaret's whiteness he would write himself in the indelible ink of first lessons in experience. If he forgot that Margaret had the impressions of twenty years already inscribed in her memory he made no greater mistake than ninety per cent of men who propose. He shook his head at her with the highest good humor.

"You won't find it so bad as you think. Marry me, Margaret, and try what it is like. I don't think you will even find it very dreadful to see yourself in the picture papers. There are plenty of women who actually pay for that indignity, and they won't need to flatter you. You could win an election without opening your mouth."

But Margaret did not rise to this cheerful strain. She was still thoughtful.

"Mr. Merridew," she replied formally, "I can never thank you enough for being so—explaining things so well, and—and honestly, I don't think I ever realized—not properly—what it would mean ——"

She stopped abruptly and her expression suddenly changed to one of extreme surprise. Merridew noticed it and had the grace to seem a little guilty. The fact was that he had taken the opportunity of Margaret's earnest speech, which in the difficulty of making herself plain temporarily absorbed all her faculties, to pass his disengaged hand between her back and the chair's. It was the startling arrival of this hand against her hip on the far side of the chair which caused the rapid alteration of her countenance.

For a few seconds she seemed unable to realize the position. Then she ejaculated one indignant "Don't!" and tried to jump up.

He caught her more firmly. From Merridew's point of view, the thing was better and better. He had promised himself some charming moments, but not the full catalogue of a romantic wooing—from the first reluctance to a stolen embrace.

"Please, Mr. Merridew." She wriggled in a most undignified manner.

"But you will marry me? Say you're not afraid—Your Ladyship. Don't you like that? You shall be Your Ladyship whenever you like, though Mrs. is perhaps more distinguished in these days. Margaret, you are going to marry me?"

"I can't. Please, please don't hold me."

"Why not?"

"I told you."

"No good reason. You don't seriously mean to say you refuse because you're afraid of being too important ——"

"No, no! I told you! It's because I—I can't—I know I can't ——"

"Why?" asked Merridew, very blunt and a trifle irritated.

This sort of persistence could go too far. It had already spoiled the flavor in advance of his first kiss. The thing was degenerating into a mere quarrel.

"Because I—because I'm engaged," replied Margaret with an inspiration.

A very sincere astonishment made Merridew's eyes open to a ludicrous extent. He even allowed Margaret to leave her chair and remained at gaze while she shook down her skirt and preened herself in some agitation.

"Have you been engaged long?" he asked at last in a very flat voice.

"No-o, not long. I'm very, very sorry "

"And may I ask who is the—er—the man?"

"It's to Mr. Craig. It was rather sudden, I'm afraid."

"It must have been rather sudden."

"There has been an understanding for some time," Margaret explained nervously.

Craig himself interrupted this difficult situation. He came in, unfortunate fellow, supposing that he had at last tracked Margaret to a place of security and primed by desperation for the most heroic deeds. Thus the sight of Merridew acted like a pin on a tightly filled balloon. The collapse of his resolve was like a sudden escape of gas and his chest visibly fell in upon itself as he turned to retreat. But Merridew saw his intention in time and sprang up to recall him. He shook his hand with extraordinary heartiness.

"May I congratulate you? I've only just heard ——"

Craig stared at him. His mouth even opened to utter a protest. But just at that moment he caught sight of Margaret over the great man's shoulder—Margaret with a most startling grimace. She nodded violently.

"Yes—oh, yes, of course—thanks."

His body was more eloquent than his tongue. Already his ribs had begun to expand.

"You've kept it very dark. Hardly fair perhaps to an old friend of Margaret's."

"Yes—ah—um—um ——"

Craig seemed quite a tall man.

"We didn't want any fuss, Mr. Merridew," explained the surprising girl with a glance at Craig which instantly found him his tongue.

"No—we—er—thought it better—not to have a—er—a fuss. The truth is, we like—um—to keep things quiet."

Merridew was much pleased with this explanation. Taking Margaret's arm affectionately in one hand and Craig's in the other, he gently thrust them from the room, while he commended it.

"You were quite right. As I was just saying to Margaret—just before you came in—privacy is the most sacred possession. Nothing good can flourish without it. The quiet life—simple, unpretentious—that is the happiest of all. I envy you both. You can be glad you are not me. And now what do you say to a group on the terrace? Barton has a good camera. The sun is just right, and I'll answer for at least two papers which will be only too anxious to publish. Just the three of us. And perhaps—as I am the tallest—I had better stand in the middle."

The photograph was a great success and served not only to contradict certain rumors which had already, with the usual astonishing speed of rumors—though Mrs. Simpson's correspondence may have assisted them—reached London but explained their origin.

This was very satisfactory to Merridew, who took an early occasion, when they were mentioned to him by a friend in town, to say that if that friend knew Margaret Simpson he would see their absurdity.

"A nice little thing," was his verdict, "but essentially a country miss. I was delighted to see her so fortunately settled with a fellow who will suit her—a man called Craig."

"And what's he like?"

"Oh, he's the sort who would naturally appeal to a nice little thing like Margaret. It was delightful to watch them, I assure you. I don't believe they can say 'boo' to each other. Their principal amusement at present appears to be lolling in the same field with two bits of grass in their mouths looking at the sky. The mother is in despair, as you may suppose, but I must say I think they are admirably suited to each other They will probably have fourteen children, with apple cheeks and corn hair—vegetable products—filling two pews in Hornbury Church like the exhibit of a seedsman at the Royal Horticultural "

The friend was highly amused.

"Quite a rural affair."

"Very restful indeed."

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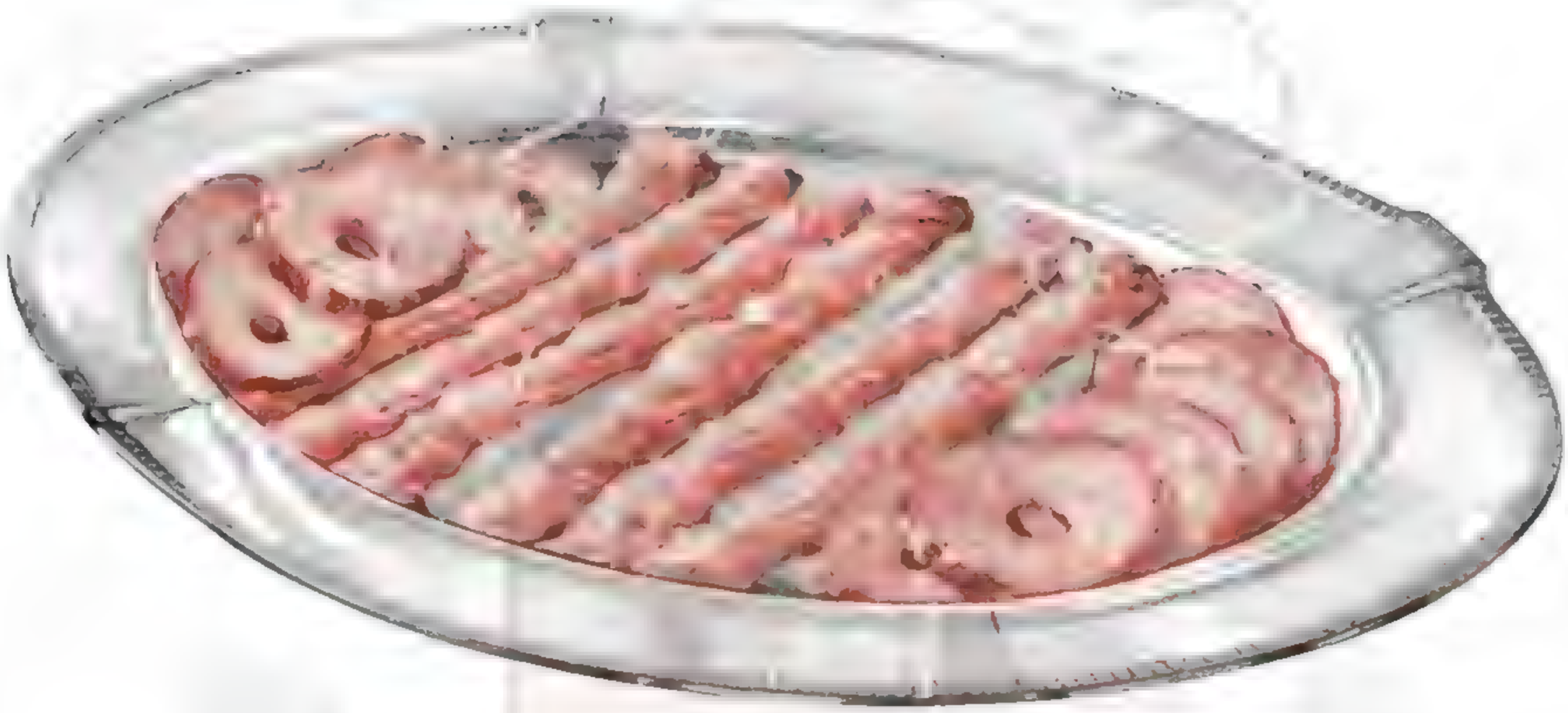

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LEWIS DARE

(Continued from Page 11)

unharmed treasure in its place, nor the fact that it was a moment before the blood returned to his dark face.

They went together through the old orchard, past the little gate that marked his boundary, up the well-kept walk that led to her door. He waited until the light sprang up in her window, and walked back in the bitter wind alone, not knowing it was a bitter wind, for his heart sang an old and happy song.

Potter blew in before the sun was high, and found the major viewing with some complacence the scarred oil painting of some long-dead Langham which he had fitted over the hidden door.

"Holy Mabel! What you tryin' to do—turn to an icicle? Let's get back to the fire. Oh—before I forget it—I'll call for you this evenin' if you'll come to the unveilin'."

"I can't"—hesitatingly.

"You're not hidin' from some ghastly crime, are you?"

"No."

"Then why not?"

There was a slight pause; then: "I shall come with pleasure."

"Good! I'll call for you. Care if I cut through your orchard? I want to see what I can do for Mrs. Morton. Committee's on her hands."

A question trembled on the major's lips, but Potter reached the well curb before he got it out. "Why has she the committee on her hands?"

"Well—the statue is a memorial to her husband"—with some surprise. "Uncle Dean—Helen's uncle—was the closest friend and comrade."

This time Potter was out of earshot before the query "Who was her husband?" was formed. And somehow when Potter came flashing back, full of the joy of a knight who has seen his lady, there was no opportunity.

It was not until Queen Bess came snorting up, camouflaged in banners, her owner sporting a daffodil in his buttonhole, that the question was asked. The major was in the car, and there was no chance of retreat when Potter replied: "Why, General Morton, you know!"—trying not to seem as astounded as he was. "The General Morton; Stephen Eggleston."

Even the ever-joyous Potter saw the effect of that. Lewis Dare looked as though someone had struck him without warning.

"Reckon Englishmen don't know about him," Potter went on. Actually he thought nothing of the kind. He simply felt that he must say something. The whole world knew about Stephen Eggleston Morton.

"I did not connect him"—faintly.

"The boy's named for him. Oh, we've called him Boy Blue so long! Funny you hadn't heard people talkin' about the unveilin'. All anybody does talk about. Funny I didn't happen to say something."

After a side glance Potter let out the royal Bess and gave his guest a chance to recover. He was ever a considerate soul. When they drew up in the line of parked cars Lewis Dare sat very stiff and straight.

"Potter Bland! At last!"

"Potter, we thought you were never coming."

A group of girls in chilly-looking white welcomed him. Potter must fix the laurel chain that had come loose. Potter must ask the committee when the girls were to sing the song Flax Perry had composed. Did Potter think he could get more flags?

Potter promised recklessly.

"The girls will take care of you till I get back. This is Major Dare, ladies. Take him somewhere and thaw him out."

They led him into the well-filled hall, and huddled with him over the great register, but he was not easily thawed.

"We must have a talk about Mayo," Marjie Webb declared, with a meaning sadness. "You don't know how I look forward to hearing his last words."

"He hadn't time for any"—distantly.

But Potter's return, with flags appropriated from various cars, sent them scurrying to show him what must next be done.

A stir heralded the committee's arrival. They were preceded by Uncle Dean, a spare man with long and drooping mustaches. The three great men walked importantly behind. Following came Peg and Letty, clinging together, hat brims hiding scarlet faces; then Blue, beaming widely, escorting his black-clad mother.

"There's maj'!" he whispered loudly.

Helen nodded graciously. But Lewis Dare saluted, no smile answering hers. Potter gave the little girls wreaths, found programs, replied to questions and installed them in their places.

Uncle Dean rapped on the bunting-draped rail, spoke in a hoarse voice, indistinctly, and Doctor Campbell delivered the invocation. Then Uncle Dean, briefly and unintelligibly, introduced the first great man.

He was a veteran of '98. He had something to say of the valor of the general during "the late unpleasantness with Spain," his wisdom and discretion in the years succeeding, when he held a position of infinite delicacy. But he had much more to say of himself at that time—a wearying amount.

Blue, seated in view of the audience, was bored. He changed his position twenty times in three minutes. The little girls cast agonized glances at him. They would not have stirred for an earthquake. Helen whispered to him, but he merely yawned.

Once he said, clearly: "He ain't the on'y one's got to talk! I got to pull the strings off that monamint, sometime!"

It was, of course, Potter who smuggled him away, handing him to the major with a cajoling smile. The veteran chose that moment to stop, and the major passed a bunch of keys to the downcast Blue, murmuring: "Can't get these off the ring."

"Bet a nickel I can!"

He was still working on them, absorbedly, when the second speaker finished his brief eulogy of General Morton, whose life had been cut short so suddenly and horribly. The third speaker rose.

"That's Sen'tor Glover," Blue confided. "Ate three pieces o' pie."

The man who ate the pie was relating the story they all knew—the story of that sudden and horrible end. Six years ago, returning from the settlement of a violent coal-mine strike, General Morton stopped in a well-known city. As he left the train a threat of death was thrust upon him—death if he acceded to the request of the street-railway company to arbitrate the labor troubles then at their height. He gave the threat no attention. He was always being so annoyed.

A second warning was thrown into his car as it paused in a traffic jam. He read it and laughed as he tore it across. As a matter of fact he had refused to act as arbitrator, being anxious to return home and see the son born during his absence. But the reiteration of the threat sent up boldly with his evening mail changed his mind. Late editions carried his acceptance.

Extras, on the streets at midnight, bore the black-rimmed headlines: "General Morton Assassinated!" Morning papers added that the assassin had given himself up.

"He shot my father in the neck and ear," said Blue eagerly. "He died standin' up—my father did. I'm goin' to die standin' up. You can, easy, if you hold on. He had the desk in the hotel. I been there."

But the major was looking with a certain grimness at the scar on his right hand.

The assassin, went on the senator, was tried and condemned, meeting death indifferently and unrepentant. The result of the crime, however, was the opposite of what he had hoped. The men resumed work at once. They had no sympathy with the general's murder.

"As in life, so in death was the general triumphant," declaimed the speaker, "preventing all bloodshed, rioting and terror ——"

"That's not so!" said the major involuntarily.

"'Tisn't it?" asked Blue. He was the sole hearer. "Whyn't you tell him?"

But the senator had been succeeded by the four girls, who sang the song Flax Perry had composed, after which, with cloaks about them, they led the procession to the veiled statue, where Blue, puffing audibly, brought the sheeting in a cloud to the ground, revealing the Morton memorial.

It was an imposing creation. The general, erect, commanding, assured, holding in his left hand a scroll, in his right a sword; the scroll purporting to be his famous code that had done so much for the common people. On the marble base bas-relief figures marched two and two; Valor, with the soldier; Wisdom, with the governor; Justice, with the mediator.

Led by Peg and Letty, children marched about, throwing laurel wreaths at the statue's feet; Doctor Campbell pronounced the blessing and the ceremony was at an end.

Helen held out a cordial hand to the major, but he barely touched her fingers. Not so had they parted last night.

"Don't you think he's queer?" Dorothy Webb asked Helen. "Not a bit like any Englishman I ever saw. He doesn't even talk like one."

"Do they all talk alike?"

"Well, they say 'That's a bit thick,' and 'Let me have a go at it,' and 'Strawdinary.' I think he's Italian. He isn't born to our language, anyway. You notice. He stops before he speaks, as if he was thinking in another language and had to translate."

"Potter, Dot thinks your major is a masquerader."

"Look how dark he is. You can laugh, Potter Bland, but I don't believe he ever saw England!"

"You lose. He had a letter from our consul there."

"You know what I mean. . . . Major Dare, what part of England do you come from?"

"London"—after that perceptible pause.

"Your family still live there?"

"I have no relatives."

"Lived in London all your life?"

He replied, distantly, that he had been in France nearly five years.

Potter hailed the passing committee and presented the major.

"Heroes throng to heroes' footsteps." The veteran looked at the man he was addressing, paused, and went on in a different key: "I've seen you before, haven't I? I didn't catch the name?"

"Dare. Lewis Dare."

"Don't know the name—but that face ——"

"You're way off, sir," said Potter; "major's only been in the country ten days."

"Odd. I'd have sworn—I say, Glover, this young man remind you of anyone?"

It was the senator's idea that he had seen a picture of the major.

There was to be a banquet at the Webbs'.

"You'll come, major?" urged Marjie. "I fixed the things myself."

Helen added: "You'll like it—please come!"

But Lewis Dare refused. Perhaps he really did not see the hand she had extended.

Potter got out the yellow car. "I can run you out to Fair Acres in less'n no time. No trouble at all. Glad to."

But it was a silent drive. Potter must have been relieved when the sagging door closed on the difficult Britisher. At any rate, he roared away with his cut-out open.

The little girls, coming shyly round the corner of the well curb next day, found the major putting up storm doors over the only usable entrance. His eyes looked as though he had not slept.

After they had prodded one another Letty piped a timid: "Say, major!" Peg adding: "Mother says will you come to dinner?"

He planed the length of the board. Then he regretted his inability to accept the invitation.

"We're goin' to have chicken," volunteered Peg.

"An' ice cream on pie, like they do up North," gloated Letty.

But he remained firm.

Presently a carpenter and a grinning yellow boy arrived at Fair Acres, and the major was thenceforward prodigiously busy.

Blue, who never knew when he was snubbed, spent all his time after school watching them reshingle the roof, remove broken shutters, replace windows and equip the place with weather strips. It was a great blow to him when the carpenter and the yellow boy departed.

He used to come in, just the same, and share the major's fire, sitting in one of the newly covered armchairs and carrying nine-tenths of the conversation.

"You ever hear that wild lady?" he asked once.

The major assented.

"Was you awful scared?"

"No."

"Well, I wouldn't be, either. I'd holler back at her, I would. I'd tell her to hold her noise. Say, if you'd happen to invite me for all night, when it's awful windy, like now—if you'd happen to invite me for all night to-night ——" He paused hopefully. "Maj', I said if you'd happen ——"

"Too late. The wild lady's gone."

"Where?"

"I stopped up the place she came in at."

"You oughtn't to of monkeyed with her!"

Potter, breezing in with orders to send Blue home, found them before the fire, Blue's short legs crossed in imitation of the major's long ones, his pursed lips holding a stubby bit of pencil at the careless angle of the soldier's cigarette. He departed reluctantly.

Potter turned back from the door, hands in his pockets.

"Helen wants to know if you're comin' to Blue's party to-morrow night."

The major moved uncomfortably.

"Marjie and the girls want to bring a chaperon and see Fair Acres."

"Oh ——"

"Folks think you're queer. They don't understand Englishmen. I tell 'em about the Englishmen who occupied the same stateroom for a year and never spoke because they hadn't been introduced. You don't want people to think you're queer."

"No!"

"Then let me bring the girls. Have cakes and reckon you'd serve tea, bein' English. How about it?"

"I shall be obliged"—with that pause.

"That's the spirit. I'll bring 'em Friday. You want to make friends."

The major's strange eyes held a curious appeal. "I need friends, Bland. Terribly. Sorry I haven't started right. But I need friends."

"I'm one," Potter assured him, adding that Helen Morton was another, which quieted the major at once. He said, "Very kind," distantly, and closed his left hand over the scar on his right.

He did not attend Blue's party, though Blue came over with a special invitation. But he sent a present that delighted Blue's heart—his own trench periscope. Blue and his guests managed to put it out of commission in the course of the evening. Potter promised to repair it. But he had given a reckless promise. He worked on it for an hour after Blue had said good night. Then he rose.

"Goin' to ask the major what in heck's the matter with it, Helen. Want to run over with me?"

"I want to, but I don't think Mrs. Grundy would approve. And I'm sure the major wouldn't. He doesn't like me."

"I shouldn't grieve if that were true—but it isn't."

"I wish it wasn't."

"You haven't seen Fair Acres since it was repaired. I want to show you the tower and the cherubs on the ceiling and ev'thing"

The lure was too strong—or was it something else? She slipped into her cloak, and with the lantern bobbing between them they crossed the old orchard. As they neared the house they paused. A strain of wildly sweet music cut the frosty air.

"He has a violin," Helen remembered aloud.

The mounting notes answered exultantly, exquisitely, to a master hand.

"He must have company," whispered Potter.

But Helen knew better.

"He looks as though he did something wonderful," she breathed, and stopped Potter's response with a finger to her lips.

The music ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

They stole nearer to the unshuttered window. The lamp was unlit, but a log flaming on the hearth silhouetted the figure before it: Lewis Dare, violin pressed against his cheek, bow lingering on the strings. His mouth had become itself, beautiful, sensitive, eager.

"Let's make a noise. It's not fair."

Potter stamped the snow from his shoes with embarrassed vigor.

"May we come in?" Helen knocked on the new storm door, and they laughed, a bit convulsively, in the pause before Lewis Dare's voice came to them, a little shaken, as of a man just wakened.

"The lamp—it's not lit." Then the flare of a match.

(Continued on Page 118)

BUICK

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DELCO

(Continued from Page 114)

"I hope you don't mind our breaking in like this, but ——"

"Blue's periscope is out of whack, and it's as much as my life's worth not to have it fixed by mornin'."

The major took the periscope to the light.

"You shouldn't have given him anything so valuable."

He made no reply, bending lower over the instrument.

With a gay, "Genius would freeze if it wasn't for dubs like me," Potter went out for more wood.

Helen crossed to the major.

"I begin to think I've done something you don't like. I should be sorry if we weren't friends."

"It's—nothing."

"I thought we were going to be friends after that first night. Is there some reason why we shouldn't be? . . . Look at me, please. There. Have I done anything?"

"Nothing."

"Then won't you try me again?"

His smile answered hers, reluctantly, and yet as though he had been living for this moment. "Remember you asked me," he said, as if he were excusing himself, and she called him an unchivalrous soul—but merrily.

"That was some more playin' you were doin', major!" Potter returned with an armload of fuel. "What was it?"

"A—little thing of mine."

"Little! It was tremendous. Why, we stood in the cold and didn't know we were freezing."

"It was nothing."

"Let's have some more nothin'. What's the matter with showin' Helen the tower and you playin' while we dance?"

"The matter with that is that the major would freeze."

The major took up his violin. Afterward it seemed a silly thing to have done, but at the time —— The lantern on the high white mantel—beneath it, Lewis Dare drawing magic from his violin—Helen gliding over the polished floor with Potter Bland.

"I shall always see you dancing in my tower," said the major as they waited in the chilly hall while Potter struggled with the double doors.

"You play so marvelously. I wonder ——"

"Why I don't play in public? I shall. I begin my concert season soon."

"You're well known over there?"

"I've studied many years."

"You've moved the mirror." She laid an investigating finger on the scarred portrait that veiled the secret door.

"May want a safe hiding place one day"—banteringly.

"Didn't the carpenter see ——."

"It's our secret." They exchanged mysterious smiles when Potter, passing the portrait, remarked that the major might find a better-looking object to leer at folks when they came downstairs. They felt that they had known each other for a thousand years!

After that they were always finding reasons for being together.

Potter and the other men from town, who kept a trail beaten hard to the hospitable doors of Cedarnook, wondered at the frequency of Louzy's "Miss Hellum, she's out." Louzy never knew where.

Potter was on hand Friday when the swarm of girls, gay in spring suits, came fluttering through the orchard. To the two men it was not Marjie, Dorothy, Flax and Lucy with their chaperon, who trailed up the path, but Helen Morton in the company of insignificant others.

"'Lo, Potter! Evening, major. Whatever do you think?" Dorothy rushed on them. "We're scared to death. How Helen dares live out on the edge of the world ——"

"Have you seen him, Potter?"

"Major, do you think he's here?"

They came in, with little shrieks of "How quaint!" "How dear!"

"Major, don't you love it?" asked Marjie tensely.

She looked at the kitchen cabinet with tears in her eyes. That was unnecessary. The major had recently bought that in town.

"Potter," said Mrs. Campbell, "the most outrageous thing's happened!" She spoke as if it were all his fault. "Something's got to be done!"

"I'll do it!" he promised with his usual charming recklessness.

"You'd think the men would do something ——"

"You'd think they'd see responsible people ran their old asylums."

Helen's voice triumphed. "A young half-witted negro has escaped from the asylum. They'll soon take him. It's such unseasonable weather he hasn't a chance, poor fellow!"

"Hel-en! Poor fellow!"

"Mar-jie! Why not?"

Potter suggested a tour of inspection.

Marjie drew the major to the upper window in the tower, whereon the clover leaf scratched by Lighthorse Harry still ornamented the tiny pane.

"You can see all over Moultrie. You ought to see him if he comes this way. I believe Fair Acres is the only safe place in the county."

"I hope not." He took a tentative step after the others but Marjie detained him.

"Tell me about Mayo."

"Tell you what?"

"Everything. How did he die? What did he say?"

"He hadn't time to say anything."

"Were you there?"

"No."

"But didn't he tell you about me?"—tremulously.

"No."

"Well, he told me about you!"

His astonishment was not mingled with pleasure.

"I brought the letter. The last one he wrote me." She did not add that it was also the first. "He says—let's see: 'A pal of mine, named Dare, was with me. I owe lots to Dare. When we get back home we're coming to Moultrie. I've written Hel——' . . . That's all. I didn't connect it with you till I read it over today. I thought it was 'Dawes.' Besides, I took it for granted the man was an American. He says 'back home.'"

Lucy Bland summoned them downstairs. The girls were going to demonstrate the proper way of preparing and serving a Southern tea. Dorothy and Marjie, in their pretty aprons, had begun to move briskly about the great kitchen.

Lewis Dare went to Helen, seated in disgraceful idleness.

"I don't go calling to do the work," she announced.

"Potter and I were going to manage. . . . Mayo wrote you about me."

"No. Why?"

"He wrote Miss Webb."

"That's different."

"You were the one he talked about. . . . You must know he loved you. He talked about you by the hour. He called you 'The Girl,' but once in a while 'Helen.' I didn't know your other name."

"I didn't know."

He was back at his first query. Was she sure Mayo had not mentioned him? She was. He seemed to breathe more freely then.

The following afternoon the major seized the excuse of Blue's books, left carelessly on his table, to enter the hospitable doors of Cedarnook. Uncle Dean was sitting in the music room, his long pipe drooping against his vest, his eyes fixed on the portrait of the general that hung before him.

"There's a man!" he said hoarsely, as Louzy bustled off for Helen. "If that scoundrel hadn't got him he'd been this country's salvation now. That's the way of things. . . . Spent most of his life, did the general, working for the people. Drawing up laws, forcing 'em through, and settling disputes. Pah! Poor white trash. What did they do to him? Shot him!"

"One man shot him."

"Same thing. And what for? This fellow Kosolenkis—man who shot the general—had a good job, lived in a decent house, ate there in the hotel, they tell me desk clerk, you know ——"

"Yes."

"Brooded over his wrongs, they say. Tell me what they were. Tell me one! Can't! Man was mad or drunk." His emotions overcame him.

The major observed that the general's earlier work was universally admired. Later the general perhaps succumbed to ambition.

"You've heard Kosolenkis' friends talk! Pretend the general defrauded the men in the strikes to get the promise of presidential nomination, and tied 'em with legal contracts. But they lie! General Morton was the finest gentleman who ever set foot on soil, and Kosolenkis the vilest assassin since Judas, sir!"

"So?"—evenly.

"Knew the general?"

"No, sir."

"Saw him, though?"

"Never."

"Then you know nothing about it. I was with him all his life I married my niece to him. She wasn't pleased, he being so much older, but they were very happy."

The major remembered Potter's confidence, dealing with the poverty of Cedarnook, with Helen's invalid mother, whom, after all, the general's fortune had been unable to save, with Helen's sacrifice, gallantly made.

Helen summoned him to her sun parlor, where the little girls were planting seed boxes.

"I had a letter from Senator Glover. He thinks he's solved the mystery of Lewis Dare. He insists there is a mystery about you. . . . Why, what is it?"

"Nothing."

"He sends this." She extended a picture cut from an old magazine.

A tall man, bearing himself with a certain grace, a violin resting against his cheek, bow drawn across the strings—so the picture. The face was an unusual one, younger than Lewis Dare's, but startlingly like. The name "Jan Caprice" was printed beneath.

"The senator says no one knows what became of Jan Caprice, unless the war sent him home to his regiment—if he belonged to a warring power. Jan Caprice is a professional name. He was making a tour of America. His notices were extravagant. And then he disappeared."

Lewis Dare returned the picture without comment.

"Why don't you say something?"

"For instance ——"

"That you are Jan Caprice."

"I was."

Letty broke in. "Uncle Dean won't let us go to school lessen they catch that nigger boy!"

"He chases little girls," said Peg.

"An' sticks his face in people's windows," gloated Letty.

"Potter'll get him, though." They were both sure of that.

He went home slowly, thoughts full of Helen. He'd take her some white iris tomorrow. It was beginning to bloom.

How queer that he'd left the door ajar! Potter must have come. But a glance at the drive showed no rakish yellow car. He entered uneasily. The kitchen was empty. He had left that plate on the table—had he? Wasn't there a muffin on it?

He opened the door of the den and closed it. Nothing had been disturbed. He listened at the hall door. Absolute silence. He went down the corridor, inspecting the library and the tower room. Did he imagine that a stand had been shifted, a chair moved? He mounted the tower's winding stair. Was that the mark of a hand on Lighthorse Harry's window pane?

He ascended the broad staircase. But he tired of the search before he had gone through every room. He thought he was having an attack of nerves.

He ate his meal, refraining from indulging himself so far as to glance over his shoulder at every odd sound. The house was always creaking.

He was adjusting the shade over Helen's lamp when he heard the footsteps, and, as he had been hearing footsteps in fancy for over an hour, he did not heed them. Someone was coming cautiously along the corridor. The major's hand dropped to the back of a light chair.

But the door, opening, revealed nothing dreadful—a badly frightened, scantily clothed young negro, whose loose mouth hung open. His hands, raised supplicatingly, shook.

"Well!"

"Dey's comin', boss! I seen 'em. Lantrums is travelum thoo the woods. Boss, don' let 'em git me! I swar I hain't done hit. I swar I hain't. Oh, boss!"

The major crossed to the window, but the darkness without was unbroken. He threw the sash high and listened. Not a sound save the interminable croaking of the frogs. He lowered the sash.

"You kin see 'em upstairs, boss. I met up with Sis Barnwall, and she say dey boun' dey goin' lynch me. Oh, boss, I hain't done it! Oh, boss, don' let 'em git me!"

He threw himself before the major in a frenzy of terror.

"Get up. What is it they think you've done?"

"I dunno. I—Sis Barnwall say dey say 'at I hurt a wite 'oman ——"

"Did you?"—sternly.

"No! No, I hain't, boss. I dunno who is the wite 'oman."

"Get up!"

"I swar I hain't done hit. O-o-oh! I yeah 'em! Oh, boss!"

"They shan't get you if you didn't do it. But get up!"

The major hurried along the corridor, the negro shambling at his heels. "Can you keep quiet?" They paused before the portrait of the long-ago Langham that masked the secret door.

"Yassah—yassah—I swar to the good Lawd ——"

"Never mind that." The major removed the portrait and opened the little door. He had himself fitted the new hinges that turned so easily. "Get in. It's dark, but there's an air hole. You're safe if you're quiet."

"Oh, boss, I swar ——"

"Be quiet!"

"Ef dey git me dey sho' tar me up. Dey won' lissum—dey's crazy mad." The whites of his eyes, visible in the murkiness, rolled.

"They won't get you."

The major settled the portrait over the secret door, ran lightly up the winding stair, and stood before the tiny-paned window made famous by the clover leaf of Lighthorse Harry.

The woods, still bare to the March winds, were alive with dancing lights. Twenty—thirty—half a hundred. The strong lamps of a car appeared, a car making its difficult way along the wood road. By their glow he made out a host of dark figures running. Faint and far off he heard a murmur of voices—a dreadful murmur.

When the voices had increased to an uproar he returned to the kitchen, opened a book and laid it face down on the table near an easy-chair. Then he unbolted the door.

Three or four lights were bobbing round the bend.

"Hi, major! Seen that ornery coon we're after?"

The car whose lights he had watched from the tower room swung into view. Potter sprang out. A score of new figures joined him, loud with dreadful threats.

"Been home all evenin', major?"

"I was at Cedarnook for a few minutes."

"We'd better look through the place, then."

The major demurred. He would have seen the intruder if there had been an intruder. But there was no choice. A guard was flung about the manor, a vociferous, trumpet-tongued band.

Some had pitch-pine torches that made splotches of lurid light against the ancient walls. Others pressed after the major into the old kitchen.

"Notice anything when you got back from Helen's?" asked Potter presently.

"I had no idea you were man-hunting, you know."

"Ev'thing points this way. The folks over Port way saw him sneak through your woods."

They had reached the portrait that masked the secret door.

"Will you look in the tower?" The major was a soldier, stern and grim.

They looked in the tower, examined every piece of furniture, stamped up the great staircase like a herd of cattle. The major, who had kept a sharp eye on them while they were near the portrait, lagged behind as they rushed through the upper chambers, dragging things from their places, tearing old hangings from older beds, scorching walls and woodwork with careless torches.

So he was not prepared for the shout of triumph that presently rose. He and Potter hurried forward. In the farthest room the leaders were gathered. One of them had a ragged cap on his stick.

"Found it right here!" he exulted.

"He couldn't have got out, could he?" cried Potter.

"That's what he seems to have done"—indifferently.

A poor tone to take. They grew suspicious, and began to knock in the partition that cut off the eaves, to smash wantonly doors of wardrobes that stuck.

"He must be here. Holy Mabel! You're not hidin' him? You wouldn't be such a fool as that."

The major returned Potter's stare.

"Why—don't you know why we want him?" (Concluded on Page 119)

Bon Ami

Makes it glisten—

Bon Ami powder makes the tub so clean and white that I just like to stand and look at it!

It makes the tub *glisten*, for it is the only cleaning powder with a real *polishing* quality. And it does not scratch or grind the delicate enamel.

Bon Ami also cleans the nickel faucets —makes them look like new silver.

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(Concluded from Page 116)

"To lynch him—or burn him—I suppose."

"For the sort of thing no Virginian forgives."

"Without knowing whether or not he's guilty."

"He'll tell quick enough."

"You mean he's guilty anyway. I know."

"If you know where he is give him up. We won't let you stand in our way." He was not the familiar amiable Potter now.

"Your mob has searched everything but the smokehouse and stables."

The mob was descending the stairs. Potter and the major paused at the top.

"You're a strange friend to Helen."

The major raised his slender brows.

"Considerin' Boy Blue."

"What about Boy Blue?"

"The man choked him—insensible, the kid was—black-and-blue marks on his throat ——"

"When I was there at five ——"

"He wasn't home. It was after seven when they brought him in. Uncle Dean phoned me."

"Is he ——"

"He's comin' round. Nigger did it because Blue saw him leavin' the house where the woman —— How you can protect a thing like that!"

"I am not standing in the way of your mob."

A low moan rose eerily.

If the major's heart missed a beat his set face did not reveal it.

"What was that?" demanded Potter.

"The wild lady. You've heard her before."

Potter had. It was he who explained the moan to the mob.

"We'll get the dawgs," said a wild-looking individual, whom in saner times the major had known as Dan Campbell.

The brazen-throated throng agreed. Four or five set off in Queen Bess, honking down the drive, a torch waving from the step. Others invaded the smokehouse and stables, battering down newly erected fences as they went. Potter and the major, alone in the kitchen, faced each other.

"Tell me where he is. Those men won't be gentle with you after the dogs find him."

The major shrugged.

"Why take the part of a nigger against Helen's son?"

"If I find the guilty one I'll turn him over to the authorities. Not to a mob. Helen won't care to be responsible for the lynching of an innocent boy."

"You do know where he is?"

"You are looking for a half-witted boy ——"

"We're looking for the nigger you're hidin'."

"You'd take any black man you came across as a victim."

"We'd take him to the woman."

"She's so frightened she wouldn't know him. Any man you brought wouldn't have a chance in the world."

"You're more tender of a black man than ——"

"I've no reason to be tender of a mob!" He exhibited the length of scar. "That's what a mob did to me. If you think I can't remember what it's like to be chased by a mob of madmen ——"

"If you know where that nigger is—and you do—tell me!"

"If I knew I wouldn't tell!"

A louder roar outside. A dozen new torches were lighted. The smokehouse and stables had proved empty. A husky fellow, cheek soot-streaked, pushed into the kitchen, demanding that the damn foreigner come across with the nig. A score of others echoed him. Their torches scorched the door jambs and the lately finished walls. Some of them flourished weapons. One beat with a poker on a washboiler. Someone shattered the window with a blow of his stick.

The major regarded them with a smile that was half a sneer. Potter was trying, futilely, to hold them back, when Helen came.

Uncle Dean and Jimpson were with her, Jimpson ashen with terror, Uncle Dean carving her path with a wide-swung cane.

She stepped between the mob and its defier.

"What is it you've done, major?"

"He won't give up the darky. Make him, Helen. They're desperate. They're goin' to have the nigger if they kill ev'body!"

"Do you know where he is, Major Dare?"

He would not lie to her.

"Then why ——"

"Because there is a good chance that he is not the man." Even Potter could not hear him in the uproar.

"They won't hurt him if he's not."

"Do you believe that?"

She looked round fearfully. They were beating on the boiler again.

"But they'll hurt you."

"I'm not afraid. Potter, won't you take Mrs. Morton home?"

Uncle Dean, who had been listening to the mob leaders, thundered hoarsely that the major was a blackguard—he ought to be made to give in.

Jimpson, his kinky wool singed, let out a wail of terror. Someone prodded him with a pistol. There was another crash of falling glass.

"It's no place for her, Potter," urged the major.

"Come, Helen; you can't do any good."

She saw that that was true, and let him hurry her away. Perhaps the man she left had not expected her to go so willingly.

Dan Campbell arrived with the dogs.

"You are not," stated the major, "going to let those animals track through my house."

"Oh, ain't we?"

"'Sall you know about it!"

The dogs lunged forward. The major moved to the doorway and blocked it, a hand on either jamb.

"Outa the way! Outa the way!"

"Move, you—foreigner!"

"Step out, Hunky!"

"This is my house."

"Who says so? Who knows if you're Lewis Dare? Who knows anything about y' at all?"

"Englishman! Ain't any more English'n I am!"

"Knock him down! Knock the Hunky down!"

They jostled him aside. The dogs bounded ahead of their leaders, along the corridor, up the staircase.

The major, held by two burly ruffians—by day the kindliest of men!—remained in the kitchen. When he found struggling of no avail he listened tensely to the footsteps, the howls of the dogs, the shouts of the men.

Now they were coming back to the stairs. That was the dogs leaping down. Had they stopped before the portrait? No, they were tearing up the tower stair. They were coming down. They were in the tower room. Now they were surely before that portrait! Why, were they coming back?

The dogs bounded into the kitchen. The men, following, encouraged them with: "Find 'im! Find the nigger!" and "What's in the cab'net? They keep sniffin' it? Yeah! Look in behind there. Seems like they smell 'im."

"Satisfied?" sneered the major when the whole performance had been repeated.

Dan advanced on the major. "You know where he is?"

The other let his contemptuous glance sweep from Dan's scowling face to his muddy boots and back. Dan struck him across the mouth.

"About—what I'd—expect from—a coward," gasped the major.

Dan was ashamed. He had never before struck a man who could not return the blow. He wanted to undo it, without knowing how.

Potter came back, white and miserable.

Those who had been guarding the manor insisted upon their own search, and, failing, tore down the stovepipe, broke china, yanked down curtains; finally, in a burst of anger, hustled the major to the dooryard with a rope about his neck. They would force the truth from him; he could tell.

Potter and Dan tried to save him—vainly.

The lights of a car, flying down a hill half a mile away, were not noticeable in the glare. Someone had set the smokehouse on fire.

They had dragged the major to the orchard and thrown the rope over a gnarled apple tree when the car arrived.

"What's all this?" demanded the sheriff. "You men, listen to me!"

But what he said was heard only by those nearest. Doctor Campbell, the cashier of the bank and the head of the mill, who had accompanied the sheriff, repeated the news.

Someone took the rope from Lewis Dare's neck, and the sheriff held out a congratulatory hand. "Took the real guy other side the river. Got him safe. Gee, you had your nerve!"

"Mrs. Morton telephoned us," explained the cashier. "Said the mob would murder you. Mighty near right. All the time the criminal was in jail. Frank put him on the train with three deputies when he heard."

"Made a mess of your place," commented the head of the mill.

It seemed to the major that they were never going. He accepted the awkward apologies of Potter and Dan, but distantly. He counted the minutes until they left.

And at length they left, and he was free to bolt the door, remove the portrait and unlatch the secret chamber door.

"It's all right. They've got their man."

The boy fell at the major's feet blubbering: "Oh, boss! Oh, boss!" He seemed to have forgotten any other words.

After he had gone, fortified with food and money, his preserver drew up the curtain and stood as he had done that first evening, gazing at Cedarnook's lighted window, wearing his version of the look Helen Morton inspired.

The mayor, Doctor Campbell, Dan, Potter and Helen called on Lewis Dare. They wanted him to know that they intended to repair the damage to Fair Acres.

"We appreciate men who are not afraid to suffer for the right," said the doctor. "Link tells us he was here last night after all, and you wouldn't give him up."

"We'd have murdered him if you'd given us a chance," said Potter.

"You're game," said Dan. "We want you to—you're not naturalized?"

"No."

"Won't you be naturalized? We want you in office."

The others joined him in the pleas.

"I'm sorry. I cannot be naturalized. I am an American."

Their surprise welled in one exclamation.

"I let you think me English. I thought it would give me a background. Lewis Dare of Fair Acres, late of London."

"But your name is really Lewis Dare?"

"Yes. I am the Lewis Dare that Mayo Langham knew. He knew it all. We were to have come back together—Mayo drew up that will so I might carry out our plans in case —— Our idea was that with a new name—it is new, though it's my own—and a new country, I could start again. I was to make friends here—friends who would stand by me. It seemed easy when we used to talk about it in the corner of our cowshed or bunkhouse or trench. It didn't occur to us that anyone would question my right to the name or care to go back of the war."

"I think," said Helen, "that no one here cares to go back of last night."

Doctor Campbell averred that whatever name the major chose was honored.

"Mayor Cranston needs a successor."

"Oh, no—I'd rather not ——"

"Something the muckrakers might dig up?" asked Potter.

The major studied his scar intently. "Simply this: I was known as Jan Kosolenkis for most of my life. My parents died when I was a child. Paul Kosolenkis, who went to school with my father in Prague, was my guardian. He preferred to drop my real name, Lewis Dare. Lada Kosolenkis was my guardian's son."

The others tried not to look at Helen. Lada Kosolenkis had shot the general.

The major went on swiftly. "Lada's mother was a Russian. Came over after a pogrom. Died when he was seven. He thought she died because of what she had gone through in Russia. He was always talking of revenging her. At first he was going to Russia, but later he saw he could not track down the villains after so many years. There were lots of half-baked anarchists in our city. Lada was a leader."

"They said he was not a member of a band," said Helen.

"They had nothing to do with what Lada did. I suppose they talked so much they felt no necessity for doing anything. The effect on Lada was different. At the hotel where he worked—his father wanted him to go to college, but he thought that was deserting the people!—he fell in with labor representatives who'd been badly treated by General Morton. During the coal strike—the third one, in which the general, as mediator, sold the strikers for the promise of nomination ——"

"Then that was true?"

"Yes. I'm sorry. During that last strike some women and children were shot down. They say a machine gun, brought to quell the riots, exploded. I do not know about that. Lada believed it to be a repetition of Russia. He laid it all to General Morton. Under the general's orders the machine guns were brought. Lada imagined himself a second Charlotte Corday. He gave warning—three warnings. He should have known that would not stop a brave man. So he murdered the popular hero."

"Oh!"

"He wasn't sane. I'm not excusing him. I was as indignant as anyone. I had shared the popular opinion of Stephen Eggleston Morton. At the time I was making my first concert venture under the name of Jan Caprice. I was attracting favorable attention. The tour was a financial success. Unusual, they said, for an unknown artist."

"I read about it."

"The day the general was killed I arrived at home. My concert was billed that night. I reached town half an hour before the shots were fired. Lada escaped in the confusion after the shooting. The whole city turned out to find him. Some came out to the house to us. Lada hadn't come home. But they thought we were hiding him. They thought we were in the plot. I don't know what they thought! They beat my guardian because he could not tell where Lada was. They smashed things, of course ——"

His glance wandered to his own windows, mended, temporarily, with cloths and paper.

"I got away and ran, the whole pack after me. Ran for a long, long time, up and down alleys, in and out of people's yards, until I could taste blood in my mouth. But they caught me. Someone proposed tarring and feathering me, and they built a fire, but before they got the tar someone heated a poker in the fire and—gave me this scar. I don't remember any more. When I woke I was in a hospital. My tour was canceled. My arm was useless. I couldn't hope to play for months."

"Didn't they do anything to the mob?"

"No. My guardian died shortly afterward. Lada gave himself up. Wild rumors flew about. They said Jan Caprice was Lada's accomplice, Jan Caprice had planned it. But the rumors did not come up at the trial. Lada was executed before I was out of the hospital. When I recovered my managers would not book me. Even if they had trusted my arm they were afraid the public would not accept a man mentioned in such a connection. General Morton was a popular hero, you know."

"What did you do?" Dan voiced the question.

"War came. I enlisted in London as Lewis Dare. And that's all."

"Let us do something about your new tour!"

They had a dozen beautiful plans. They would make the public glad to accept Lewis Dare as they had once been glad to accept Jan Caprice.

He did not want them to do that; but they were not to be denied.

Potter, lingering behind the others, held out his hand: "Best man wins. Mighty glad it's you if it can't be me."

The major stared blankly.

"Helen. I knew last night when I took her home."

And then, before the major could reply, Potter took his leave, racing down the drive with his cut-out open.

The major made his nightly pilgrimage to the orchard gate.

The high winds of the day had died. Stars looked down on a still world. Even the ruins of the smokehouse seemed beautiful in the dusk. White iris lifted silvery heads above green spears. The first whippoorwill called from the woods.

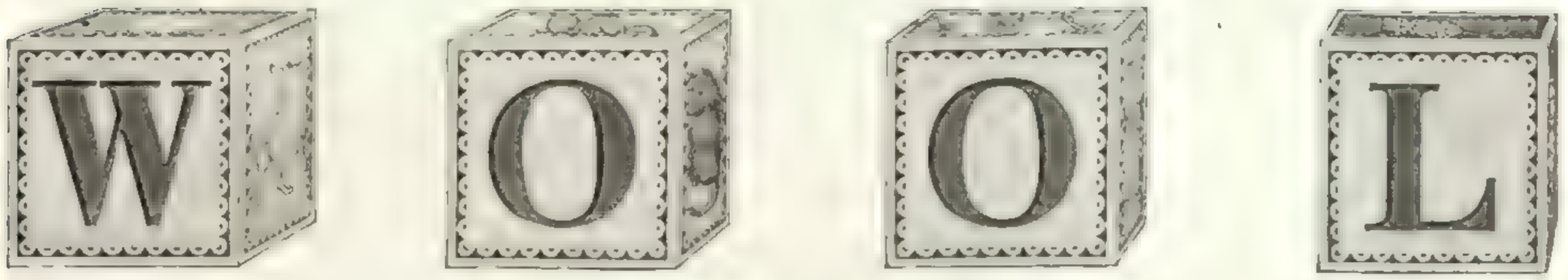
The side door of Cedarnook opened. Helen stepped off the low porch. The light behind her shone on her glorious hair. His heart began to pound furiously. He wanted to call to her, to fly to her, but he could not speak or move.

Then, in a voice pitched low: "Lewis!"

She came swiftly to him over the grass.

A soothing talcum or dusting powder should be used in all the folds of the skin to prevent chafing, according to baby specialists

Not too much nor too strong soap should be used on a baby's tender skin. Great care should be taken to rinse thoroughly



A Fleecy Lather

A child's delicate skin is easily irritated

What baby specialists say about the bath

A BABY'S skin is one of the most beautiful things in the world. It is also one of the most delicate and sensitive.

Because its texture is so fine, soft and tender, it is very susceptible to slight irritations which may easily develop into rather serious and stubborn skin troubles.

A bulletin issued by the Government Children's Bureau says, "A baby's skin is very delicate and any irritation such as chapping from exposure to cold wind, or the use of hard water and strong soap may lead to eczema."

Noted Specialist's Advice

Dr. Emmett Holt, the well known baby specialist, whose book, "The Care and Feeding of Children," has guided so many mothers, gives this advice on caring for an infant's skin: "First, not too much nor too strong soap should be used; secondly, careful rinsing of the body; thirdly, not too vigorous rubbing, either during or after the bath; fourthly, the use of dusting powder in all the folds of the skin."

Care in cleansing the skin

Care in cleansing is the greatest safeguard against starting skin irritations. Baby's bath is a matter of great importance; upon the care used in giving it depends, in large measure, the health and beauty of the skin in after life.

Soft, warm suds, made with a pure, mild soap, should be used as gently and quickly as possible in cleansing the skin.

Dr. Holt, in his book, "The Care and Feeding of Children," gives the temperature of bath water as follows

First few weeks	100°F
Early infancy	98°F
After 6 months	95°F
During 2nd year	90°F

Utmost care should be taken to select a soap that is pure in quality and bland in its effect. Strong soaps leave the skin rough, harsh, and irritated; in the very condition to induce serious skin troubles.

Wool Soap is made to meet the delicate demands of a soap for baby's use. Every ingredient is the purest possible to obtain; the fats are of such high quality they could be used in cooking.

It does for a child's skin just the things that need to be done. It cleanses, without irritating; it keeps the tender skin fine, soft and supple; makes it strong and resistant.

Today it takes the same place among baby's bath supplies that the old genuine Castile Soap used to take.

We have a trial cake for you

You will surely appreciate the healthful effect Wool Soap has on children's skins when you try it. Send 4c in stamps, with coupon, for a Little Folks' trial cake. Swift & Company, Chicago, U. S. A.

For Toilet and Bath

Swift & Company, Union Stock Yards, Chicago

Enclosed find 4c in stamps for which please send me Trial Cake of Wool Soap.

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Address _____

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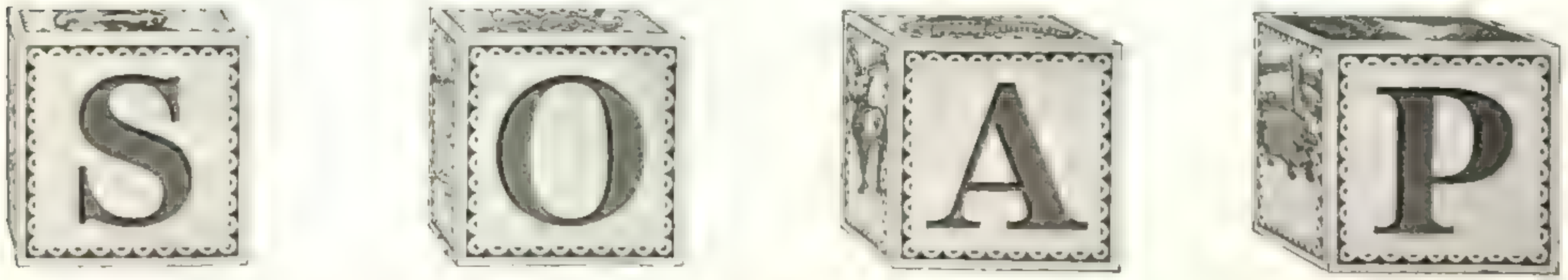

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Facts are the "eye-teeth" of truth—those who realize the wisdom of sticking to them have "horse sense."

* * *

"Investigate before you buy" is synonymous with "look before you leap."

Largest Exclusive Builders of 4000 lb. Capacity Trucks In The World

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

(Continued from Page 15)

Danny Lowry had lived for years in fear of the blow which had so suddenly struck him down, for there had never been any blinking of the obvious fact that in acting as an unlicensed veterinary he was brazenly violating the law. On the other hand, not being able to read or write, and having no technical knowledge of medicine, all his experience, all his skill, all his love of animals could avail him nothing so far as securing a license was concerned. He could not read an examination paper, but he could interpret the symptoms seen in a trembling neck and a lack-luster eye. Danny had no choice but to break the law or abandon the only career for which he had an aptitude, or by which he could hope to earn a living at his age. His crime was *malum prohibitum*, not *malum in se*, but it was, nevertheless, a violation of a most necessary law. Certainly none of us wish to be doctored by tyros or humbugs, or to have our animals treated by them. Only Danny was neither a tyro nor a humbug, and had he not been a lawbreaker the world would have been to some extent the loser.

Yet by all the canons of ethics and justice it was most improper for Mr. Tutt to hurry off to the Tombs and bail out old Danny Lowry, a self-confessed lawbreaker, giving his own bond and the house on Twenty-third Street as security. Still more so, as more unblushingly ostentatious, was his taking the criminal over to Pont's and giving him the very best dinner that Signor Faccini, proprietor of that celebrated hostelry, could purvey.

Hard cases are said to make bad law; I wonder if they make bad people. If "conscience makes cowards of us all" does human sympathy play ducks and drakes with conscience? Does it blind the eye of reason? Rather, does it not illumine and expose the fallacies of logic and the falsities of the syllogism? Do two and two make four in human polity as in mathematics? Sometimes it would not seem so.

Certainly you would have picked Mr. Bently Gibson, of The Gibson Woolen Mills, as a model juror. One look at him as a prospective talesman in a murder case and you would have unhesitatingly murmured, "The defense challenges peremptorily!" His broad forehead, large well-shaped nose, firm chin and clear calm eye evidenced his common sense, his conscientiousness and his uncompromising adherence to principle. His customs declarations were complete to the smallest item, his income-tax returns models of self-sacrifice, he was patriotic and civic, he belonged to the Welfare League and the Citizens' Union, and—I hesitate to confess it—he subscribed to the annual deficit of the Society for the Suppression of Sin. On the face of it, he was the kind of man the district attorney tries to select as foreman of a jury when he has to prosecute a woman who has kidnaped her own child out of a foundling asylum.

The heelers and hangers-on of the criminal courts would have described him as a highbrow and as a holier-than-thou; perhaps he might in a moment of jocularity have even so described himself—for he had his human—perhaps I should have said, his weaker—side. Surely he seemed human enough when he kissed Eleanor good-by at the door of their country place on the Sound the morning he had been subpœnaed to serve as a juryman in Part Five of the General Sessions. He had planned to take a week's holiday that spring, and he had gone to infinite trouble to arrange his business in order to have it, for they had become engaged eleven years before at the moment when the apple blossoms and the dogwoods were at the height of their glory, even as they were now.

When, however, he found the brown subpœna at his office directing him to present himself for service the following Monday he simply gave a half sigh, half grunt of disgust, and let the longed-for vacation go; for one of his pet theories was that the jury system was the chief bulwark of the Constitution, the corner stone of liberty. Had he only been disingenuous enough he need never have served on any jury, for no lawyer for the defense hearing him enlarge on what he considered the duties of a juryman to be, would ever have allowed him in the box. But when other chaps on the panel presented their excuses to the judge and managed to persuade him of the imperative needs of family or business, and slipped—grinning discreetly—out of the court room, he merely inaudibly called them welshers and pikers. No, he regarded jury service as a duty and a privilege, one not to be lightly avoided—the one common garden governmental function in which Uncle Sam expected every citizen to do his duty.

"I won't let any of the rogues get by me!" he shouted gayly to his wife over the back of the motor. "And anyhow I shan't be locked up all night. There aren't any murder cases on the calendar. I'll be out on the five-fifteen as usual."

Alas, poor Bently! Alas for human frailty and all those splendid visions in which he pictured himself as the anchor of the ship of justice, a prop and stay of the structure of democracy.

His train was a trifle late and the roll of the jury had already been called, and the perennial excuses heard, when he entered the court room; but the clerk, who knew him, nodded in a welcoming manner, checked him off as present and dropped his name card in the revolving wheel. It was a well-known scene to Bently, a veteran of fifteen years' service. Even the actors were familiar friends—the pink-faced judge with his snow-white whiskers, who at times suggested to Bently an octogenarian angel, and, at others, a certain ancient baboon once observed in the Primates cage at the Bronx Zoo; the harried, anxious little clerk with his paradoxically grandiloquent intonation; the comedy assistant district attorney with his wheezy voice emanating from a Falstaffian body, who suffered from a soporific malady and was accustomed to open a case and then let it take care of itself while he slumbered audibly beneath the dais; even Ephraim Tutt, the gaunt, benignly whimsical-looking attorney, in his rusty-black frock coat and loose-hanging tie; his rotund partner, whose birdlike briskness and fat paunch inevitably brought to mind a distended robin in specs; and the *dégagé* Bonnie Doon in his cut-in-at-the-waist checked suit—he knew them all of old.

"Well, call your first case, Mister District Attorney!" directed the judge, nodding encouragingly at Bently, well knowing that in him he had a staunch upholder of the law-as-it-is, who could be depended upon to bolster up his weaker or more sentimental brother talesmen into the proper convicting attitude of mind.

Then—as per the schedule in force for at least an epoch—good-natured, pot-bellied Tom Kingman, the oldest A. D. A. in the office, rose heavily, fumbled with his stubby fingers among the blue indictments on the table, drew one forth, panted a few times, gasped out "People against Daniel Lowry," and looked round in a pseudo-helpless way as if not knowing exactly what to do.

There was a slight stir, and from the back of the court room came forward a funny little bow-legged old man, carrying in both hands a funny little flat-topped derby hat, and took his seat timidly at the bar of justice beside Mr. Tutt, who smiled down at him affectionately and put his arm about the threadbare shoulders as if to protect him from the evils of the world. They made a quaint and far from unpleasing picture, thought Bently Gibson, the ideal juror, and he wondered what the poor old devil could be up for.

A jury was impaneled, Bently among them; the balance of the panel was excused until two o'clock; the court room was cleared of loafers; the judge perused the indictment with a practiced eye; Tom Kingman rose again, wheezed and grinned at the embattled jury; and the mill of justice began to grind.

Now the mill of justice, at least in the General Sessions of New York County, grinds exceeding fine, so far as the number of convictions is concerned. Of those brought to the bar for trial few escape; for modern talesmen, being hard-headed men, regard the whole thing as a matter of business and try to get through with it as quickly and as efficiently as possible. The bombastic spread-eagle orator, the grandiloquent gas bag, the highfaluting stump speaker gain few verdicts and win small applause except from their clients. And district attorneys who ape the bloodhound in their mien and tactics win scant approval and less acquiescence from the bored gentlemen who are forced to listen to them. Nowadays—whatever may have been the case two generations ago—each side briefly states its claims and tries to win on points.

People were apt to wonder why each succeeding administration inevitably retained stuffy old Tom Kingman at seventy-five hundred dollars a year to handle the calendar in Part Five. Yet those on the inside knew why very well. It was because Tom long ago, in his prehistoric youth, had learned that the way to secure verdicts was to appear not to care a tinker's dam whether the jury found the defendant guilty or not. He pretended never to know anything about any case in advance, to be in complete ignorance as to who the witnesses might be and to what they were going to testify, and to be terribly sorry to have to prosecute the unfortunate at the bar, though he wasn't to blame for that any more than the jury were for having to find him guilty if proven to be so, which, it seemed to him, he had been clearly proven to be. I say Tom pretended all this, yet it was more than half true, for Tom was a kind-hearted old bird. But the point was that, whether true or not, it got convictions. The jury sucking it all up in its entirety felt sorrier for the simple-minded old softy of a Tom, which they believed him to be, than they did for the defendant, who they concluded was a good deal cleverer than the assistant district attorney.

In a word, it put them on their honor as public officers not to let the administration of justice suffer merely because the A. D. A. was too old and easy-going and generally slab-sided to be really on his job. Thus they became prosecuting attorneys themselves—in all, thirteen to one. So Tom, having thus delegated his functions to the jury, calmly left it all to them and went to sleep, which was the best thing that he did. Worth seventy-five hundred a year? Rather, seventy-five thousand!

"Gentlemen of the jury," he began haltingly, "this defendant seems to have been indicted for the crime of practicing medicine without a license—a misdemeanor. I don't see exactly how he gets into this court, which is supposed to try only felony cases, but I assume my old friend Tutt made a motion to transfer the case from the Special to the General Sessions on the theory that he would stand more chance with a jury than three—er—hardened judges. Well, maybe he will—I don't know! I gather from the papers that Mr. Lowry here, after holding himself out to be a properly licensed veterinary, treated a horse belonging to the complainant. It is not a very serious offense, and you and I have no great interest in the case, but of course the public has got to be protected from charlatans, and the only way to do it is to brand as guilty those who pretend they are duly licensed to practice medicine when they are not. If you had a sick baby, Mister Foreman, and you saw a sign 'A. S. Smith, M. D., Children's Specialist,' you would want to be sure you were not going to hire a plumber, eh? You see! That's all there is to this case!"

"All there is to this case!" murmured Mr. Tutt audibly, raising his eyes ceilingward.

"Step up here, Mr. Brown."

Mr. Brown, the supposed Doctor Simon whose horse Danny had attended, seated himself complacently in the witness chair and bowed to the jury in a professional manner. He had, he told them, been a detective employed by the state board of health for over sixteen years. It was his duty to go round and arrest people who pretended to be licensed practitioners of medicine and assumed to doctor other people and animals. There were a lot of 'em, too; the jury would be surprised ——

Mr. Tutt objected to their surprise and it was stricken out by order of the court.

"I'll strike out 'and there are a lot of 'em, too,' if you say so, Mr. Tutt," offered the court, smiling, but Mr. Tutt shook his head.

"No; let it stand!" said he significantly. "Let it stand!"

"Well, anyway," continued Mr. Brown, "this here defendant Lowry, as he calls himself, is well known ——"

Objected to and struck out.

"Well, this here defendant makes a practice ——"

"Strike it out! What did he do?" snapped the octogenarian baboon on the bench.

"I'm tellin' you, judge," protested Brown vigorously. "This here defendant ——"

"You've said that three times!" retorted the baboon. "Get along, can't you? What did he do?"

"He treated my horse for spavin here in New York at 500 West 24th Street at my request on the twentieth of last March and I paid him five dollars. He said he was a licensed veterinary and he gave me his card. Here it is."

"Well, why didn't you say so before?" remarked the judge more amiably. "Let me see the card. All right! Anything more, Mr. Kingman?"

But Mr. Kingman had long before this subsided into his chair and was emitting sounds like those from a saxophone.

"That is plain, simple testimony, Mr. Tutt," remarked the judge. "Go ahead and cross-examine."

Ephraim Tutt slowly unjointed himself, the quintessence of affability, though Mr. Brown clearly held him under suspicion.

"How long have you earned your living, my dear sir, by going round arresting people?"

"Sixteen years."

"Under what name—your own?"

"I use any name I feel like."

Mr. Tutt nodded appreciatively.

"Let us see, then. You go about pretending to be somebody you are not?"

"Put it that way, if you choose."

"And pretending to be what you are not?"

Mr. Brown eyed Mr. Tutt savagely. "What do you mean by that?"

"Didn't you tell this old gentleman beside me that you were a doctor of medicine but not a doctor of veterinary medicine—and beg him to treat your horse for that reason?"

"Sure I did. Certainly."

"Well, are you a licensed medical practitioner?"

"Look here! What's that got to do with it?" snarled Mr. Brown, looking about for aid from the sleeping Kingman.

"The question is a proper one. Answer it," directed the judge.

"No, I'm not a licensed doctor."

"Well, didn't you treat Mr. Lowry?"

The jury by this time had caught the drift of the examination and were listening with intent appreciation.

Mr. Brown leaned forward, a sickening smile of sneering superiority curling about his yellow molars.

"Ah!" he cried. "That's where I have you, sir! I only pretended to treat him. I didn't really. I only scribbled something on a piece of paper."

"You knew he couldn't read, of course?"

"Sure."

Mr. Tutt turned to the uplifted faces of the twelve. "So," he retorted, pursing his wrinkled lips and placing his fingers together in that attitude of piety which we frequently observe upon effigies of defunct ecclesiastics—"so you did the very thing for which you threw this old man at my side into jail—and for which he is now on trial! You lied to him about being a doctor! You deceived him about giving him the medical treatment he so much needed! And you arrested him after he had worked for hours to relieve the sufferings of a sick animal. By the way, it was a sick animal, wasn't it?"

"The sickest I could find," replied Brown airily.

"And he did relieve its sufferings, did he not?" continued Mr. Tutt gently.

"Very likely. I wasn't particularly interested in that end of it."

Mr. Tutt's meager frame seemed suddenly to expand until he hung over the witness chair like the genii who mushroomed so unexpectedly out of the fisherman's bottle in the Arabian Nights Entertainments.

"You were not interested in ministering to a poor horse, so sick it could hardly stand! You were only interested in imprisoning and depriving of his only form of livelihood this old man whose heart was not hardened like yours! May I ask at whose instance you went and lied to him?"

"Mr Tutt! Mr. Tutt!" interjected the octogenarian angel. "Your examination is exceeding the bounds of judicial propriety."

Ephraim Tutt bowed low.

"A thousand pardons, Your Honor! My emotions swept me away! I most humbly apologize! But when this witness so unblushingly confesses how he played the

(Continued on Page 126)

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(Continued from Page 123)

scoundrel's part, aged case hardened practitioner as I am, my heart cries out against such infamous treachery ——"

Bang! went the judge's gavel.

"You are only making it worse!" declared the court severely. "Proceed with your examination."

"Very well, Your Honor!" replied Mr. Tutt, his lips trembling with well-simulated indignation. "Now, sir, who instigated this miserable deception—I beg Your Honor's pardon! Who put you up to this game—I mean, this course of conduct?"

"Nobody," replied Brown in a surly tone.

"Did you ever hear of the United Association of Veterinaries of the Greater City of New York—sometimes referred to as The Horse Leeches' Union?" asked Mr. Tutt insinuatingly.

Mr. Brown hesitated.

"I've heard of some such organization," he admitted. "But I never heard it was called a Horse Leeches' Union."

"Didn't one of its officers come to you and say that unless something was done to reduce competition they'd have to go out of business—owing to the decrease in horses in New York?"

"I don't remember," answered Brown slowly. "One of 'em may have said something of the sort to me. But that's my business!"

"Yes!" roared Mr. Tutt suddenly. "It's your business to pretend you're a doctor when you're not, and you walk the streets a free man; and you want to send my client to Sing Sing for the same offense! That is all! I am done with you! Get down off the stand! Do not let me detain you from the practice of your unlicensed profession!"

"Mr. Tutt!" again admonished His Honor as the lawyer threw himself angrily into his chair. "This really won't do at all!"

"I beg Your Honor's pardon—a thousand times!" said Mr. Tutt in tones so humble and sincere that he almost made the angel-faced baboon believe him.

The trouble with these court stories is lack of space. I should like to go on and describe the whole course of Danny Lowry's trial item by item, witness by witness, and tell what Mr. Tutt did to each. But I can't; there isn't room. I can only dwell upon the tactics of Mr. Tutt long enough to state that at the conclusion of the case against Daniel Lowry, wherein it was clearly, definitely and convincingly established that Danny had been practicing veterinary medicine for a long time without the faintest legal right, the lawyer rose and declared emphatically to the jury that his client was absolutely, totally and unquestionably innocent, as they would see by giving proper attention to the evidence he would produce—so that he would not take up any more of their valuable time in talk.

And having made this opening statement with all the earnestness and solemnity of which he was capable Mr. Tutt called to prove the defendant's good reputation, first, Father Plunkett, the priest to whom Danny made his monthly confession and who told the jury that he knew no better man in all his parish; second, Mulqueen, who described Danny's love of horses, his knowledge of them, his mysterious intuition concerning their hidden ailments, which, being as they could not speak, it was given to few to know, and how night after night he would sit up with a sick or dying animal to relieve its pain without thought of himself or of any earthly reward; then, man after man and woman after woman from the neighborhood of West Twenty-third Street who gave Danny the best of characters, including policemen, firemen, delicatessens, hotel keepers, and Salvatore, the proprietor of the night lunch frequented by Mr. Tutt.

And last of all little Katie Lowry. It was she who found the crack in Bently's moral armor. For Eleanor his wife was of Irish ancestry and of the colleen type, like Katie; and Bently had always played up to her Irish side when courting her as a humorous short cut to a quasi familiarity, for you may call a girl "acushla" and "Ellin darlint" when otherwise you are fully aware, but for the Irish of it, she would have to be referred to as Miss Dodworth. And this wisp of a girl with her big black-fringed gray eyes peering up and out over her gray knitted shawl, but for the holes in her white stockings and the fact that the alabaster of her neck was a shade off color—faith, an' it might have been Eleanor hersilf! It is obvious that any juryman who allows his mind to be influenced by the mere fact that one of the witnesses for the defense is a pretty woman—even if she recalls to him his wife or sweetheart—is a poor weakling, a silly ass.

Otherwise all a crook need do would be to hire a half dozen of Ziegfeld's midnight beauties to testify for him by day; and the slender darlings could work in double shifts and be whisked in auto busses from roof garden to court room. Bently was no weakling, but Katie—perhaps because it was the moment of apple blossoms and dogwood and the anniversary of his wedding day—Katie got him. Kathleen Mavourneen, and all! No man could have brought up a fatherless and motherless girl like that and keep her so simple, frank and innocent unless there was something fine about him. You see, highbrows and lowbrows are all alike below the collar bone.

And here's the catch in it. Bently had told Eleanor that very morning that none of the rogues would get by him, and he had meant it. None of them ever had—in all his years of jury service. Time and again he had been the one stubborn man to hang out all night for a verdict of guilty against eleven outraged and indignant fellow talesmen who wanted to acquit. But quite unconsciously he found himself saying that this old fellow at the bar wasn't a rogue at all. If he was a criminal he was so at most only in a Pickwickian sense. All the previous cases in which he had sat had been for murder or arson, robbery or theft, burglary, blackmail or some other outrageous offense against common morals or decency. But here was a man who had never done anything but good in his life, and was at the bar of justice charged with crime merely because some cold-blooded mercenaries thought he was interfering with their business! Bently was in a recalcitrant and indignant frame of mind against the prosecution long before the defense began. The whole proceeding seemed to him an outrageous farce. That wasn't what they were there for at all! So swiftly does the acid of sympathy corrode and weaken the stoutest conscience, the most logical of minds!

Mr. Tutt did not put Danny on the stand—why should he?—and the octogenarian judge declared the case closed on both sides. Then everybody made a speech, in which he told the jury to disregard everything everybody else said.

Mr. Tutt spoke first. He thanked the gaping jury for their attention and courtesy and kindness and intelligence and for taking the trouble to listen to him. He told them what a wise and upright judge the old baboon on the bench was; and what a sterling, honest, kindly chap the fat assistant district attorney really was. They were the highest type of public officers—but paid—he accentuated the "paid" very slightly—to do their duty as they interpreted it. Now, Mr. Kingman would have to claim that Danny Lowry was a criminal; whereas, thank heaven! they all of them—every man of them—knew he was nothing of the kind! Criminal—that old man? Mr. Tutt raised his eyes and his arms to heaven in protest. Why, one look at him would create a reasonable doubt! But the case against him failed absolutely for the following reasons:

Daniel Lowry had not practiced veterinary medicine without a license in taking care of Brown's sick horse, because he had not claimed to be a veterinary; he had not been paid for his services; and because all he had done was to help a suffering animal, as any man who called himself a Christian and had a heart would have done, and as it was his duty to do. Who "shall have an ass or an ox fallen into a pit"? and so on. It was in Holy Writ! The highest law!

There was no evidence against Danny at all, because Brown was an accomplice and his testimony was not corroborated; at any rate he was a procurer and instigator of crime, an *agent provocateur*, a despicable liar, hypocrite and violator of the very law he was paid to uphold; and as he had held himself out as a physician to Danny Lowry everything that passed between them was privileged as a confidential communication and must be disregarded as if it had never been said.

Daniel Lowry was a man of the highest reputation, of such character that he never had been guilty of an unkind or selfish act in his entire life, much less commit crime; which alone, taken by itself, was quite enough to interject and raise a reasonable doubt—upon which they must acquit.

Then Tom Kingman got up and grimaced and said he had known Mr. Tutt all his professional life and he was a peach, but they mustn't believe what he said or let him put anythin' over on 'em, for he was pretty slick even if he was a fine feller. Now the plain fact was, as they all knew perfectly well, that this old boy had been caught with the goods. It might be tough luck, but the law was the law and they were all there to enforce it—much as they hated to do so—and there was nothing to it but to convict and let the judge deal with the defendant with that mercy and leniency and forbearance for which he was so justly famous. He panted a few times and sat down.

Then the judge took his crack. He told the jury, in so many words, to pay no attention to either the A. D. A. or to Mr. Tutt, and to listen only to him, because he was the whole thing. The question was: Had the defendant assumed to give medical treatment to Brown's horse, for any kind of valuable consideration? In determining this they should consider all the evidence, including the fact that the prisoner had claimed to be a veterinary, had been paid for treating Brown's horse as such, had pleaded guilty in the police court, and that none of the alleged facts upon which the charge was based had been denied before them in the present trial. As he said this the pink-and-white baboon looked at them steadily and significantly for several seconds over his eyeglasses. They should consider the business card which the defendant had given to the complaining witness and in which he held himself out as a veterinary. The testimony of the complainant stood uncontradicted. The complainant was not an accomplice and his testimony did not have to be corroborated. A decoy wasn't an accomplice. That was the law. Neither was what had passed between the complainant and defendant privileged as a confidential communication, because the complainant was not a physician. That was all there was to that!

They should ask themselves what in fact the defendant had done if not practice veterinary medicine without a license? It was not controverted but that he had said he was a veternary, administered medicine to a sick horse, offered to compound payment for medical treatment for himself, finally taken five dollars, and admitted his guilt before the magistrate. If they had any reasonable doubt—and such a doubt might of course be raised by evidence of previous good character—they would of course give it to the defendant and acquit him, but such a doubt must be no mere whim, guess or conjecture that the defendant might not after all be guilty even if the evidence seemed so to demonstrate; it must be a substantial doubt based on the evidence and such a one as would influence them in the important matters of their own daily, domestic and business lives. That was all there was to it! Let them take the case and decide it! It should not take 'em very long. The question of how the defendant should be punished, if at all, did not concern them. He would take care of that. They might safely leave it to him! He bowed and turned to his papers. The jury gathered up their coats and straggled after Cap Phelan out of the court room.

"Y'd be all right, counselor," remarked the second court officer, suspending momentarily the delights of mastication, "if 'twasn't fer that son of a gun on the back row, Gibson! He's a bad one! I've known him for years! He'd convict his own mother of petit larceny!"

"So? So?" murmured Mr. Tutt, producing a leather case the size of a doctor's instrument bag from his inside pocket and removing a couple of stogies therefrom. "Well; it's too late now to do anything about it. I'm going out to stretch my legs and have a smoke."

Mr. Tutt loitered into the corridor, stepped unostentatiously behind a pillar, slipped into the adjoining court room—which happened to be empty—and thence back into the passage upon which the jury rooms opened. He found Cap Phelan standing before one of these with a finger to his lips.

"Pst! They're at it a-ready!" whispered Phelan as Mr. Tutt slipped him a stogy.

The transom above was open and through it drifted out a faint blue cloud. A great hubbub was going on inside. Suddenly above it a harsh voice rang out: "That ain't a reasonable doubt! I tell you, that ain't a reasonable doubt! Aw, you give me a pain, you do!"

(Concluded on Page 129)

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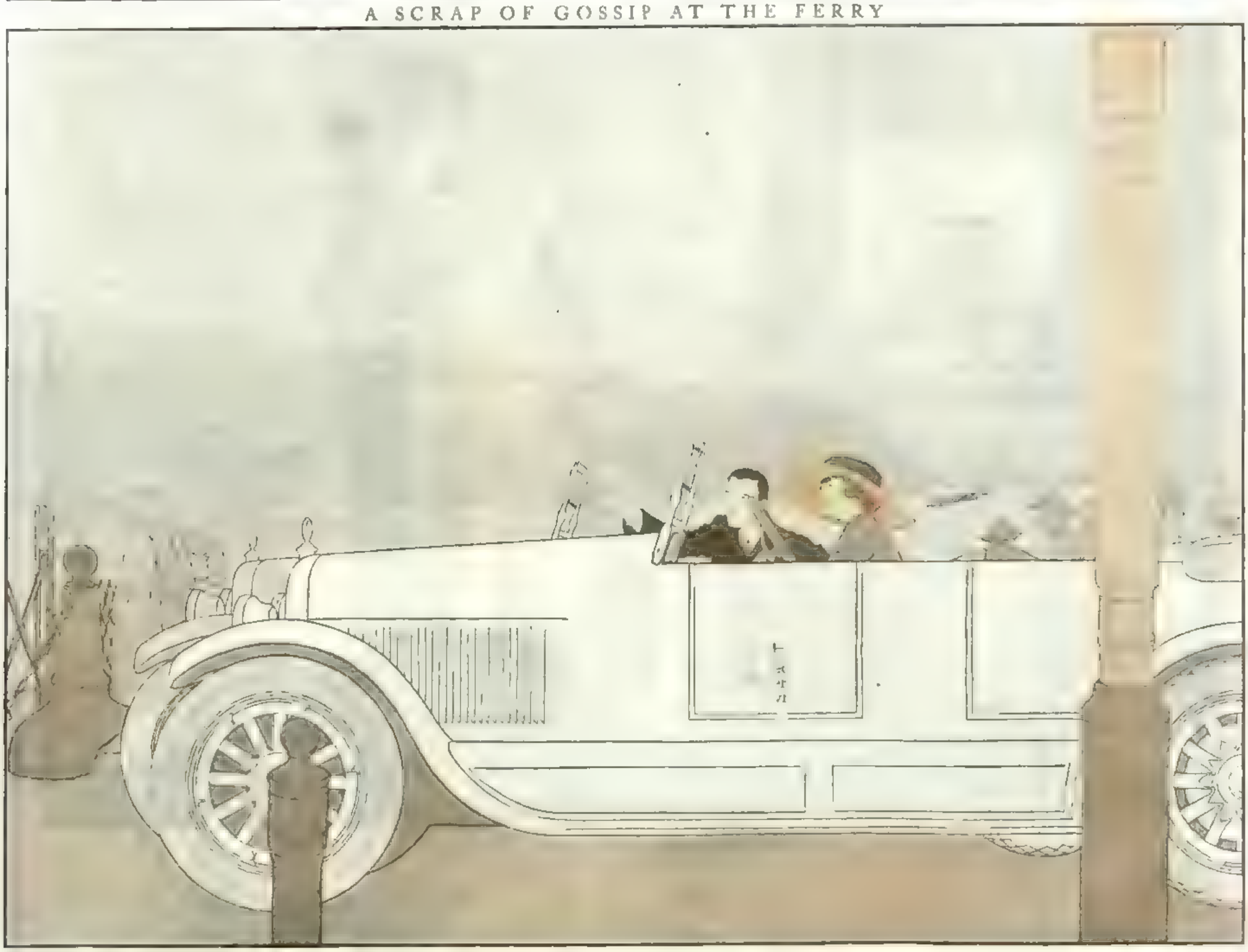

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(Concluded from Page 126)

"I've got 'em!" grinned Mr. Tutt contentedly. "Phelan, bring me a chair!"

Now right here is where this story begins—only here.

"Vell, gen'l'muns," said the foreman, who was a glove merchant and looked like Sam Bernard, as they took their seats round the battered oak table. "Vot you say? Shall we disguss or take a vote?"

"Let's take a smoke!" amended a real-estate broker. "No use goin' back right off and getting stuck onto another damn case! Where's that cuspidor?"

"Speakin' of veterinaries," chuckled a man with three rolls of fat on his neck, "did y'ever hear the story of the negro and the mule with the cough?"

None of them apparently ever had, so the stout brother told all about how—ha, ha!—the mule coughed first.

"I remember that story now," remarked one of the jury reminiscently while the fat man glared at him. "If I had my way all these veterinaries would be in jail! They're a dangerous lot. I had a second cousin once who'd paid a hundred dollars—a hundred dollars!—for a horse and it got the colic. So he called in a veterinary and it died."

"Well, the vet didn't kill it, did he?" inquired the fat man scornfully.

"My cousin always claimed he did!" replied the other solemnly. "There was some mistake about what he gave the horse—wood alcohol or something—I forget what it was. Anyhow, I think they're all a dangerous lot. They all ought to be locked up. I move to convict!"

"But neither of these fellers is a veterinary!" retorted a sad-looking gentleman in black. "The charge is that one of 'em pretended to be—but wasn't. So if he wasn't how could you convict him of being a veterinary?"

"Well, if he had been I'd have convicted him all right," asserted the first. "They're dangerous—like all these clairvoyants and soothsayers."

"Will somebody tell me?" requested a tall man who had been looking intently out of the window, "whether a veterinary is the same thing as a veterinarian? I always supposed a veterinarian was a sort of religion, like a Unitarian. Veteran means old—I thought it was some old form of religion; or a feller who didn't believe in eatin' meat."

"Lead that nut out!" shouted somebody. "Let's get busy. The question is: Did this old guy pretend he was a horse doctor when he wasn't? I say he did."

"Let's take a vote," suggested Bently.

"Vell, let's understand vat we're doin'," admonished the foreman. "Do you gen'l'muns all understand that we're tryin' to convict this feller for doctoring a horse without a prescription?"

"You mean a license, don't you?" inquired Bently.

"Sure—a license. All right! Let's get a vote."

The first ballot resulted in seven for acquittal, four for conviction, and one blank—Bentley's.

"I don't know who the fellers are that voted for acquittal!" suddenly announced a juror with a red face. "But I know this Brown personally, and he's all right. You can rely on him absolutely. He goes to the same place as me in the summer—Cottage Point. If any of you gentlemen want a good quiet place ——"

"Anymosquitoes?" inquired an unknown irreverently.

"No more'n anywheres else near New York."

They took another ballot and found that the juryman who knew Brown had brought over two others to conviction, so that the jury was now evenly divided, Bently voting irresponsibly for acquittal.

"Look here!" proposed the man in black. "Let's argue this out. Suppose I put the various propositions and you vote on 'em each separately."

"Shoot ahead!" adjured somebody.

"Now, first, all who think this defendant claimed to be a veterinary say aye."

"Wait a minute!" interposed the tall man, who was still standing by the window. "Maybe I am a nut. But I wish someone would explain to me which is the defender. I thought Mr. Tutt was the defender."

"Oh, my Lord!" groaned a flabby salesman in a pink tie. "Defend-ant—a-n-t—remember your ant! He's the man we're trying! The other one is the complain-ant!"

"The only one that had any complaint was the horse," protested the tall man. "But I understand now—we're tryin' the defendant. I've never served on a jury before. Now, what's the question?"

"Did the defendant—ant—claim to be a licensed veterinary—when he wasn't?"

"Now wait a second," objected the tall man again. "I want to get this straight. Is it the point that if this old man pretended he was a horse doctor when he wasn't he has to go to jail?"

"Sure."

"But the other man pretended he was a doctor."

"But he was trying to trick the defendant."

"But the first feller wasn't a doctor any more than the other feller. Why not convict the first feller?"

There was a chorus of groans from about the table.

"You ought not to be here at all!" remarked the salesman acidly. "You're simple-minded, you are! You keep still now and vote with the majority, or we'll tell the judge on you!"

The tall man subsided.

"Vell," suddenly interjected the foreman, "he admitted he was guilty in the bolice gourt."

"Sure!" "That's so!" "Pass the box again!" came from all hands.

When the foreman had counted the ballots Bently was horrified to discover that ten jurors now thought the defendant guilty, and only two believed him innocent.

"May I suggest," said he earnestly, "that perhaps this old man did not understand in the magistrate's court the elements that went to make up the offense charged against him? He merely stood ready to admit freely whatever the facts were. His opinion on the purely legal question of his own guilt was not of much value. Anyhow, his subsequent plea of not guilty to the indictment neutralizes the significance of the original plea."

There was a murmur of surprise and admiration from Bently's companions.

"That's true, too!" declared the salesman. "I never thought of that! You're some talker—you are, I must say! But how about that business card?"

"It seems to me," argued Bently, "that the card plays no particular part in this case. In the first place the question before us is not whether Lowry ever did—in the past—hold himself out as a veterinary, but whether he did so on the twentieth of last March. The fact that he gave the detective a card which he had had printed perhaps years before only tends to show that at some time or other he may have pretended to be a licensed veterinary. And you will recall, gentlemen, that the testimony is merely that he said to the detective in reference to the card: 'That is my name.' He did not say anything to him about being a veterinary."

This somewhat disingenuous argument created a profound impression.

"Say, now you've said something!" declared the salesman. "You'd oughta been a lawyer yourself. Let's take another vote."

Curiously enough Bently's argument seemed to have had a revolutionary effect, for the jury now stood ten to two for acquittal. He began to feel encouraged. If ever there was a case —— Then he heard an altercation going on fiercely between the salesman and Brown's summer friend, the latter insisting loudly that the detective was a perfect gentleman and entirely all right.

"Nobody questions Mr. Brown's entire honesty," interposed Bently hastily, in a friendly way. "The question before us is the sufficiency of the evidence. Upon this, it seems to me, there is what might fairly be called a reasonable doubt."

"And you have to give that to the defendant—it's the law!" shouted the salesman in fury.

It was at this point that Mr. Tutt and Phelan had taken up their positions outside the door, and the friend of Brown had told the salesman that he gave him a pain; that his doubt wasn't a reasonable doubt.

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" protested Bently. "Let us discuss this matter calmly."

"But I'm a reasonable man!" shouted the salesman. "And so, if I have any doubt, my doubt is bound to be reasonable."

"You—a reasonable man?" sneered Brown's friend. "You're nothin' but a damn fool?"

"I am, am I?" yelled the salesman, starting to remove his coat. "I'll show you ——"

"Oh, cut it out!" expostulated the fat man complacently. "Settle all that afterward! We ain't interested!"

"Vell, take annoder vote," mildly suggested the foreman.

This time it stood eleven to one for acquittal. All concentrated upon the friend of Brown, over whose face had settled a look of grim determination. But a similar expression occupied the features of Mr. Bently Gibson, erstwhile the exponent of the-law-as-it-is, the bulwark of the jury system, now adrift upon the ship of justice, blindly determined that no matter what—law or no law, principles or no principles—that old man was going to be acquitted.

"My friend," he remarked solemnly, taking the floor, "of course you want to do justice in this case. We have nothing against Mr. Brown at all. He is doubtless a very honest and efficient officer. But surely the good character of this defendant may well create a reasonable doubt—and the rest of us feel that it does."

"Sure! 'Course it does!" came from all sides. Mr. Brown's red-faced friend having escaped the salesman's wrath began to show somewhat less aggressiveness.

"I don't care a damn about Brown!" he assured them. "He can go to hell for all of me! But I don't see how you can acquit this feller when the evidence is uncontradicted that he told Brown he was a veterinary and treated his horse. I'd be violating my oath if I voted for acquittal after that testimony. I ain't goin' to commit perjury for nobody! I'd like to oblige you gentlemen, too, and vote your way, but I just can't with that evidence stickin' in my crop. If it wasn't for that ——"

"He could 'a' treated the horse without doing it as a veterinary, just as Mr. Tutt said!" interjected the tall man.

"Good for you!" said the salesman, fully restored to equanimity. "You're gettin' intelligent. Serve on a few more juries ——"

"But he said he was a veterinary," insisted Brown's friend. "How could he have treated the horse as anything else but as a veterinary when he said he was treating him as a veterinary?"

"Maybe he just thought he was doing it as a veterinary," commented the gloom in black. "He may have tried to do it as a veterinary and failed. In that case he didn't do it as a veterinary but just as a plain man. Get me?"

"No, I don't!" snorted the red-faced one. "That's all bull. He said he was a vet and he treated the horse as a vet and got five dollars for it."

"How do you know he did?" unexpectedly asked Bently.

"Because he said so himself. That was part of the conversation between Brown and Lowry," declared the obstinate summer friend of Brown. "If it wasn't for that ——"

"If it wasn't for that you'd acquit?" demanded Bently sharply.

"Yes. Sure I would!"

"Then I say you should disregard all that conversation because it was a privileged communication between a doctor—Brown—and his patient—Lowry!" declared Bently heatedly.

"But the judge said it wasn't privileged!" retorted the other.

"Mr. Tutt said it was, though," shot back the salesman.

"Well, the judge said ——"

"Let's go in and find out who said what," proposed the tall man. "I'd like to know myself. I don't remember who said anything any longer."

So they filed back into court.

"Your Honor," stuttered the foreman, licking his lips in embarrassment, "some of the gen'l'muns vant to inguire veder the gonversation between Mr. Brown and Mr. Lowry is privileged or veder we haf to belief it?"

The judge, who had evidently expected that the return of the jury was for the purpose of declaring the defendant guilty, scowled.

"The rule is," said he wearily, "that conversations between a doctor and his patient are privileged and cannot be testified to without the consent of the patient. If Brown had been a doctor—which he is not—it is possible that I might have sustained Mr. Tutt's objection on that ground and struck out the conversation. But he only pretended to be a doctor, and no privilege exists under those circumstances even if in some cases it seems to work a hardship upon the one who is deceived. The conversation in this instance is part of the record. You may retire."

But Bently, with a light upon his countenance such as theretofore had ne'er been seen on sea or land, suddenly held up his hand.

"One question, Your Honor. If Brown had been a doctor you would have excluded the testimony?"

The aged angel raised his eyebrows deprecatingly.

"Perhaps; I might have considered the suggestion."

"Thank you," said Bently, and they all traipsed out.

"That cooks him!" whispered Phelan to Mr. Tutt at the keyhole.

"Wait and see! Wait and see!" muttered the lawyer. "We're not dead yet."

Once back in their room the jury took another vote. Eleven to one again. Then Bently rose.

"Gentlemen," he cried, "I think I have the key to this case."

They all gazed at him expectantly.

"We are obliged by law to give every reasonable doubt to the defendant. Now the only obstacle to our acquitting this poor old man is the fact that there is in evidence a conversation in which Lowry is claimed to have said that he was a veterinary and had been acting as such all his life. Mr. Tutt says that that conversation is privileged and should be disregarded because it was a confidential communication between a doctor and a patient. The judge says it is not privileged for the reason that Mr. Brown was not in fact a doctor—but he says further that if Brown were a doctor we should have to disregard that part of the evidence—which would, as we all agree, leave us free to acquit.

"Now then, how do we know Brown is not a doctor? He says he isn't; but he lied about everything else he told Lowry, and he may have been lying about that too. And if he lied to Lowry he may have been lying to us here to-day. I say that there is a reasonable doubt right there as to whether Brown is really a doctor or not. Such a doubt belongs to the defendant. He is entitled to it and it is our duty to acquit him?"

"Hear! Hear!" "That's so!" "Bully for you!" "What yer got to say now, eh?" "Take a vote!" "Pass the box!" resounded through the transom amid a tremendous scuffling of feet and scraping of chairs.

"Phelan!" gasped Mr. Tutt. "Who shall ever again have the temerity to suggest that the jury system is not the greatest of our institutions?"

"Pst!" answered Cap. "Listen! Sh-h. By God! They've acquitted him!"

"So you caught the five-fifteen after all!" was Eleanor's greeting as the model juror jumped off the train. "I was terribly afraid you wouldn't! I hope you didn't let any rascal get away from you?"

"No!" He laughed as he leaped into the motor beside her. "Not a rascal! And I've got a surprise for you! I'm going to have my vacation after all!"

"Really!" she cried, delighted. "You clever boy! How did you manage it?"

"Well," he answered a little shamefacedly as he lit a cigarette, "the fact is that when the jury I was on returned their verdict this afternoon the judge said he wouldn't require our services any longer."

It was at about the same moment that two other good and true friends stood at the foot of the steps leading up to Mr. Tutt's ramshackle front door.

"Sorr!" Danny was saying in a trembling voice, the tears in his faded eyes. "Sorr! I would go to jail a hundred years and more, so I would, could I but hear again what they all said of me! Sure, I niver knew I was any account at all, at all! And them sayin' what a fine man I was, an' all! God bless ye, sorr! And whin ye stand, sorr, at the bar of heaven before God, the Judge, and the jury of all his holy angels, if there be none else to defend ye, sure old Danny Lowry'll be there to do that same."

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STEPSONS OF LIGHT

(Continued from Page 4)

turned that way, drew aside to right and left, and so loosed the charging hurricane directly at the culprit.

Weir scrambled to saddle and spurred from under. The other riders closed in on the day herd, stirring them up the better to check the outlaws. Half of the round-up crew followed Yoast to the right of the now roused and bellowing day herd, bunching them; the others followed Ralston on the other side of the herd.

Cole Ralston was the Bar Cross foreman. Overtaking Johnny, he raised a finger; the two drew rein and let the others pass by. Cole spoke to the last man.

"Spike, when they quiet down you ride round and tell all these day-herder waddies that if any of 'em want to write letters they can slip in to the wagon. I'm sending a man to town soon after supper."

He turned to Johnny, laughing.

"Them outcasts was sure snaky. We near wasted the whole bunch. Had to string 'em out and let 'em run so they thought they was getting away or they'd ha' broke back into the brush."

"Two bull fights started already," observed Johnny. "Your Sunday-school bulls are hunting up the wild ones."

"The boys will keep 'em a-moving," said Cole. "Dines, you ride your own horses, so I reckon you're not drawing pay from the ninety-seven piny-woods brands you're lookin' out for. Just turning their cattle in a neighborly way?"

"Someone had to come."

"Well, then," said Cole, "how would you like a Bar Cross mount?"

Slow red tinged the olive of Johnny's cheek, betraying the quickened heartbeats.

"You've done hired a hand—quick as ever I throw these cattle back home."

"Wouldn't Walter Hearn cut out your milk-pen brands as close as you would?"

"Sure! He's one of the bunch."

"Your pay started this morning, then. Here's the lay. To-morrow we work the herd and start the west-bound strays home. Walt can throw in with the S S Bar man and I'll send Lon along to represent the Bar Cross. Hiram goes to the John Cross work, at the same time helpin' Pink throw back the John Cross stuff. So that leaves us shy a short man. That's you. Send your horses home with Walt."

"I'd like to keep one with me for my private."

"All right. Leave him at the horse camp. Can't carry any idlers with the *caballada*—makes the other horses dissatisfied. You drift in to the wagon early, when you see the horse herd coming. I'm goin' to send you to the horse camp to get you a mount. We'll cut out all the lame ones and sore backs from our mounts too. I'll give you a list of fresh ones to bring back for us. You go up to Engle after supper and then slip out to Moongate to-morrow. We'll be loadin' 'em at Engle when you get back. No hurry; take your time."

He rode on. Behind him the most joyous heart between two oceans thumped at Johnny's ribs. It is like that you see no cause for pride. You see a hard job for a scanty wage; to Johnny Dines it was accolade and shoulder stroke. Johnny's life so far had been made up all of hardship well borne. But that was what Johnny did not know or dream; to-day, hailed man-grown, he thought of his honors, prince and peer, not as deserved and earned, but as an unmerited stroke of good fortune.

The herd, suddenly roused, became vociferous with query and rumor; drifted uneasily a little, muttered, whispered, tittered, fell quiet again to cheerful grazing. The fresh wild cattle nearing the periphery glimpsed the dreaded horsemen beyond, and turned again to hiding in the center. Cole and most of his riders drew away and paced soberly campward, leaving ten herders where they found six.

Jody Weir rode over to Johnny.

"Old citizen," he said, "the rod tells me you are for Engle, and if I wanted to send letters I might go write 'em. But I beat him to it. Letter to my girl all written and ready. All I had to do was to put in a line with my little old pencil, telling her we'd work the herd to-morrow and start home next day. She'll be one pleased girl; she sure does love her little Jody."

Johnny knotted his brows in puzzlement. "But who reads your letters to her?" he said wonderingly.

"Now what you doin'—tryin' to slur my girl? She's educated, that child is."

"No; but when you said she—she liked her little Jody—why, I naturally supposed"—Johnny hesitated—"her eyesight, you know, might be ——"

Weir slapped his leg and guffawed.

"Thought she was blind, did you? Well, she ain't. If she was I wouldn't be writing this letter. Most of it is heap private and confidential." His face took on a broad and knowing leer as he handed over the letter. It was fat; it was face up; it bore the address:

MR. J. D. WEIR, HILLSBORO, N. M.

Johnny put the letter carefully in his saddle pocket.

"Don't you think maybe you're leaving an opening for some of the cattle to slip out?" he said, twitching his thumb toward Weir's deserted post.

"Let them other waddies circulate a little—lazy dogs! Won't hurt 'em any. Cattle ain't troublin', nohow. Cole, he told me himself to slide over and give you my letters. Darned funny if a man can't gas a little once in a while." He gave Johnny a black look. "Say, feller! Maybe you don't like my talk?"

"No," said Johnny, "I don't. Not unless you change the subject. That young lady wouldn't want you to be talking her over with any tough you meet."

Jody Weir checked his horse and regarded Dines with a truculent stare. "Aw, hell! She ain't so particular! Here, let me show you the stuff she writes, herself." His hand went to his pocket. "Some baby!"

"Here! That's enough! I'm surprised at you, Jody. I never was plumb foolish about you, but I suhtenly thought you was man enough not to kiss and tell. That's as low down as they ever get, I reckon."

"You ain't got no gun. And you're too little for me to maul round—say nothing of scaring the herd and maybe wasting a lot."

"All that is very true—to-day. But it isn't a question of guns, just now. I'm trying to get you to shut up that big blackguard mouth of yours. If you wasn't such a numskull you'd see that I'm a-doin' you a good turn."

"You little sawed-off bench-legged pup! I orter throw this gun away and stomp you into the sand! Aw, what's a-bitin' you? I ain't named no names, have I? You're crowdin' me purty hard. What's the matter, feller? Got it in for me, and usin' this as an excuse? When'd I ever do you any dirt?"

"Never," said Johnny. "Get this straight. I'm not wanting any fight. It's decency I'm trying to crowd on to you—not a fight."

"I can't write to my girl without your say-so, hey?"

"Now you listen! Writing to a girl, fair and aboveboard, is one thing. Writing unbeknownst to her folks, with loose talk about her on the side, is another thing altogether. It's yourself you're doing dirt to—and to this girl that trusted you."

Jody's face showed real bewilderment. "How? You don't know her name. Nobody knows her name. No one knows I have more than a nodding acquaintance with her—unless she told you!" His eyes flamed with sudden suspicion. "You know her yourself—she told you!"

"Jody, you put me in mind of the stealthy hippopotamus, and likewise of the six-toed Wallipaloova bird, that hides himself under his wing," said Dines. "I've never been in Hillsboro, and I never saw your girl. But when you write her a letter addressed to yourself—why don't your dad take that letter home and keep it till you come? How is she going to get it out of the post office? She can't—unless she works in the post office herself. Old man Seiber is postmaster at Hillsboro. I've heard that much. And he's got a daughter named Kitty. You see now I was telling you true—you talk too much."

Weir's face went scarlet with rage.

"Here's a fine how-de-do about a damn little ——"

That word was never uttered. Johnny's horse, with rein and knee and spur to guide and goad, reared high and flung sidewise. White hoofs flashed above Weir's startled eyes; Johnny launched himself through the air straight at Jody's throat. Johnny's horse fell crashing after, twisting, bestriding at once the other horse and the two locked and straining men. Weir's horse floundered and went down, men and horses rolled together in the sand. From first to last you might have counted—one—two—three—four! Johnny came clear of the tangle with Jody's six-shooter in his hand. He grabbed Jody by the collar and dragged him from under the struggling horses.

"We can't go on with this, Jody!" he said gravely. "You've got no gun!"

II

THE Jornada is a high desert of tableland, east of the Rio Grande. In design it is strikingly like a billiard table; forty-five miles by ninety, with mountain ranges for rail at east and west, broken highlands on the south, a lava bed on the north. At the middle of each rail and at each corner, for pockets, there is a mountain passway, and water; there are peaks and landmarks for each diamond on the rail; for the center and for each spot there is a railroad station and water—Lava, Engle and Upham. Roughly speaking there is road or trail from each spot to each pocket, each spot to each spot, each pocket to every other pocket. In the center, where you put the pin at pin pool, stands Engle.

Noon of the next day found Johnny nearing Moongate Pass, a deep notch in the San Andreas Mountains; a smooth semicircle exactly filled and fitted by the rising moon when full and seen from Engle. Through Moongate led the wagon road, and branched at the high parks on the summit to five springs: The Bar Cross horse camp, Bear Den, Rosebud, Good Fortune and Grapevine.

Johnny drove his casualties slowly up the gentle valley. On either hand a black-cedared ridge climbed eastward, each to a high black mountain at the head of the pass. Johnny gathered up what saddle horses were in the pass and moved them along with his cripples.

At the summit he came to a great gateway, country of parks and cedar mottes, gentle slopes and low rolling ridges, with wide smooth valleys falling away to north and south and a ten-mile barrier of red-sandstone hills. High in those red hills Johnny saw two horsemen. They drove a bunch of horses of their own; they rode swiftly down a winding backbone to intercept him. He held up his little herd; the two riders slowed up in response. They came through a greenwood archway to the little cove where Johnny waited. One was a boy of sixteen, Bob Gifford, left in charge of the horse camp; the other a tall stranger who held up his hand in salute. Young Bob reined up with a gay flourish.

"Hello, Dinesy!" He took a swift survey of Johnny's little herd and sized up the situation. "Looks like you done signed up with the Bar Cross."

"Oh, si! Here's a list of horses Cole sent for. I don't know 'em all, so I brought along all I saw."

Bob took the scrap of paper.

"Calabaza, Jug, Silver Dick—oh, excuse me! Mr. Hales, this is Johnny Dines. Mr. Hales is thinkin' some of buying that ornery Spot horse of mine. Johnny, you got nigh all you need to make good your hospital list. Now let's see. Um-m! Twilight, Cyclone, Dynamite, Rebel, Sif Sam, Cigarette, Skyrocket, Straight-edge, and so forth. Um! Your mount, that bunch? Sweet spirits of niter! Oh, cowboy! You sure got to ride!"

"Last man takes the leavings," said Johnny.

"You got 'em." Bob rolled his eyes eloquently. "I'll tell a man! Two sticks and eleven catawampouses! Well, it's your funeral. Any rush?"

"Just so I get back to Engle to-morrow night."

"Easy as silk, then. All them you ain't got here will be in to water to-night or to-morrow morning, 'cept Bluebeard and Popcorn. They run at Puddingstone Tanks, down the cañon. You and me will go get 'em after dinner."

"Dinner? Let's go! Got any beef, Bobby?"

"Better'n beef. Bear meat—jerked. Make hair grow on your chest. Ever eat any?"

"Bear meat? Who killed a bear?"

"Me. Little Bobby. All alone. Three of 'em. Killed three in the yard the very first morning," said little Bobby proudly. "I heard them snuffin' and millin' round out in the water pen in the night, but I thought it was stock. Then they come up in the house yard. Soon as it come day I got up to drive 'em out—and behold you, they was no stock, but three whoppin' brown bears. So I fogged 'em. Killed all three before they could get out of the yard."

"Good Lord!" said Johnny. His face drooped to troubled lines. The man Hales glanced sharply at him.

"Heap big chief me!" prattled Bobby, unnoting. "Two bully good skins—had to shoot the last one all to rags to kill him—and twelve hundred pounds of good meat. Wah!" He turned to the stranger. "Well, Mr. Hales, do you think that little old plug of mine will suit you?"

"Oh, I reckon so. Beggars mustn't be choosers—and I sure need him. Thirty dollars, you said?"

"Wouldn't take a cent more. I'm not gougin' you. That's his price, weekdays or Sunday. He don't look much, but he ain't such a bad little hoss."

Hales nodded. "He'll do, I guess."

"You done bought a horse!" said Bobby. "And Johnny—he's got a mount to make

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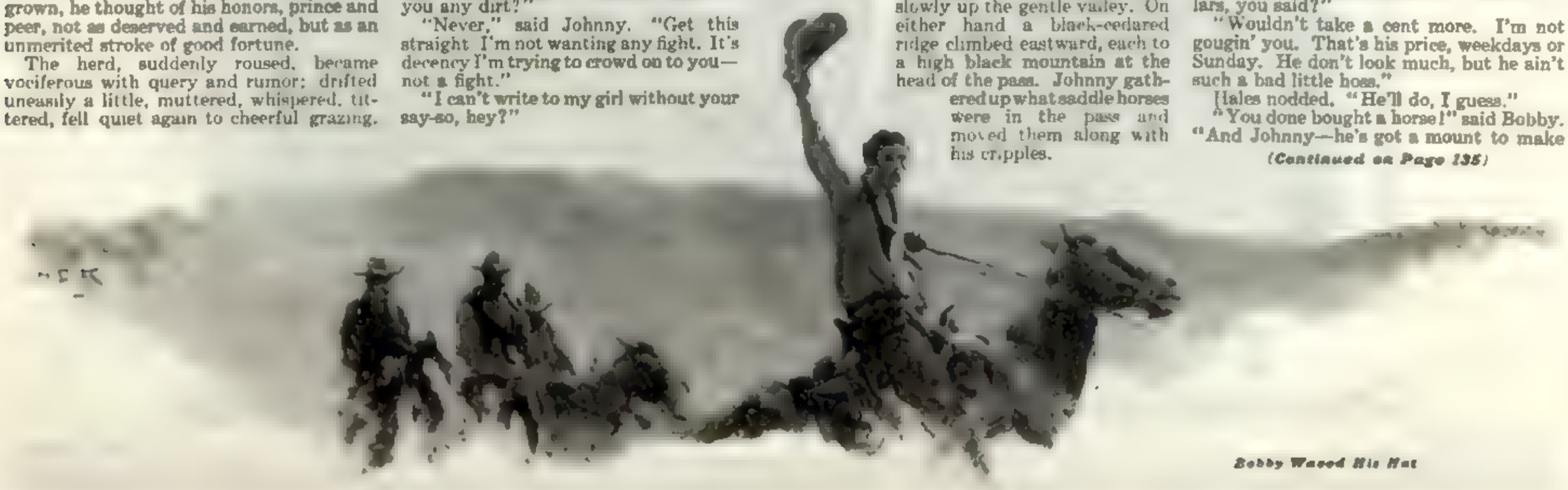

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(Continued from Page 132)

him a rep—if they don't spill him." He broke into rollicking song:

They picked me up and carried me in;
They rubbed me down with a rolling pin.
"Oh, that's the way we all begin,
You're doing well," says Brown;
"To-morrow morn, if you don't die,
I'll give you another horse to try."
"Oh, can't you let me walk?" says I ——

Here he cocked an impish eye at Dines, observed that gentleman's mournful face, and broke the song short.

"What's the matter with you now, Dinesy? You can ride 'em, of course. No trouble after you first take the edge off."

"It isn't that," said Dines sorrowfully. "I—I—you ain't a bit to blame, but ——"

He stopped, embarrassed.

"What's the matter, you old fool? Spill it!"

Johnny sighed and drew in a long breath.

"I hate to name it, Bob—I do so. Hiram Yoast and Foamy White, the blamed old fools, they orter told you! They'll be all broke up about this." He looked Bob square in the eye and plunged on desperately. "Them bears, Bobby—Hiram and Foamy had been makin' pets of 'em. Feedin' them beef bones and such ever since last spring—had 'em plumb gentle."

"Hell and damnation!"

Johnny's eyes were candid and compassionate. "Anybody would have done just the same, Bobby. Don't you feel too bad about it. Rotten durned shame, though. Them bears was a bushel o' fun. Jack and Jill, the two biggest ones, they was a leetle mite standoffish and inclined to play it safe. But the Prodigal Son, that's the least one—growed a heap since last spring with plenty to eat that way—why, the Prodigal he'd never met up with any man but Foamy and Hi, so he wasn't a mite leery. Regular clown, that bear. Stand up right in front of the door, and catch biscuit and truck the boys threw to him—loll out his little red tongue and grin like a house afire. He was right comical. How he did love molasses!"

"How come them fools didn't tell me?" demanded the crestfallen hunter, almost in tears.

"Pretty tough luck," said Hales commiseratingly. "I killed a pet deer once. I know just how you feel."

"I don't know who's to break it to Hiram and Foamy," said Johnny, grieving. "It's goin' to hurt 'em, bad! They set a heap of store by them bears—'special the Prodigal—poor little fellow! I feel right bad myself, and I was only here two nights. Make it all the worse for them, being all on account of their cussed carelessness. I can't see how you're a bit to blame. Only I do think you might have noticed your night horse didn't make any fuss. Usual, horses are scared stiff of bears. But they'd got plumb used to these."

"Didn't keep up no horse that night," said Bob miserably.

"Look here!" said Hales. "What's the use of letting them other fellows know anything about it? Mr. Dines and me, we won't tell. This young man can send his bearskins over east, Tularosa or somewhere, and keep his lip buttoned up. No one need be ever the wiser. Bears change their range whenever they get good and ready. Nobody need know but what they just took a notion to light out."

"Say, that's the right idea!" said Johnny, brightening. "That'll save a heap of trouble. Boys are liable to think the round-up scared 'em out—as might happen, easy. That ain't all either. That plan will not only save Hi and Foamy a heap o' grief but it won't be no bad thing for Bob Gifford. I'll tell you honest, Bob—the Bar Cross will near devil the life out of you if this thing ever gets out."

"That's good dope, kid," said Hales kindly. "No use cryin' over spilt milk."

"Let's drop it, then. I'll get rid of the bear hides."

"That's right. Talkin' about it only makes you feel bad. Forget it. I'll give you something else to think about. You two seem to be all right."

Hales drew rein, with a long appraising look at the younger man. It seemed to satisfy him; he rode a little to one side, facing a wooded sugar-loaf hill in the middle of the rough gap leading east to Rosebud. He waved his hand. A crackling of brush made instant answer; high above them a horseman came from cover and picked his way down the steep hill.

"Friend of mine," explained Hales, returning. "He is sort of watering at night, just now. No hanging matter—but he wouldn't have showed up unless I waved him the O. K. And he is sure one hungry man. It's for him I bought the horse."

Johnny reflected a little. This was no new or startling procedure. Besides being the most lonesome spot in a thinly settled country, with a desert on each side, and with Engle, thirty miles, for next neighbor, the horse camp had other advantages. It was situated in the Panhandle of Socorro County; a long, thin strip of rough mountain, two townships wide and five long, with Sierra County west, Dona Ana to the south, Lincoln and Otero on the east; a convenient juxtaposition in certain contingencies. Many gentlemen came uncommunicative to the horse camp and departed unquestioned. In such case the tradition of hospitality required the host to ride afield against the parting time; so being enabled to say truly that he knew not the direction of his guest's departure. Word was passed on; the Panhandle became well and widely known; we all know what the lame dog did to the doctor.

But Johnny rubbed his nose. This thing had been done with needless ostentation; and Johnny did not like Mr. Hales' face. It was a furtive face; the angles of the eyes did not quite match, so that the eyes seemed to keep watch of each other; moreover, they were squinched little eyes, and set too close to the nose; the nose was too thin and was pinched to a covert sneer, aided therein by a sullen mouth under heavy mustaches. Altogether Mr. Hales did not look like a man overgiven to trustfulness. Johnny did not see any reason why Mr. Hales' friend should not have ridden in later and with more reticence; so he set himself to watch for such reason.

"My friend Mr. Smith," announced Hales as Mr. Smith joined them. Mr. Smith, like the others, wore belt and six-shooter; also, a rifle was strapped under his knee. He was a short and heavy-set man, singularly carefree of appearance, and he now inquired with great earnestness: "Anybody mention grub?"

"Sure," said Bobby. "Let's drift! Only a mile or so."

We all went to the ranch next day;
Brown augured me most all the way;
He said cowpunching was only play,
There was no work at all.
"All you have to do is ride,
It's just like drifting with the tide ——"
Lord have mercy, how he lied!
He had a most horrible gall!

The walling hills were higher now. The cañon fell away swiftly to downward plunge, gravel between cut banks. Just above the horse camp it made a sharp double-S curve. Riding across a short cut of shoulder, Bob, in the lead, held up a hand to check the others. He rode up on a little platform to the right, from which, as pedestal, rose a great hill of red sandstone, square-topped and incredibly steep. Bobby waved his hat; a man on foot appeared on the crest of the red hill and zigzagged down the steeps. He wore a steeple-crowned hat and carried a long rifle in the crook of his arm.

Johnny's eyes widened. He exchanged a glance with Hales; and he observed that Smith and Hales did not look at each other. Yet they had—so Johnny thought—one brief glance coming to them, under the circumstances.

Hales pitched his voice low.

"You was lying about them bears, of course?"

"Got to keep boys in their place," said Johnny in the same guarded undertone. "If them bears had really been pets do you suppose I'd ever have opened my head about it?"

"It went down easy." Hales grinned his admiration. "You taken one chance though—about his night horse."

"Not being scared, you mean? Well, he hasn't mentioned any horse having a fit. And I reckoned maybe he hadn't kept up any night horse. Really nothing much for him to do. Except cooking."

"He does seem to have a right smart of company," agreed Hales.

Bob returned with the last comer—a gaunt, brown man with a gift for silence.

"My friend Mr. Jones," Bob explained gravely. "He stakes his horse on that hill-top. Bully grass there. And quiet. He likes quiet. He don't care for strangers a-tall—not unless I stand good for 'em."

The camp—a single room, some fourteen feet by eighteen, flat roofed, made of stone with a soapstone fireplace—was built in a fenced yard on a little low red flat, looped about by the cañon, pleasant with shady cedars, overhung by a red and mighty mountain at the back, faced by a mightier mountain of white limestone. The spring gushed out at the contact of red and white.

The bunch of saddle horses was shut up in the water pen. Preparation for dinner went forward merrily, not without favorable comment from Mr. Smith for Bob's three bearskins, a proud carpet on the floor. Mr. Jones had seen them before; Hales and Johnny kept honorable silence on that theme. Hales and Mr. Smith set a good example by removing belt and gun; an example followed by Bob, but by neither Johnny nor Mr. Jones. The latter gentleman indeed had leaned his rifle in the corner beyond the table. But while the discussion of bearskins was most animated Johnny caught Mr. Jones' eye, and arched a brow. Johnny next took occasion to roll his own eye slowly at the unconscious backs of Mr. Hales and Mr. Smith—and then transferred his gaze, very pointedly, to the long rifle in the corner. Shortly after, Mr. Jones rose and took a seat behind the table, with the long rifle at his right hand.

"Well, Mr. Bob," said Hales when dinner was over, "here's your thirty dollars. You give Smith a bill of sale and get your pardner to witness it. Me, I'm telling you good-by. I'm due to lead Smith's discard pony about forty mile north to-night, and set him loose about daylight—up near the White Oaks stage road. Thank'ee kindly. Good-by, all!"

"Wait a minute, Toad," said Smith briskly. "I'll catch up my new cayuse and side you a little ways. Stake him out in good grass, some quiet place—like my pardner here." He grinned at Mr. Jones, who smiled, attentive. "I'll hang my saddle in a tree and hoof it back about dark. Safe enough here—all good fellows. And I sure like that bear meat. To say nothing of being full up of myself for society."

"We'll do the dishes," said Johnny. "Bob, you rope me up the gentlest of my hyenas and we'll slip down to Puddingstone presently."

"Well, good luck to you, Mr. Dines," said Hales at the door.

"So long."

"That horse you've got staked out, Mr. Jones," said Johnny, when the others were catching horses, "how about him? I've got a private horse out in the water pen. Shall we swap? Saddles too? You're a little the biggest, but you can let out my stirrups a notch, and I can take up a notch in yours, up on that pinnacle when I go for my new horse and come back—about dark. That way, you might ride down the cañon with Bob. I think maybe—if it was important—Bob might not find the horses he wants, and might lay out to-night. And you might tell him you was coming back to camp. But you can always change your mind, you know. 'All you have to do is ride.'"

"This is right clever of you, young man," said Jones slowly.

"It sure is. Your saddle any good?"

"Better'n yours. Enough better to make up for the difference in hosses, unless yours is a jo-darter. My hoss is tired."

"He'll have all fall to rest up. We'd better trade hats too. Somebody might be watchin' from the hills."

"Them fellows?" Jones motioned toward the water pen with the plate he was drying.

"Scouts, I guess. Decoy ducks. More men close, I judge. Acted like it. You ought to know."

"It ain't noways customary to send two men after me," said Jones.

Johnny nodded. "You don't know about Smithy yet. Let me wise you up." He outlined the trustfulness of Smithy. "So he was all labeled up for an outlaw, like a sandwich man. Putting one over on Bobby—him being a boy. Bobby fell for it. And me, just a big kid myself, what show did I have with two big grown men smooth as all that? So they fooled me too. Smithy said 'Toad' once—notice? Toad Hales. I've heard of Toad Hales. Socorro way. Big mitt man, once. Skunk—but no fighting fool. Out for the dollar."

"He sees some several. You're takin' right smart of a chance, young fellow."

"I guess I've got a right to swap horses if I want to. Hark! They're ridin' up the cañon."

"Well, suh, I'm right obliged to you, and that's a fact."

(Continued on Page 139)

Reversible Leather Coats

Lightweight, heavyweight or welter,

You'll find comfort in a Pelter!

You'll find more than comfort, too,
For the Pelter's smart to view.

Style!
We'll say it's trig and nappy,
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For the Pelter
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It's a beauty,
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Get a Pelter;
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Buckle it about your form,
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Be in style and know the shelter
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It's a bit early for Fall—but a Pelter is a great all-season coat. Get a leather Pelter now and you get a sport coat and the rest of the year a handsome topcoat besides, and a rain-coat, motor-coat, overcoat and storm-coat for all Winter.

For men, women and children. Look for the name on every Pelter.

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have all the advantages found in other types of radial bearings, and an additional feature—the Hyatt Hollow Roller—designed and built after many experiments to determine the most efficient type of roller. Hyatt Roller Bearings carry the load, automatically keeping themselves in line, distributing and cushioning the loads and shocks and constantly maintaining proper lubrication over the entire bearing surface. The result is carefree service and permanent satisfaction.

HYATT

At Every Turn of the Way

Interwoven with the great industrial romance—the development of the automotive industry—is a record of service rendered by Hyatt Roller Bearings.

From the famed iron mines of Michigan—the raw material is brought to the surface in ore cars, and loaded by great belt conveyors into boats for transport to steel manufacturing centers, where it is transformed into steel for motor cars, trucks and tractors.

From the mine to the finished steel, the operations must follow each other smoothly, without interruption. Hyatt Bearings on ore cars, conveyors, cranes and in steel mill equipment of all kinds give this continuity of service.

Arriving at the automotive factory the steel is quickly made into gears, shafts, wheels, valves and the other myriad parts that go to make up the finished products. The dependability of Hyatt equipped machine tools makes large scale production possible. Then gravity conveyors and factory trucks, also Hyatt equipped, carry the many parts to the assembly floor.

Here at last the motor car, motor truck and farm tractor begin to take familiar form and Hyatt Roller Bearings are built into the axles and the transmissions, and other points of hard service.

As the completed machines roll forth under their own power the importance of Hyatt Roller Bearings in the manufacture and successful operation is fully realized.

HYATT ROLLER BEARING COMPANY

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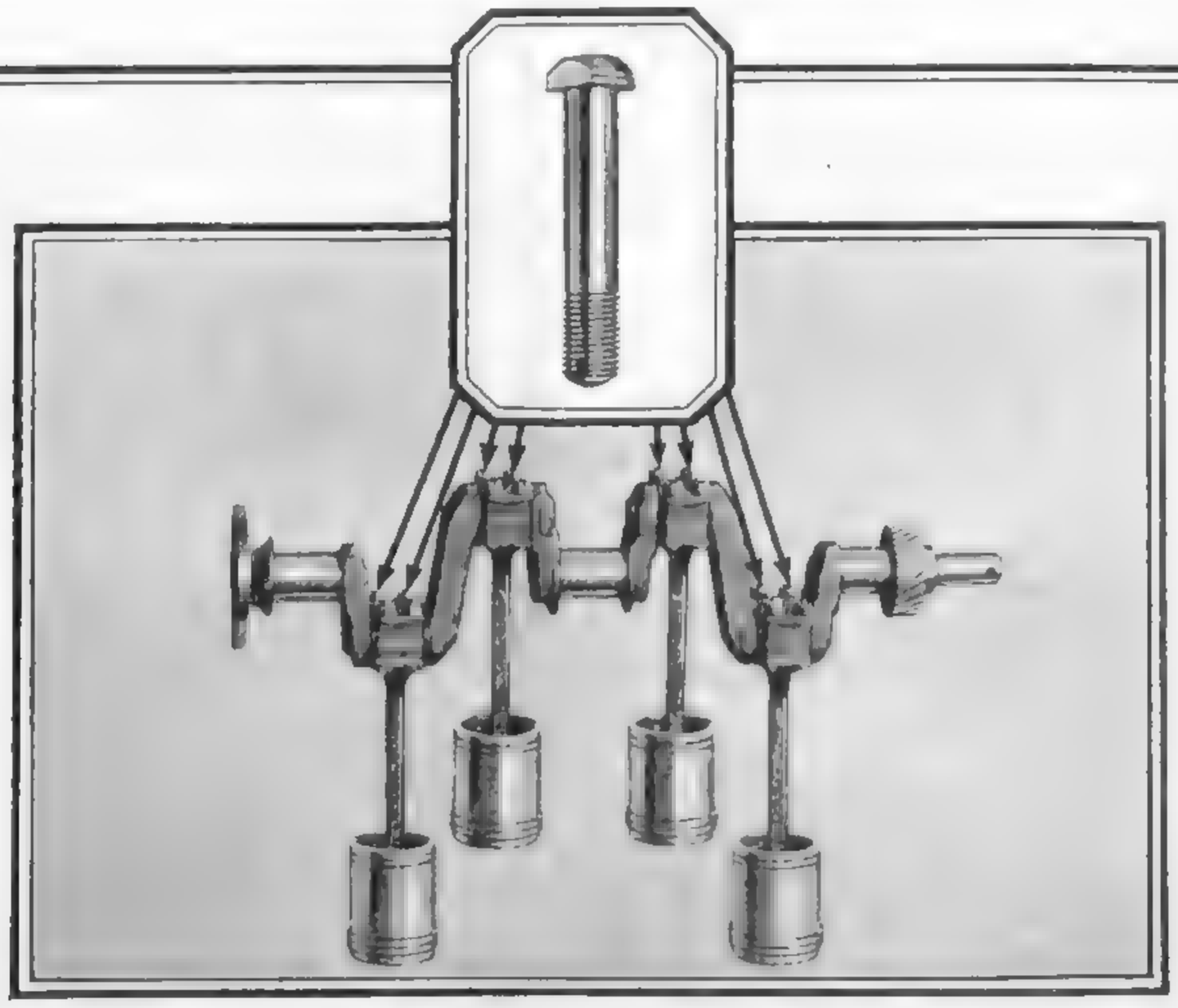
ROLLER BEARINGS



Building Hinkley Motors with government-tested bolts

IN 1917, when the Hinkley Motors Corporation was devoting every resource to the production of motors for government trucks, they found in Ferry Process connecting rod bolts a solution to one of their real problems—the making of a heavy-duty crank shaft.

These motors were built to government specifications. And to insure conformity to these specifications, not only the completed motor but every unit of the motor was subjected to the most exacting tests by the United States Bureau of Standards. How Ferry Products stood up under these tests is shown in the following letter from Hinkley officials:

"It may interest you to know that the Ferry Process connecting rod bolts used on the type B Liberty truck motors built by us received the approval of the Bureau of Standards in Washington. The fact that this bolt was approved by them speaks for itself. Needless to say, we are using Ferry Products in our present production of heavy-duty motors. We can recommend them to anyone desiring a high grade product."

* * *

Since 1907, when Thomas Ferry came forth with a wholly new principle in screw-making, Ferry Process Screws have won an enviable reputation in the manufacturing world. Many other leading manufacturers besides Hinkley have put the stamp of their approval upon Ferry methods and Ferry Products.

This new principle in screw-making completely reverses the old method. Instead of taking a steel bar the *size of the head* and tediously milling it to the right size, the Ferry Process *begins* with a bar of steel *the size of the shank*, thus avoiding a great waste of both time and raw material.

But the real problem was to form the head. To batter on a shapeless knob, and then to cut it to size and shape would disturb the molecular structure of the steel. Out of this problem came Thomas Ferry's ingenious invention—a matrix, or die, in which the head is formed by proper compression.

Screws of micrometer accuracy

The head is finished, the end pointed, the shank threaded to micrometer exactness, with Pratt & Whitney gauges as standard. The Ferry heat treatment insures uniformity in strength. These steps are performed by patented Ferry equipment—high speed automatic machines and special tools. The result is the Ferry Process Screw—as perfect as modern science can make it.

Ferry Process Screws are used in vast quantities, and for varying purposes, by many of the largest manufacturers in American industry. In many cases, their use was specified only after the most thorough tests and comparisons. Among these important users, besides Hinkley, may be listed the following well-known concerns:

American Seeding Machine Co.
Buffalo Forge Company
Buick Motor Co.
Chain Belt Company
Chandler Motor Car Company
Dodge Steel Pulley Corporation
Eberhard Mfg. Co.
Federal Motor Truck Co.
Gendron Wheel Co.
B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co.
Holt Manufacturing Co.
Hudson Motor Car Co.
A. Y. M. Donald Mfg. Co.
Maxwell Motor Co.
Oakland Motor Car Co.
Oliver Chilled Plow Works
Paige-Detroit Motor Car Co.
Scripps-Booth Corporation
Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corp.
Studebaker Corporation
Timken-Detroit Axle Co.
The White Company

Ferry Process Screws will meet your requirements just as they are meeting the requirements of these prominent manufacturing firms. Whatever your needs, standard or special—in cap screws, set screws, milled studs, connecting rod bolts and screw machine products—an opportunity to consider your specifications will be appreciated.

THE FERRY CAP AND SET SCREW COMPANY, 2151 Scranton Road, Cleveland, Ohio

FERRY PROCESS SCREWS

(Continued from Page 135)

"I'm not doing this for you exactly. I'm protectin' the Bar Cross. And that's funny, too," said Johnny. "I've just barely signed up with the outfit, and right off things begin to take place in great lumps and gobs. More action in two days than I've seen before in two years. Here's how I look at it: If anyone sees fit to ride up on you and gather you on the square I've got nothing to say. But I hold no candle to treachery. You're here under trust. I owe it to the Bar Cross—and to you—that you leave here no worse off than you came. I don't know what you've done. If it's mean enough, I may owe it to Johnny Dines to go after you myself later on. But you go safe from here first. That's my job."

"And I'll bet you'd sure come a-snuffin'. I judge you're a right white man, suh! But it's not so mean as all that, this time. Not even a case of 'alive or dead.' Just 'for arrest and conviction.' So I guess you'll be reasonably safe on the hillside. No money in killing you. And they'll be counting on gathering you in easy—asleep here, likely."

"That's the way I figured it—that last."

"But how'll you square yourself with the sheriff?"

"I'll contrive to make strap and buckle meet some way. Man dear, I've got to!"

"Well, then—I owe you a day in harvest. Good-by, suh. Jones, he pulls his freight."

Johnny brought his new horse and saddle down from the red hill, unmolested. He cut out what horses he wanted to keep in the branding pen; turned the others loose, his new acquisition with them; and started supper. Mr. Smith joined him at dark; but the horse hunters did not get back. Supper followed, then seven-up and conversation. Johnny fretted over the non-return of Gifford.

"He talked as if he knew right where to lay his hand on them horses," he complained. "Wish I had gone myself. Now in the morning I'll have to be out of here at daylight. That bunch I got in the pen, I got to take them out to grass, and wait till Bob comes—if the blame little fool sleeps out to-night."

"Oh, he'll be in purty quick, likely."

"I don't know," said Johnny dejectedly. "I had to-morrow all figured out like a time-table, and here it's all gummed up. Listen. What's that in the yard—crunchin'? Varmints, likely. When I was here last we used to throw out beef bones, and of nights we'd shoot through the doorway at the noise. We got eight skunks and three coyotes and a fox and a tub. Guess I'll try a shot now." He picked up his revolver and cocked it.

"Hello, the house!" said a hurried voice outside.

"Why, it's a man!" said Johnny. He turned his gun upon Mr. Smith. "One word and you're done," he whispered. His eye was convincing. Smith petrified. Johnny raised his voice. "Hello, outside! You come near getting shot for a skunk! If you want supper and shelter say please and walk out loud like a man. I don't like your pussy-foot ways."

"Come out of there—one at a time—hands up!" said the voice. "We've got you surrounded. You can't get away!"

"On the contrary, we are behind thick walls, and you can get away if you're right quick and immediate," said Johnny. "Inside of a minute I'm going to empty a rifle out there on general principles. This is a Bar Cross house. I am a Bar Cross man, where I belong, following orders. Half a minute more!"

"You fool! This is the sheriff's posse!"

"I hear you say it."

"I am the sheriff of Socorro County," said another voice, "and I summon you to surrender."

"I am a Bar Cross man in a Bar Cross house," repeated Johnny. "If you're the sheriff, walk in that door on your hind legs, with your hands up, and let us have a look at you."

"That's Johnny Dines talking!" said a third voice. "Hello, Dines! This is me, Bill Fewell! Say, this is the sheriff and his posse all right! Don't you get in wrong."

"One man may unbuckle his belt and back in at that door, hands up. If you can show any papers for me, I surrender. While I give 'em the quick look, the man that comes in is a hostage with my gun between his shoulder blades. If he takes his hands down or anybody tries any funny business, I'll make a sieve of him. Step lively!"

"Dines, you fool," bawled the sheriff, "I got nothing against you. But I've got a warrant for that man in there with you, and I'm going to have him."

"Oh!" A moment's silence. Then said Johnny, in an injured voice: "You might ha' said so before. I've got him covered and I've taken his gun. So now I've got one gun for him and one for the hostage. Send in one man walking backward, hands up, warrant in his belt—and let him stop right in the door! No mistakes. If the warrant is right you get your man. Any reward?"

"He's a stiff-necked piece," said Fewell. "But he'll do just what he says. Here, give me your warrant. He won't hurt me—if you fellows hold steady. If you don't, you've murdered me, that's all. Hey, Dines! You stubborn long-eared Missouri mule, I'm coming, as per instructions—me, Bill Fewell. You be careful!"

He backed up and stood framed in the open door against the lamplight. Johnny's hand flicked out and snatched the warrant.

"Why, sheriff, this seems to be all right. Only he gave me a different name. But then, he naturally would. Why, this warrant is all shipshape. Hope I get some of that reward. Here's your man, and here are my guns." He appeared at the door and tossed his guns down. The sheriff crowded by, and broke into a bellow of rage.

"You fool! You blundering idiot! This is one of my posse!"

"What?" Johnny's jaw dropped in pained surprise. "He's a liar then. He told me he was an outlaw. Don't blame me!"

"You hell-sent half-wit! Where's that other man—Jones?"

"Oh, him? He's down the cañon, sir. He went with Bob after horses. He hasn't got back yet, sir."

"Dines, you scoundrel! Are you trying to make a fool out of me?"

"Oh, no, sir! Impossible. Not at all, sir. If you and your posse will take cover, sir, I'll capture him for you when he comes back, just as I did this one, sir. We are always glad to use the Bar Cross house as a trap and the Bar Cross grub for bait. As you see, sir."

"Damn you, Dines, that man isn't coming back!"

Johnny considered this for a little. Then he looked up with innocent eyes.

"Perhaps you are right, sir," he said thoughtfully.

Long since, the floods have washed out the Bar Cross horse camp, torn away pens and flat and house, leaving from hill to hill a desolate wash of gravel and bowlders—so that no man may say where that poor room stood. Yet youth housed there and hope, honor and courage and loyalty; there are those who are glad it shall shelter no meaner thing.

III

"JUST round the block" is a phrase familiar to you. To get the same effect in the open country you would say "Thirty miles"; and in those miles it is like there would be no water and no house—perhaps not any tree. Consider now: Within the borders of New Mexico might be poured New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware. Then drop in another small state and all of Chesapeake Bay, and still New Mexico would not be brim full—though it would have to be carried carefully to avoid slopping over. Scattered across this country is a population less than that of Buffalo—half of it clustered in six-mile ribbons along the Rio Grande and the Pecos.

Those figures are for to-day. Divide them by three, and then excuse the story if it steps round the block. It was long ago; Plancus was consul then.

Some two weeks after the day when Johnny Dines went to horse camp Charlie See rode northward through the golden September; northward from Rincon, pocket of that billiard table you know of. His way was east of the Rio Grande, in the desperate twisting country where the river cuts through Caballo Mountains. His home was beyond the river, below Rincon, behind Cerro Roblado and Selden Hill; and he rode for a reason he had. Not for the first time; at every farm and clearing he was hailed with greeting and jest.

Across the river he saw the yellow walls of Colorado, of old Fort Thorne, deserted Santa Barbara. He came abreast of them, left them behind, came to Wit's End, where the river gnaws at the long bare ridges and the wagon road clings and clambers along the brown hillside. He rode sidewise and swaying, crooning a gay little saddle song; to which Stargazer, his horse, twitched back an inquiring ear.

Oh, there was a crooked man and he rode a crooked mile ——

Charlie See was as straight as his own rifle; it was the road he traveled which prompted that joyful saddle song. As will be found upon examination, that roistering ditty sorts with a joyful jog trot. It follows that Charlie See was not riding at a run, as frontiersmen do in the movies. It is a great and neglected truth that frontiersmen on the frontier never ride like the frontiersmen in films. And it may be mentioned in passing that frontiersmen on frontiers never do anything at all resembling as to motive, method or result those things which frontiersmen do in films. And that is the truth.

The actual facts are quite simple and jolly. In pursuit of wild stock men run their horses at top speed for as short a time as may be contrived; not to make the wild stock run faster and farther, but to hold up the wild stock. Once checked, they proceed as soberly as may be to the day's destination; eventually to a market. Horse or steer comes to market in good shape or bad, as the handling has been tender or reckless; and the best cowman is he whose herds have been moved slowest. At exceptional times—riding with or from the sheriff, to get a doctor or, for a young man in April, riding a fresh horse for a known and measured distance, speed is permitted. But the rule is to ride slowly and sedately, holding swiftness in reserve for need. Walk, running walk, pace, jog trot—those are the road gaits, to which horses are carefully trained, giving most mileage with least effort. Rack and single-foot are tolerated but frowningly.

The mad, glad gallop is reserved for childhood and for emergencies. Penalties, progressively suitable, are provided for the mad, glad galloper. He becomes the object of sidelong glances and meaning smiles; persistent, he becomes the theme of gibe and jest to flay the skin. If he be such a one as would neither observe nor forecast, one who will neither learn nor be taught, soon or late he finds himself set afoot with a give-out horse; say, twenty-five miles from water. It is not on record that wise or foolish, after one such experience, is ever partial to the sprightly gallop as a road gait. Of thirst, as of "eloquent, just and mightie Death" it may be truly said: "Whom none could advise, thou hast perswaded."

The road wound down to the bottom land for a little space. Then sang Charlie See:

Oh, mind ye not in yonder town
When the red wine you were fillin',
You drank a health to the ladies round
And slighted Barbara Allan.

Followed a merry ditty of old days:

Foot in the stirrup and a hand on the horn,
Best old cowboy ever was born!
Hi, yi-yippy, yippy-hi-yi-yi,
Hi yi-yippy-yippy-yay!

Stray in the herd and the boss said kill it,
Shot him in the ear with the handle of the skillet!
Hi, yi-yippy, yippy-hi-yi-yi,
Hi-yi-yippy-yippy-yay!

That rollicking chorus died away. The wagon road turned up a sandy draw for a long detour, to cross the high ridges far inland. Stargazer clambered up the Drunkard's Mile, a steep and dizzy cut-off. High on an overhang of halfway shelf, between water and sky, Stargazer paused for breathing space.

The world has no place for a dreamer of dreams,
Then 'tis no place for me, it seems,
Deary! . . . My deary!

Echo rang bugle-brave from cliff to cliff, pealed exulting, answered again—came back long after, faint and far: "Deary! . . . My deary!"

He looked down, musing, at the swirling black waters far below.

For I dream of you all the day long!
You run through the hours like a song!
Nothing's worth while save dreams of you,
And you can make every dream come true—
Deary! My deary!

Drunkard's Mile fell off into the valley at Redbrush and joined the wagon road there. They passed Beck's Ferry and Beneteau's; they came to a bridge over the *acequia madre*, the mother ditch, wide and deep. Beyond was a wide valley of cleared and irrigated farm lands. This was Garfield settlement.

You remember Mr. Dick and how he could not keep King Charles' head out of his Memorial? A like unhappiness is mine When I remember that pleasant settlement as it really was, cheerful and busy and merry, I am forced to think how gleefully the supersophisticated Sons of Light would fall afoul of these friendly folk—how they would pounce upon them with jeering laughter, scoff at their simple joys and fears; set down, with heavy and hateful satisfaction, every lack and longing; flout at each brave makeshift, such as Little Miss Brag crowed over, jubilant, when she pointed with pride:

For little Miss Brag, she lays much stress
On the privileges of a gingham dress—
A-ha-a! O-ho-o!

A lump comes to my throat, remembering; now my way is plain; if I would not be incomparably base, I must speak up for my own people. Now, like Mr. Dick, I must fly my kite, with these scraps and tags of Memorial. The string is long, and if the kite flies high it may take the facts a long way; the winds must bear them as they will.

Consider now the spreading gospel of despair, and marvel at the power of words—noises in the air, marks upon paper. Let us wonder to see how little wit is needed to twist and distort truth that it may set forth a lie. A tumblebug zest, a nose pinched to sneering, a slurring tongue—with no more equipment you and I could draw a picture of Garfield as it is done in the fashion of to-day

Be blind and deaf to help and hope, gay courage, hardship nobly borne; appeal to envy, greed, covetousness; belaud extravagance and luxury; magnify every drawback; exclaim at rude homes, simple dress, plain food, manners not copied from imitators of Europe's idlesse; use ever the mean and mocking word—how easy to belittle! Behold Garfield—barbarous, uncouth, dreary, desolate, savage and forlorn; there misery kennels, huddled between jungle and moaning waste; there, lout and boor crouch in their wretched hovels! We have left out little; only the peace of mighty mountains far and splendid, a gallant sun and the illimitable sky, tingling and eager life, and the invincible spirit of man.

Such picture as this of Garfield *comme il faut* is, I humbly conceive, what a great man, who trod earth bravely, had in mind when he wondered at "the spectral unreality of realistic books." It is what he forswore in his up-summing: "And the true realism is . . . to find out where joy resides and give it a voice beyond singing."

This trouble about Charles the First and our head—it started in 1645, I think—needs looking into.

There are circles where "adventurer" is a term of reproach, where "romance" is made synonym for a lie, and a silly lie at that. Curious! The very kernel and meaning of romance is the overcoming of difficulties or a manly constancy of striving; a strong play pushed home or defeat well borne. And it would be hard to find a man but found his own life a breathless adventure, brief and hard, with ups and downs enough, strivings through all defeats.

Interesting, if true. But can we prove this? Certainly—by trying. Mr. Dick sets us all right. Put any man to talk of what he knows best—corn, coal or lumber—and hear matters throbbing with the entrancing interest born only of first-hand knowledge. Our pessimists "suspect nothing but what they do not understand, and they suspect everything"—as was said of the commission set to judge the regicides who cut off the head of Charles the Martyr—whom I may have mentioned, perhaps.

Let the dullest man tell of the thing he knows at first hand, and his speech will tingle with battle and luck and loss, purr for small comforts of cakes and ale or sound the bell note of clean mirth; his voice will exult with pride of work, tingle and tense to speak of hard-won steeps, the burden and heat of the day and "the bright face of danger"; it will be soft as quiet water to tell of shadows where winds loiter, of moon magic and far-off suns, friendship and fire and song. There will be more, too, which he may not say, having no words. We prate of little things, each to each; but we fall silent before love and death.

(Continued on Page 143)

1823

To Men who took our

YOU remember we advised against buying a cheap hat, and also not to be extravagant and pay too much What we said then applies with equal force this Fall ¶ Conditions are just as uncertain; there are just as many cheap hats masquerading around, just as many over-priced hats ¶ We suggest that you investigate the MALLORY, a sensibly-

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1920

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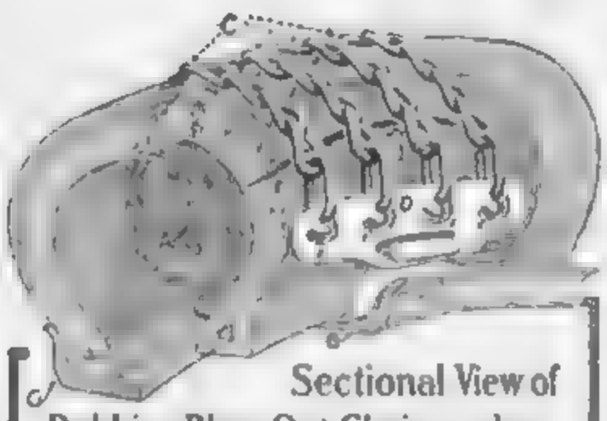

Sectional View of
Dobbins Blow-Out Chain in place

A - Main Plate
B - Bent Lip on Main Plate
C - Cross Chains
D - Second Plate
E - Auxiliary Hook
F - Curved Slots permitting adjustment for due amount of tension
G - Rim of wheel
H - Inner Patch
J - Blow-out

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1.75	" "	5, 5½ and 6″	"

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"Weed Chain-Jacks have minimized the labor of tire changing for you and your wife. To lift a car with a Weed Chain-Jack, you give a few easy pulls on its endless chain. To lower, you simply pull the chain in the opposite direction. Up or down, there's no labor.

"Dobbins Blow-Out Chains complete the trio of 'Auto Necessities.' They are often referred to as a 'Spare Tire in the Tool Box.' When your last spare tire 'goes bang,' you don't have to run on the rims or wait on the road for a new shoe. You can quickly and securely hold the worst blow-out with this wonderful device and go merrily on your way. You'll try them? Good! They only cost $1.50 for your 4½ inch tires. Yes, that includes an inner patch. You also want a folder descriptive of them to give to a friend? I am sorry to say that I haven't one left. I'll order a supply of them today from the

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(Continued from Page 139)

It was once commonly understood that it is not good for a man to whine. Only of late has it been discovered that a thinker is superficial and shallow unless he whines; that no man is wise unless he views with alarm. Eager propaganda has disseminated the glad news that everything is going to the demnition bow-wows. Willing hands pass on the word. The method is simple. They write very long books in which they set down the evil on the one side—and nothing on the other. That is "realism." Whatsoever things are false, whatsoever things are dishonest, whatsoever things are unjust, whatsoever things are impure, whatsoever things are of ill report; if there be any vice, and if there be any shame—they think on these things. They gloat upon these things; they wallow in these things.

The next time you hanker for a gripping, stinging, roaring romance, try the story of Eddystone Lighthouse. There wasn't a realist on the job—they couldn't stand the gaff. For any tough lay like this of Winstanley's dream you want a gang of idealists—the impractical kind. It is not a dismal story; it is a long record of trouble, delay, setbacks, exposure, hardship, death and danger, failure, humiliation, jeers, disaster and ruin. Crippled idealists were common in Plymouth Harbor. The sea and the wind mocked their labor; they were crushed, frozen and drowned; but they built Eddystone Light! And men in other harbors took heart again to build great lights against night and storm; the world over, realists fare safelier on the sea for Winstanley's dream.

There is the great distinction between realism and reality: It is the business of a realist to preach how man is mastered by circumstances; it is the business of a man to prove that he will be damned first.

You may note this curious fact of dismal books—that you remember no passage to quote to your friends. Not one. And you perceive, with lively astonishment, that despairing books are written by the fortunate. The homespun are not so easily discouraged. When crows pull up their corn they do not quarrel with Creation. They comment on the crows and plant more corn.

This trouble in King Charles' head may be explained in part, on a closer looking. As for those who announce the bankruptcy of an insolvent and wildcat universe, with no extradition, and who proclaim God the Great Absconder—they are mostly of the emerged tenth. Their lips do curl with scorn; and what they scorn most is work—and doers. For what they deign to praise—observe, sir, for yourself what they uphold, directly or by implication. See if it be not a thing compact of graces possible only to unearned idleness. See if it be not their great and fatal mistake that they regard culture as an end in itself, and not as a means for service. Aristocracy? Patricians? In a world which has known the tinker of Bedford, the druggist's clerk of Edmonton, the Stratford poacher, backwoods Lincoln, a thousand others, and ten thousand—a carpenter's son among them?

Returning to the Provisional Government: Regard its members closely, these gods *ad interim*. The ground of their depression is that everybody is not just like them. They have a grievance also in the matter of death; which might have been arranged better. It saddens them to know that so much excellence should perish from the earth. The skeptic is slacker, too; excusing himself from the hardships of right living by pleading the futility of effort.

Unfair? Of course I am unfair; all this is assumption without knowledge, a malicious imputation of the worst possible motives, judgment from a part. It is their own method.

A wise word was said of late: "There are poor colonels, but no poor regiments." It might be truer to change a word; to say that there are poor soldiers, but no poor regiments. The gloomster picks the poorest soldier he can find, and holds him up to our eyes as a sample. "This is life!" says the pessimist, proud at last. "Now you see the stuff your regiments are made of!"

If one of these pallbearers should write a treatise on pomology he would dwell lovingly on apple-tree borers, blight and pest and scale. He would say no word of spray or pruning; he would scoff at the glory of apple blossoms as the rosy illusion of romance; and he would resolutely suppress all mention of—apples. But he would feature hard cider, for all that; and he would revel in cankerworms.

These blighters and borers—figuratively speaking—when the curse of the bottle is upon them—the ink bottle—they weave ugly words to ugly phrases for ugly books about ugly things; with ugly thoughts of ugly deeds they chronicle life and men as dreary, sordid, base, squalid, paltry, tawdry, mean, dismal, dull and dull again, interminably dull—vile, flat, stale, unprofitable and insipid. No splendid folly or valiant sin—much less impracticable idealisms such as kindness, generosity, faith, forgiveness, courage, honor, friendship, love; no charm or joy or beauty, no ardors that flame and glow. They show forth a world of beastliness and bankruptcy; they picture life as a purposeless hell.

I beg of you, sir, do not permit yourself to be alarmed. What you hear is but the back-door gossip of the world. And these people do not get enough exercise. Their livers are torpid. Some of them, poor fellows, are quite sincere—and some are merely in the fashion. It isn't true, you know; not of all of us, all the time. Nothing is changed; there is no shadow but proves the light; in the farthest world of any universe, in the latest eternity you choose to mention, it will still be playing the game to run out your hits; and there, as here, only the shirker will lie down on the job.

In the meantime, now and here, there are two things, and two only, that a man may do with his ideals: He may hold and shape them or tread them underfoot; ripen or rot.

What, sir, the hills are steep, the sand heavy, the mire is Despond deep; for that reason will you choose a balky horse? Or will you follow a leader who plans surrender?

The bookshelviki have thrown away the sword before the fight. They shriek a shameful message: "All is lost! Save yourselves who can!"

The battle is sore upon us; true. But there is another war cry than this. It was born of a bitter hour; it was nobly boasted, and brave men made it good. Now, and for all time to come, as the lost and furious fight reels by, men will turn and turn again for the watchword of Verdun: "They shall not pass! They shall not pass!"

Pardon the pontifical character of these remarks. They come tardy off. For years I have kept a safe and shameful silence when I should have been shouting, "Janet! Donkeys!" and throwing things. I will be highbrow-beaten no longer. I hereby resign from the choir inaudible. Modesty may go hang and prudence be jiggered; I wear Little Miss Brag's colors for favor; I have cut me an ellum gad, and I mean to use it on the seat of the scorner.

"Everything in Nature is engaged in writing its own history." So says Emerson or somebody. Here is the roll call of that lonesome bit between the Rio Grande and Caballo Mountain. Salem, Garfield, Donahue's, Derry and Shandon; those were the hamlets of the east side. Sound Irish, don't they? They were just what they sound like, at first. A few Irish families, big families, half of them girls—Irish girls; young gentlemen with a fancy to settle down settled right there or thereabouts. That's a quick way to start settlements. There was also a sardonic Greenhorn, to keep alive a memory of the old-time Texans, before the fences. A hundred years older than Greenhorn was the old Mexican outpost, San Ysidro; ruthlessly changed to Garfield when the Mississippi Valley moved in. Transportation was the poorest ever; this was the last-won farm land of New Mexico.

Along with snakes, centipedes, little yellow bobcats, whisky, poker, maybe a beef or two—there were other features worthy of note. Each man had to be cook, housekeeper, hunter, laundryman, shoemaker, blacksmith, bookkeeper, purchasing agent, miner, mason, nurse, doctor, gravedigger, interpreter, surveyor, tailor, jailer, judge, jury and sheriff. Having no sea handy he was seldom a sailorman.

A man who could do these things well enough to make them work might be illiterate, but he couldn't be ignorant, not on a bet. It wasn't possible. He knew too much. He had to do his own thinking. There was no one else to do it for him. And he could not be wretched. He was too busy for that.

"We may be poor sinners, but we're not miserable"—that was a favorite saying. When they brought in supplies or when they packed for a long trip, they learned foresight and imagination. A right good college, the frontier; there are many who are proud of that degree.

It is easy to be hospitable, kindly and free-hearted in a thinly settled country; it is your turn next, you know generosity from both sides; the Golden Rule has no chance to get rusty. So they were pleasant and friendly people. They learned coöperation by making wagon roads together, by making dams and big irrigation ditches, and from the round-ups. They lived in the open air, and their work was hard, they had health; there were endless difficulties to overcome; happiness had a long start and the pursuit was merry.

There was one other great advantage—hope. They had much to hope for. Almost everything. They wished three great wishes: Water for the fields, safety from floods, a way to the outside world. To-day the thick and tangled bosques are cleared to smiling farms linked by a shining network of ditches. The floods are impounded at Engle Dam, and held there for man's uses. A great irrigation canal keeps high and wide, with just fall enough to move the water; each foot saved of high level means added miles of reclaimed land under the ditch. To a stranger's eye the water of that ditch runs clearly uphill. To hold that high level the main ditch, which is first taken out to serve the west side, crosses the Rio Grande on a high flume to Derry; curves high and winding about the wide farm lands of Garfield Valley; is siphoned under the river for Hatch and Rodey, and then is siphoned once again to the east side, to break out in the sunlight for the use of Rincon Valley. Rough and crooked is made smooth and straight; safe bridge and easy grade, a modern highway follows up the valley, with a brave firefly twinkling by night, to join the great National Trail at Engle Dam. This is what they dreamed amid sand and thorn—and their dreams have all come true. Now who can say which was better, the hoping or the having?

It was pleasant enough, at least, on this day of hoping. Stargazer shuffled by farm and farm, and turned aside at last to where, with ax and pick and team and tackle, a big man was grubbing up mesquite roots. Unheeded, for the big man wrought sturdily, Charlie rode close; elbow on saddlehorn, chin on hand, he watched the work with mingled interest and pity.

"There," he said, and shuddered—"there, but for the grace of God, goes Charlie See!"

The big man straightened up and held a hand to his aching back. His face was brown and his hair was red, his eyes were big and blue and merry, and his big, homely, honest mouth was one broad grin.

"Why, if it ain't Nubbins! Welcome, little stranger! Hunting saddle horses—again?"

"Why, no, Big Boy—I'm not. Not this time."

Big Boy rubbed the bridge of his nose, disconcerted. "You always was before. Not horses? Well, well! What say we go a-visitin', then?" He squinted at the low sun. "I'll call this a day, and we'll mosey right home to my little old shack, and wolf down a few eggs and such. Then we'll wash our hands and faces right good, catch us up some fresh horses out of the pasture, and terrapin up the road a stretch. Bully big moonlight night." He began unhooking his team.

"Fine! I just love to ride. Only came about fifty miles to-day too."

"I was thinkin' some of droppin' in on old man Fenderson. I ain't been over there since last night. Coalie! You, Zip! Geddap!"

"Mr. Adam Forbes," said Charlie, "I've got you by the foot!"

"Now if you was wishful of any relaxations," said Adam after supper, "you might side me up in the feet hills tomorrow, prospectin'."

"I might," said Charlie; "and then again I mightn't. Don't you go and bet on it."

Adam stropped his razor. "You know there's three cañons headin' off from Mac Cleod's Tank Park? Yes? And the farthest one, that big, deep, rough, wide, long, high, ugly, sandy, steep gash that runs anti-gogglin' north, splittin' off these spindlin' little hills from the main Caballo and Big Timber Mountain—ever been through that? 'Pache Cañon, we call it—though we got no license to."

"Part way," said Charlie. Then his voice lit up with animation. "Say, Big Chump, that's it! Them warty little hills here—that's what makes us look down on you folks the way we do. And here I thought all along it was because you was splay-foot farmers and unfortunate, you know, that way like all nesters is. But blamed if I don't think it was them hills all the time. We got regular old he-mountains, we have. But these here little old squatty hills clutterin' up your back yard—why, Adam, they ain't respectable, them hills ain't—squanderin' round where a body might stub his toe on 'em any time. You ought to pile 'em up, Adam. They look plumb shiftless."

"That listens real good to me. You got more brains than people say." Adam scraped tranquilly at cheek and chin, necessitating an occasional pause in his speech. "Now you can see for yourself how plumb foolish and futile a little runt of a man seems to a people that ain't never been stunted."

"'Seems' is a right good word," said Charlie. He blew out a smoke ring. "You sure picked the very word you wanted, that time. I didn't think you had sense enough."

Adam passed an appraising finger tip over his brown cheek; he stirred up fresh lather.

"Yes," he said musingly, "a little sawed off shiver like you sure does look right comical to a full-grown man. Like me. Or Hob Lull." He paused, brush in air, to regard his guest benignantly. "I wonder now, if girls feel that way too? Miss Lyn Dyer, now? Lull, he hangs round there right smart—and he's a fine, big, upstanding man." He lathered his face and rubbed it in. "First off, I fixed to assassinate him quiet, from behind. You know them two girls don't hardly know where they do live—always together, Harkey's house or Fenderson's. So I mistrusted, natural enough, that 'twas Miss Edith he was waitin' on. But I was mistook. Just in time to save his life from my bloody and brutal designs he began tolling Miss Lyn to one side to look at sunsets and books and such, givin' me a chance to buzz Miss Edith alone. Good thing for him. That's why I'm lettin' you tag along to-night—you can entertain Pete Harkey and Ma Fenderson and the old man, so they won't pester me and Hobby."

"Like fun I will! If you fellows had any decent feeling at all you'd both of you clear out and give me a chance."

"Now, deary, you hadn't ought to talk like that—indeed you hadn't!" protested Adam. "You plumb distress me. You ought to declare yourself, feller. I'd always hate it if I was to slay you, and then find out I'd been meddlin' with Hobby Lull's private affairs. I'd hate that—I sure would!"

"Well now, there's no use of your askin' me for advice." Charlie's eyebrows shrugged, and so did his shoulders. "You'll have to decide these things for yourself. Say, you mangy, moth-eaten, slab-sided, long, lousy, lop-eared parallelopipedon, are you goin' to be all night dollin' up? Let's ride!"

"Don't blame you for bein' impatient. Hob, he's there now." Face and voice expressed fine tolerance; Adam looked into a scrap of broken mirror for careful knotting of a gay necktie.

"I won't be sorry to see Hob once more, at that," observed Charlie. "Always liked Lull. Took to him first time I ever saw him. That was seven years ago, when I was only a kid."

"Only a kid! Only —— Great Cæsar's ghost, what are you now?"

"I'm twenty-five years old in my stocking feet. And here's how I met up with Lull. El Paso had a big ball game on with Silver City, and Hob, he wanted to be umpire. Nobody on either team would hear of it, and not one of the fifteen hundred rip-roarin', howlin' fans. It was sure a mean mess while it lasted. You see, there was a lot of money up on the game."

"And who umpired?"

"Hob."

IV

"AS I WAS a-tellin' you, when I got switched off," said Adam in the starlit road, "I found gold dust in 'Pache Cañon nigh onto a year ago. Not much—just a color—but it set me to thinkin'."

"How queer!" said Charlie.

"Yes, ain't it? You see, a long time ago, when the 'Paches were thick about here, they used to bring in gold to sell—coarse gold, big as rice, nearly. Never would tell where they got it; but when they wanted anything right bad they was right there with the stuff; coarse gold. All sorts of

(Continued on Page 146)

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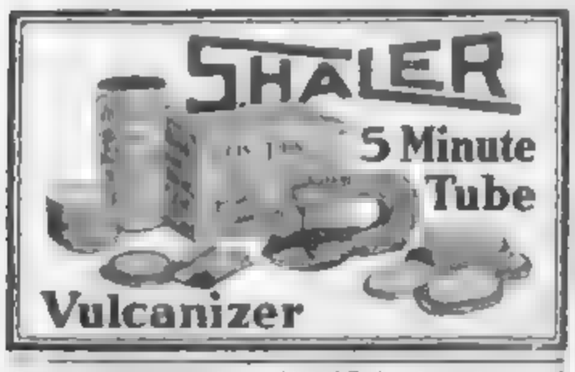

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(Continued from Page 143)

men tried all sorts of ways to find out where it came from. No go."

"Indians are mighty curious about gold," said Charlie. "Over in the Fort Stanton country, the Mescaleros used to bring in gold that same way—only it was fine gold, there. Along about 1880, Llewellyn, he was the agent; and Steve Utter, chief of police; and Dave Easton, he was chief clerk; and Dave Pelman and Dave Sutherland—three Daves—and old Pat Coghlan—them six, they yammered away at one old buck till at last he agreed to show them. He was to get a four-horse team, harness and wagon, and his pick of stuff from the commissary to load up the wagon with. They was to go by night, and no other Indian was ever to know who told 'em, before or after—though how he proposed to account for that wagonload of plunder I don't know. I'll say he was a short-sighted Injun.

"Well, they started from the agency soon after midnight. They had to go downstream about a quarter, round a fishhook bend, on account of a mess of wire fence; and then they turned up through a *ciénaga* on a corduroy road, sort of a lane cut straight through the swamp, with the tules—cattail flags, you know—eight or ten feet high on each side. They was going single file, mighty quiet, Mister Mescalero-man in the lead. They heard just a little faint stir in the tules and a sound like bees humming. Mister Redskin he keels over, shot full of arrows. Not one leaf moving in the tules; all mighty still; they could hear the Injun pumping up blood, glug—glug—glug! The white men went back home pretty punctual. Come daylight they go back, police and everything. There lays their guide with nine arrows through his midst. And that was the end of him.

"But that wasn't the end of the gobbling gold. Fifteen years after, Pat Coghlan and Dave Sutherland—the others having passed on or away, up, down, across or between—they throwed in with a lad called Durbin or something, and between them they honey-swoggled an old Mescalero named Falling Pine, and led him astray. It took nigh two months, but they made a fetch of it. Old Falling Pine, he allowed to lead 'em to the gold.

"Now as the years passed slowly by, Lorena, the Mesculeros had got quite some civilized; this old rooster, he held out for two thousand plunks, half in his grimy clutch, half on delivery. He got it. And they left Tularosa, eighteen miles below the agency, and ten miles off the reservation, about nine o'clock of a fine Saturday night.

"Well, sir, four miles above Tularosa the wagon road drops off the mesa down to a little swale between a sandstone cliff and Tularosa Creek. They turned a corner, and there was nine big bucks, wrapped up in blankets, heads and all! There wasn't no arrows, and there wasn't nothing said. Not a word. Those nine bucks moved up beside Falling Pine, real slow, one at a time. Each one leaned close, pulled up a flap of the blanket, and looked old Falling Pine in the eye, nose to nose. Then he wrapped his blanket back over his face and faded away. That was all.

"It was a great plenty. The plot thinned right there. Falling Pine, he handed back that thousand dollars advance money, like it was hot, and he beat it for Tularosa. They wanted him to try again, to tell 'em where the stuff was, anyhow; they doubled the price on him. He said no—not—*nunca*—nixy—*neinte*—he guessed not—*nada*—not much—never! He added that he was going to lead a better life from then on, and wouldn't they please hush? And what I say unto you is this: How did them Indians know—hey?"

"Don't ask me," said Adam. "I've heard your story before, Charles—only your dead Injun had thirty-five arrows for souvenirs, 'stead of nine. The big idea was, of course, that where gold is found the white man comes along and the Indian he has to move. But all this is neither here nor there, especially here, though heaven only knows what might have been under happier circumstances not under our control, as perhaps it was, though we are all liable to make mistakes in the best regulated families; yet perhaps I could find it in my heart to wish it were not otherwise, as the case may be."

"Nine arrows!" said Charlie firmly.

"Young fellow!" said Adam severely. "Be I telling this story or be I not? I been tryin' to relate about this may-be-so gold of mine ever since you come—and, dad burn it, you cut me off every time. I do wish you'd hush! Listen now! Of course there's placer gold all round Hillsboro; most anywheres west of the river, for that matter. But it's all fine dust—never coarse gold beyond the river—and it runs so seldom to the ton that no Injun would ever get it. So, thinks I, why not look in at Apache Cañon? It's the plumb, lonesomest place I know, and I don't believe anybody ever had the heart to prospect it good. So I went up to Worden's and worked up from the lower end.

"That was last year, and I have been prognosticatin' round, off and on, ever since, whenever I could get away from my farmin'. I found a trace, mostly. You can always get a color round here, and no one place better than another. But when the rains begun this year, so I could find water to pan with, I tried it again, higher up. And in a little flat side draw, leadin' from between two miserable little snubby hills off all alone, too low to send much flood water down—there I begun to find float, plumb promisin'. I started to follow it up. You know how—pan to right and left till the stuff fails to show, mark the edge of the pay dirt, go on up the hill and do the like again. If the gold you're followin' has been carried down by water the streak gets narrower as you go up a hillside, and pay dirt gets richer as it gets narrower. If the hill has been tossed about by the hell fires down below, all bets is off and no rule works, not even the exceptions. That's why they say gold is where you find it. But any time you find a fan-shaped strip of color on a hill that looks like it might have stayed put, or nearly so, it's worth while to follow it up. If you find the apex of that triangle you're apt to strike a pocket that will land you right side up with the great and good. Sometimes the apex has done been washed away; these water courses have run quite elsewhere other times. Oh, quite! But there's always a chance. Follow up a narrowing color and quit one that squanders round casual. Them's the rules.

"Well, sir, my pay dirt took to the side of that least hill, and she was shaping right smart like a triangle. Then my water give out. I was usin' a little tank in the rocks—no other without packing from Mac Cleod's Tank, five mile. And I had to get in my last cuttin' of alfalfa—pesky stuff! I cached my outfit and came on home.

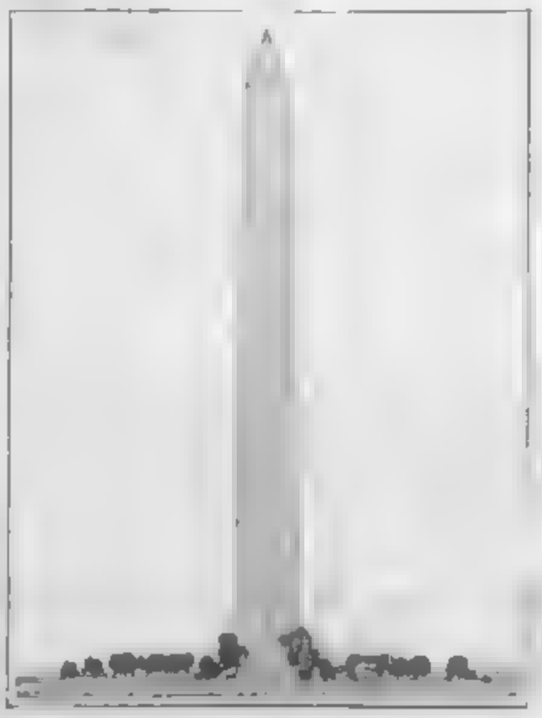
"So there you are. It's been rainin', and I'm goin' out and try another whirl to-morrow, hit or miss. Go snooks with you if you're a mind to side me. What say?"

"Why, Big Chump, you're not such a bad old hoss thief, are you? Well, I thank you just as much, and I sure hope you'll make a ten-strike and everything like that; but, you see, I'm busy. Tell you what, Adam—you get Hob to go along, and I'll think about it."

"Oh, well, maybe it's a false alarm anyway," said Adam lightly. "I've known better things to nzzle. I get my fun, whatever happens. I can't stay cooped up on that measly old farm all the time. I need a little fresh air every so often. I'm a lot like Thompson's colt, that swum the river to get a drink."

"Don't like farmin', eh?"

"Why, yes, I do. Beats hellin' round, same as a stack of hay beats a stack of chips. They're right nice people here, Charlie, mighty pleasant and friendly and plumb cheerful about the good time coming. And every last one of 'em is here because this is the very place he wants to be, and not because he happened to be here and didn't know how to get away. That makes a power of difference. They're plumb animated, these folks; if so be they ain't just satisfied any place they rise up and depart. So we have no grand old grouches. All the same, I'm free to admit that I haven't quite the elbowroom I need."



"I know just how you feel," said Charlie; "I've leased a township and fenced it in. That's why I'm not at some round-up; all my bossies right at home. And doggone if I don't feel like I was in jail. But you people can't be making much real money, Adam—hauling over such roads as these. It is forty miles from place to place, in here, while out in the open it is only thirty or maybe twenty-five. That's on account of the sand and the curly places. And then you have nothing to do in the wintertime."

"Well, now, it ain't so bad as you'd think—not near. We raise plenty eggs, chickens, pork and such truck, and fruit and vegetables. Lots of milk and butter, too; not like when we didn't have anything but cows. Some of us have our little bunch of cattle in the foothills yet, and fat the steers on alfalfa, and get money for 'em when we sell. But that won't last long, I reckon. We're beginning to grow hogs on alfalfa and fat 'em on corn, smoke 'em and salt 'em and cross 'em with T and ship 'em to El Paso. I judge that ham, bacon and pork will be the main crop presently.

"Then we hurled up a grist mill since you was here, cooperative. Hob, he got up that. And we got a good wagon road through the mountain, to Upham. Goes up Redgate and out by MacCleod's Tank. Steepish, but no sand; when we get a car of stuff to ship we can haul twice as much as we can take to Rincon. We can't buy nothing at Upham, sure enough, and sometimes have to wait for our cars. But we can have stuff shipped to Upham from El Paso, and it's downhill coming back. Also, Hobby allows this Upham project will ably assist Rincon to wake up and build us a road up the valley."

"Hobby invented this wagon road, did he?"

"Every bit. We all chipped in to do the work. But Hob furnished the idea. That ain't all either. From now on, we're going to have plenty to do, wintertimes. Mr. See, we got a factory up and ready to start. Yessir!"

"Easy, Big Chump! You'll strain yourself."

"Straight goods—no joking."

"Must be a hell of a factory!"

"She's all right, son. A home-grown factory. You go look at her to-morrow. Broom factory. Yessir! Every man jack of us raised a patch of broom corn. We sell it to ourselves or buy it of ourselves, whichever way you like it best; and anybody that wants to make brooms does that little thing. We ship from Upham and divvy up surplus. Every dollar's worth of broom corn draws down one dollar's share of the net profit, and every dollar's worth of labor does just that—no more, no less. It works out—with good faith and fair play."

"Hoh?" said Johnny.

"That's the man." Adam Forbes let his hand rest for a moment on the younger man's shoulder. "Charlie, you and me are all right in our place—but there ain't goin' to be no such place much longer. I reckon we ain't keepin' up with the times. So now you know why I wanted you should go prospectin' with me. Birds of a feather gather no moss."

"I judge maybe you're right. We both of us favor Thompson's colt, and that's a fact. Well, I am glad old Hob is making good. We had as good a chance as he did, only he had more sense."

"Always did," said Forbes heartily. "But he ain't makin' no big sight of money, if that's what you mean. Just making good. He's not working for Hob Lull especially. He's working for all hands and the cook. Hob always tries to get us to work together, like on a *'cequia*. There's other things—a heap of 'em. We've bought a community threshing machine. Hob has coaxed a lot of 'em into keeping bees. And he's ribbin' us up to try a cannin' factory in a year or two, for tomatoes and fruit. And a creamery, later. Hob is one long-headed young people. We aim to send him to represent for us sometime."

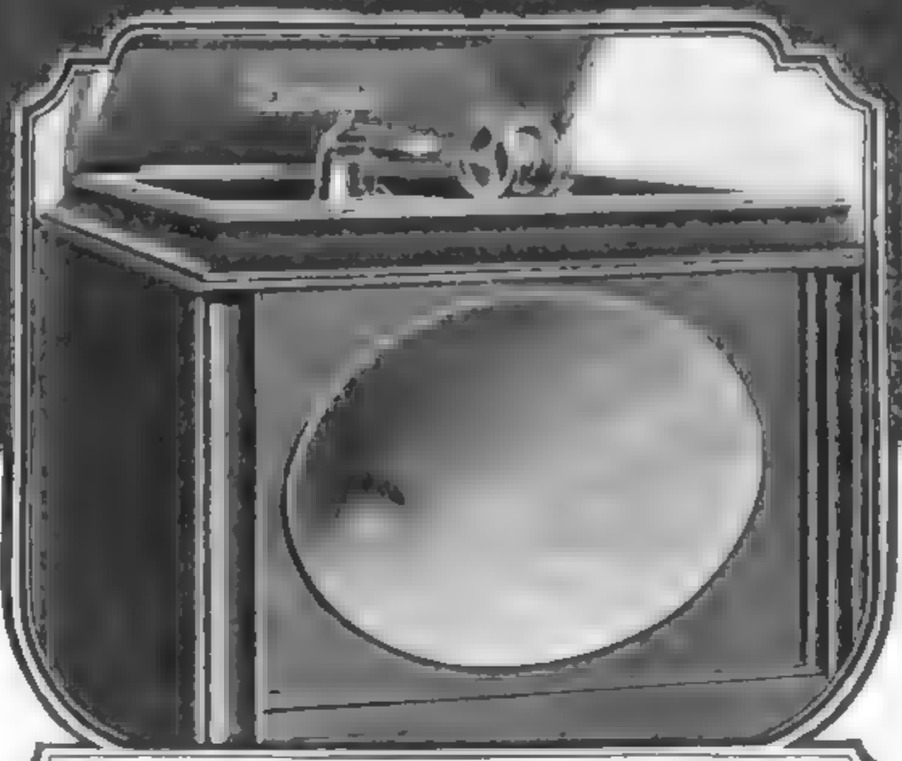
Charlie See laughed. "Gosh! I wish you'd hurry up about it then."

But there was no bitterness in his mirth.

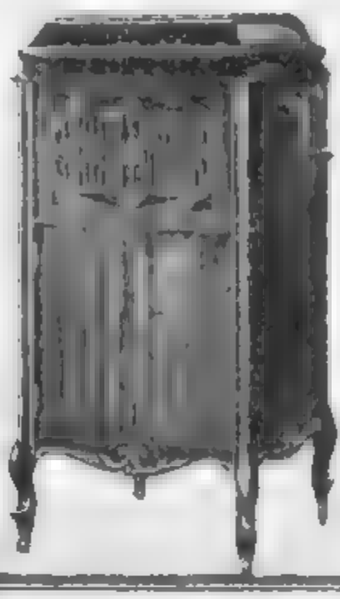
(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction

An exclusive feature on The Brunswick —plays all records at their best.



The Brunswick Oval Tone Amplifier, built to conform to acoustic laws. A great improvement in tone projection.



Among many models, there is a size, price and finish to meet your requirements.

Remove the Grill

Examine the Oval Tone Amplifier

WHEN you examine phonographs, seeking to decide which make you prefer, note the shape of the Tone Amplifier. How does it compare with the oval horn of moulded wood on The Brunswick, as pictured above?

Look at the rear of the Amplifier—is there a cast-metal throat? Is merely the front of wood? Note that no metallic construction is used in the Brunswick Amplifier.

These are vital investigations. For upon the proper application of acoustic laws depends the tone quality of a phonograph.

The Brunswick Tone Amplifier is a later-day development. It brings improvements and refinements. It avoids old-time deficiencies. It brings finer tone, truer artistry.

Other features of the Brunswick Method of Reproduction are similarly superior. The Ultona, for instance, not only plays each type of record better, but it is the *only* one that is counterbalanced.

This cushions the contact between needle and record—doing away with the usual "surface" noises. It likewise prolongs the life and beauty of the record.

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction brings many epochal advancements. So no music lover, in face of such developments, can afford to choose a phonograph until he has heard The Brunswick and made comparisons.

Your ear will quickly appreciate Brunswick superiorities, and you will realize that great strides have been made in phonographic reproduction. And in addition, Brunswicks offer exceptional cabinet-work.

Go to a Brunswick dealer. Hear this super-phonograph. Judge for yourself. Ask also to hear Brunswick Records, playable on all phonographs with steel or fibre needles.

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Wire wheels and spare tires extra

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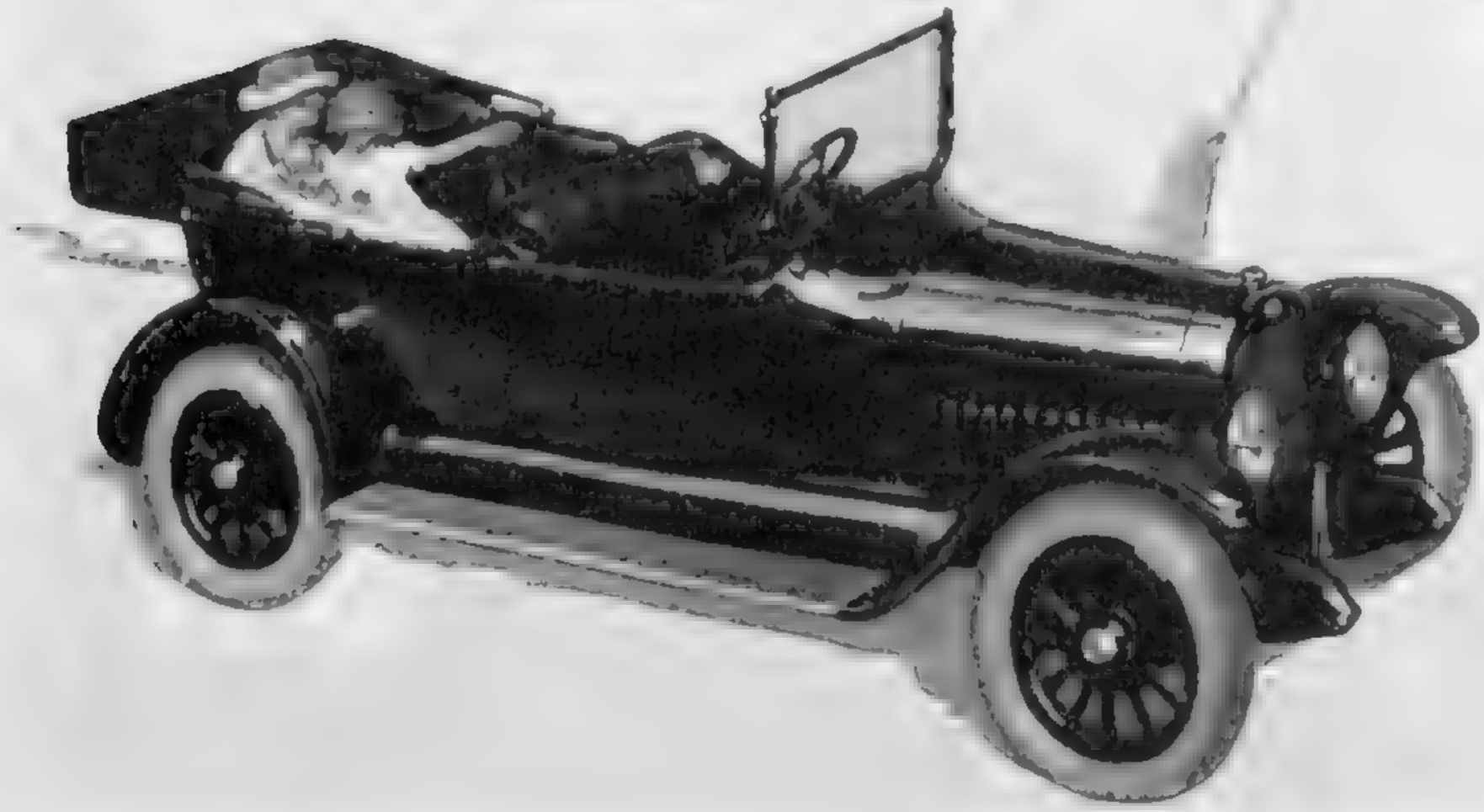


THE ROSE DAWN

(Continued from Page 27)

man's conscience. If this property was mine I'd call the thing off right here and now. He says he's advertised this sale as being without reserve and he's going to stick to it if he has to give them away. I wouldn't do it, and I'll tell you that frankly."

"It is good property," said Saxon loud enough so that several heard him. Indeed, it was good property, the only difficulty being that there were several hundred miles of exactly similar property lying all about. "I wonder if Carstair really means business?" he added.

The auctioneer and the owner were anxiously wondering the same thing. His single bid had a fine moral effect, but it would be lost if the first raise were to discourage him utterly. However, Carstair was a shrewd man. He realized that if the sale were to go well this first lot sold would be one of the cheapest—subsequent sales would go more or less on its price as a basis. On the other hand, if the sale were a failure he would be nothing out of pocket. He accepted this certainty as one of the small perquisites of his wealth and prominence.

"Two twenty-five," he pronounced briefly.

"By Jove!" said George Scott, impressed. "Carstair has never played a dead card that I've known of. He must think mighty well of this."

Nobody was aware of the fact that the mighty Carstair was only another capper. Carstair would have denied it with heat. Yet such was the case, and the principals glowed with pride and joy over the success of their ruse. The auctioneer quickly knocked down the lot to his distinguished client and ordered the flag to another lot some distance from the first. The owner signaled him. He bent over to hear.

"Better adjourn for lunch," he was advised. "Let 'em circulate and talk."

The auctioneer nodded.

"You're right. Wait a second. Best to taper off a little for the best effect."

He straightened up and at once began to talk.

"Mothers! Fathers!" he cried. "Husbands who intend to become fathers! Look at this offer and weep for joy! The owner and founder of Banksia Heights will give to the first child born in Banksia one lot on the main street, just as soon as we learn the name of the said child to put it in a deed, and we don't care whether it is born in a shed or in the open air. We do know that this offer is free to all and open to all competitors. Those who are thinking seriously of having one will do well to grasp at this offer. We will now adjourn to the viands. Eat hearty, and remember to think how fine it would be to eat all your meals under your own vine and fig tree, with the mocking bird caroling outside and the soft breezes from the Pacific fanning your brow."

The lunch was a grand rush for sandwiches, coffee, cake and fruit, together with a quantity of red wine. Many of the Middle Westerners shied violently at the last; others partook of it with an air of guilty bravado. But there is no doubt it added a pleasing exotic tinge to the occasion. People circulated freely, and talked. It became known that Carstair, who had bought the first lot, was the richest man in St. Paul, and that one of the men who had bid against him was Patrick Boyd, the traction magnate. Carstair soon recognized his fellow plutocrats and joined them. The quartet stood in a loose group, smoking their cigars, while an awe-stricken fringe—of which naturally they were unconscious—hung round silently gathering wisdom. Carstair was an obese and rather pompous man.

"I think well of the property," he stated ponderously in answer to a question. As a matter of fact, he had not thought of the property at all until that morning, when he had come out to oblige his friend—and on the strength of a free ride, free lunch and a possibility of free profits. But it would never do to let anybody think that Carstair would take a snap for chicken feed, or that Carstair would buy anything on impulse or without due and weighty deliberation. "Los Angeles," he went on, "is certain to have a great future, and this tract is situated in a particularly fortunate location."

"The soil is excellent," remarked Saxon, solely on the basis of a soft gopher-digging on which he happened to be standing. He stirred it wisely with his cane.

"Ought to grow good oranges here," said Oberman vaguely.

He knew nothing of oranges or their needs, but he did remember seeing orange trees growing out of the ground somewhere. This also was ground.

"You can't do much with one fifty-foot lot," observed Boyd.

"You forget I have the privilege of taking the next two lots at the same price," replied Carstair.

The remark was purely defensive, but a buzz took through the crowd the information that Carstair was taking the adjoining lots as well. Judging now that the conditions were right, the auctioneer again mounted the block. The bidding started in well. Several lots were sold to outsiders at approximately the same prices. To the surprise of his companions, Saxon suddenly began to bid. He procured a lot at two hundred and ten dollars.

"I'll take the rest of the block at the same price if you'll let it go," he announced. "No use going in unless you get a piece big enough to count as an investment," he told his companions.

The auctioneer pretended to consult for some time with his principal.

"In my opinion," he stated at length, "this is too low a price for so large a piece of property. But my owner says to let it go to Mr. Charles Saxon, not because he is the celebrated New York capitalist of that name, but because he had sense to see the chance to make money on a sure thing. Sold to Mr. Saxon, all of Block C."

Thus encouraged, the bidding became brisk. By the time the sun had reached the west fully a quarter of the property had been sold to bona fide purchasers, and only a few lots had been by circumstances forced into fake sales to cappers. The owner was already ahead of the game. The auctioneer, too, was pleased, for his commissions were fat. After announcing that the sale would be continued from map in the downtown office, he called it a day.

On the drive back to town Scott and Oberman joked Saxon unmercifully over his purchase, telling him that he was either a hick, to be stampeded by a band and oratory, or that he slavishly followed the lead of the St. Paul magnate. Saxon goodhumoredly defended himself.

"I've seen worse hunches than to follow Carstair," he said. "But it doesn't need a seventh son to see that that stuff is good. It's bound to go up, and I never had any objections to making my expenses on a trip."

The next morning the men came together in the lobby of the hotel. They were smoking their after-breakfast cigars, and they felt leisurely and expansive. Somebody wondered what they had best do to pass the time.

"Let's go round to the Banksia office and see what it looks like there," suggested Saxon.

They laughed at him, accusing him of being anxious about his new purchase, but each had a secret urge to the same effect.

The offices of Banksia Heights, even at this early hour, seemed very busy. There were a number of well-dressed people standing round reading the paper or staring rather idly at the huge tract map that hung on the blank side of the wall. A half dozen others were leaning over the counter talking earnestly to the clerks. Some of them were genuine buyers completing or adding to their purchases of the day before, while still others had never even seen the tract, but were, nevertheless, just picking 'em from the map. Saxon led his friends to the big chart, where after some trouble he identified his own property. The pieces sold were colored red; those reserved for schools, engine houses and other public purposes were marked in blue. After some study Saxon decided that his block was exceptionally well situated.

In the meantime, Colonel Carstair had trundled in, and without looking to right or left had steered to the counter.

"Young man," he said impressively to the youth who hurried forward, "I want to see your employer in person. Carstair is the name—James Carstair, of St. Paul."

The roomful of people stopped short what they were doing and gazed curiously and respectfully at the owner of this redoubted name. The tract owner hastened from his inner office, all smiles and greeting without, though he was somewhat flurried within.

After the first greeting the great man dropped his voice to confidential tones.

"Now about those lots I bid in yesterday," he said. "Of course our understanding was that you would hold them for me on a turnover without expense."

"Yes, that's right, of course, Mr. Carstair. Glad to do these little things for an old friend," replied the owner, wondering what he was driving at, and a little anxious.

Within Three Days Jim Paige Was Back in the Game

"Well, I've been thinking it over. I like this town and I believe in its future. I believe those lots are a sound investment. I will take title on them and pay up cash if I can make the proper terms with you. Of course you understand that I bid them up pretty high yesterday to get your sale started right. Let me in on the ground floor and I'll talk business with you."

The owner's eyes gleamed and his heart leaped in triumph, though he took care to maintain an indifferent exterior.

"It wouldn't do to give you a lower price, you know," said he. "The price—well, I'll tell you. Suppose I give you a commission on the sale. You are really selling to yourself, you know."

A half minute later the interested spectators saw the magnate pull out his check book and apparently buy some more lots. This impression was confirmed when the owner walked to the map and drew a red cross on the rest of the lots in the block containing Carstair's purchase of the day before.

"I think you ought to protect your investment with the adjoining lots," he had said to Carstair. "I'll just reserve them for a few days until you can make up your mind."

But to the bystanders it looked as though the St. Paul banker had actually extended his purchase. The effect was immediate. A buzz of conversation broke out. Several who had been hesitating made up their minds. Marcus Oberman dashed up and laid a forefinger on the block next that apparently purchased by Carstair.

"How mooch dose lots?" he asked.

Shortly he came back, breathing heavily, having purchased a half block.

"You bed your life, Chimmy Carstair, he knows!" he said.

They drifted out eventually, chaffing each other good-naturedly. The owner, watching from his inside office, called in one of the younger men.

"See that ole cuss that went out?" he asked. "Well, did you notice the gang he was with? All right. The Dutchman has half of Block E, and the little fellow with the sandy mustache has all of Block C. The Dutchman is Marcus Oberman, the St. Louis brewer, and the little fellow is Charley Saxon. You look up the judge and sick him on them. Tell him to buy back one or the other of their holdings—I don't care which. Tell him to offer four hundred a lot, but to raise them to five or six if he has to. Get busy!"

So it happened that Marcus Oberman sold half his lots that evening at the same price he had given for all of them. The purchaser was a very eminent-looking jurist, who was a fine testimonial to the Banksia Heights owner's ability to pick types. It was the brewer's turn to crow, and he took full advantage of it in a ponderous fashion. Everybody in the dining room, the lobby and the bar heard all about it. The rumor quickly spread that Banksia was selling on the outside.

Just for curiosity, he told himself, Boyd drifted round to the real-estate office the following morning. The place was crowded. He pushed his way to the counter and authoritatively signaled the owner, who happened—just happened—to pop out of his cubby-hole as the traction man approached.

"How much are lots this morning?" he demanded.

"The very choicest ones have gone. There is a big demand. But we are still selling all alike for two hundred and fifty dollars."

Boyd looked at the chart. Its red patches were now labeled prominently with the names of the purchasers. All the center part round the block controlled by Carstair had been sold out.

"Well, I'll take a flyer on those two lots in Block I," he said, drawing out his check book.

His companions caught him at it and chaffed him unmercifully.

"I'm just taking it for a little turn," he explained. "I like to make my expenses. Can't lose much. It's fun to play the game. Look here! George is the only one of us not in this. Aren't you going to sit in the game, George? Going to be the only one out?"

They turned their batteries on George Scott. He was in the minority. Soon he threw up his hands.

"All right, all right! I'll buy one of the damn things." He studied the map, then made his way to the counter. "I'll take one lot next Mr. Boyd's in I," he said. The clerk filled in the contract of sale. Scott looked at it. "See here, young man," he cried, "you've got this all wrong. You're charging me four hundred dollars."

"Yes, sir, that's the price," said the young man.

Scott raised an indignant protest. The owner came out of his little office.

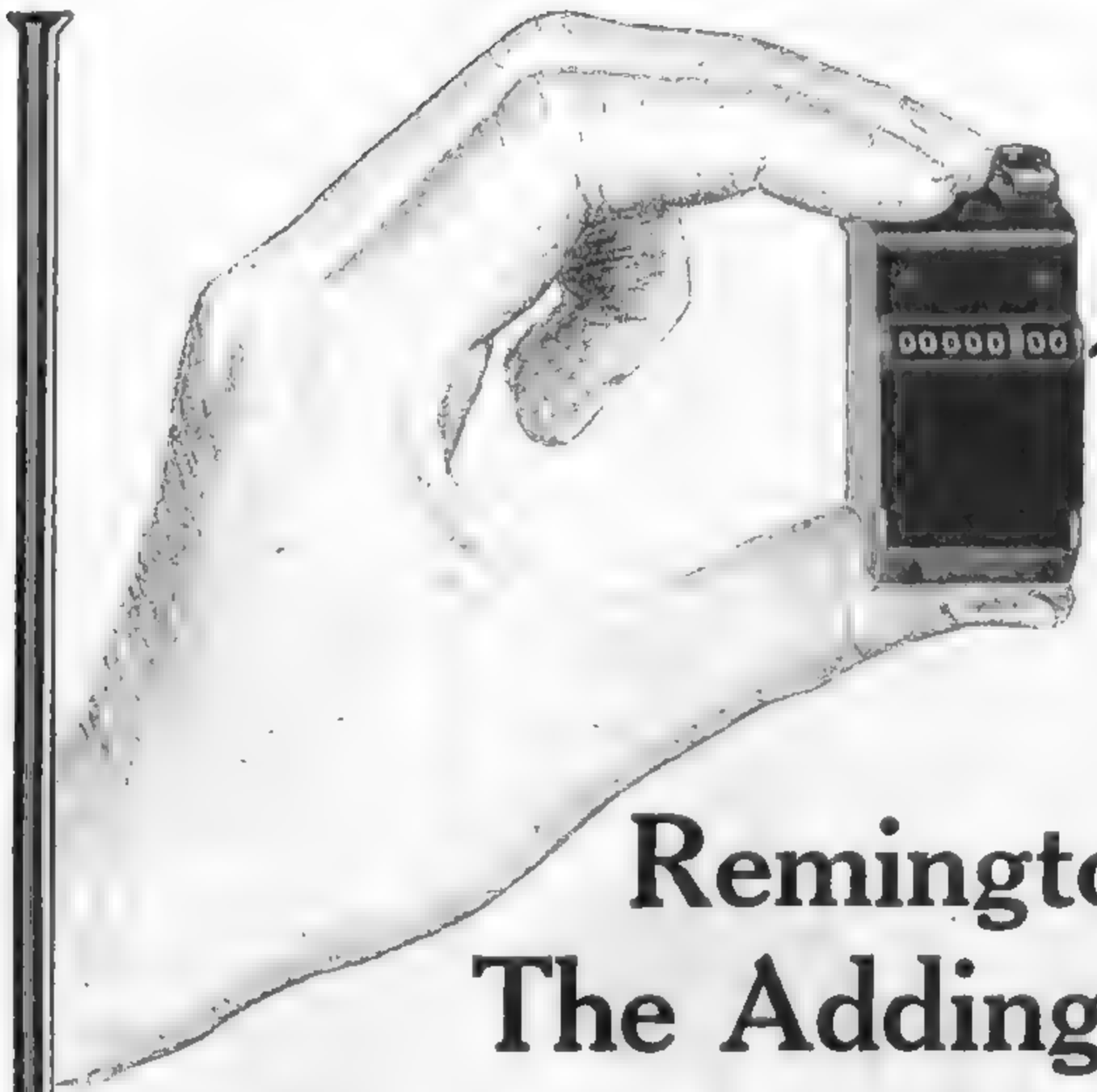
"The price of lots has been raised throughout," he told Scott. "We did not intend to do so, but we find that already the central lots are selling like blazes outside. The market and the demand warrant it. Ah, Mr. Boyd, you got your lots not a moment too soon. I'll give you a hundred dollars profit on them and take them back."

But Boyd would not sell. He had fooled George Scott to the tune of considerable money, and he was very much pleased. He chaffed Scott without pity, and fairly forced him to complete the bargain at the new price.

"You won't regret it, Mr. Scott," consoled the owner. "I'll predict you can sell it to-morrow at an advance if you want to."

Boyd spent three more days in Los Angeles, then returned to Arguello, his head full of thoughts. The Banksia Heights scheme he discovered to be only one of many—and all going strong. In fact, the Banksia proposition, as one of the youngest, could hardly be said to be fairly started. The suburban land was almost entirely in the hands of outsiders who were exploiting it. The original owners had sold out gladly at what they considered excessive prices. They had held so long that they were about ready to quit in disgust, and they could not take the money quick enough, or get away fast enough after they had taken it, lest the tenderfoot change his mind. The said tenderfoot then proceeded to make a thousand or so per cent. In due time the original holder grew restless and desirous of getting in on a little of this easy money. No reason why he should be out in the cold! So he bought back—sometimes the very land he had sold—for ten,

(Continued on Page 152)



Actual size of the totalizer used on the Remington Accounting Machine (Wahl Mechanism).

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Remington

costs to zero, with the Remington Accounting Machine.

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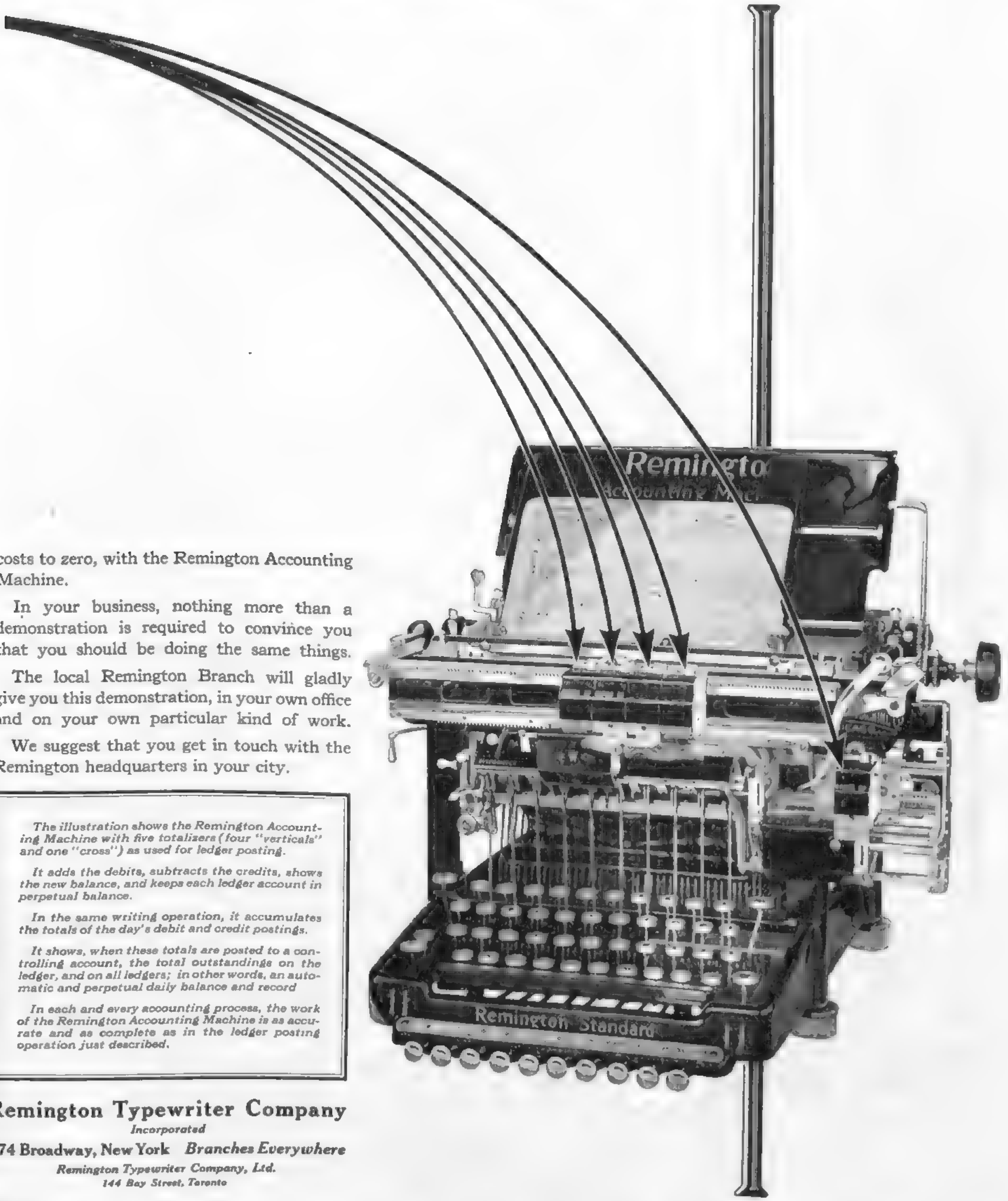
The illustration shows the Remington Accounting Machine with five totalizers (four "verticals" and one "cross") as used for ledger posting.

It adds the debits, subtracts the credits, shows the new balance, and keeps each ledger account in perpetual balance.

In the same writing operation, it accumulates the totals of the day's debit and credit postings.

It shows, when these totals are posted to a controlling account, the total outstandings on the ledger, and on all ledgers; in other words, an automatic and perpetual daily balance and record

In each and every accounting process, the work of the Remington Accounting Machine is as accurate and as complete as in the ledger posting operation just described.



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It comes to you ready-prepared, in three sizes. It makes Baked Beans a delicacy. Yet it costs about one-third what meat costs for the same nutrition.

The expert way

The beans are selected by analysis. The boiling water is freed from minerals which make skins tough.

The baking is done by modern steam ovens, so high heat can be long applied without crisping or bursting the beans. So the beans are whole and mealy, yet easy to digest.

The flavor is kept intact by baking in sealed containers. The sauce is a supreme creation with a zestful tang. And we bake it with the beans.

This dish is distinctive—not like other baked beans. Compare it and see how it differs.

Come and see

Come visit these kitchens, as thousands do, if you ever can. You will never again want your Baked Beans prepared in any of the crude old ways.

VAN CAMP'S Pork and Beans

Three sizes, to serve 3, 5 or 10

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—Also Without It

Other Van Camp Products Include

Soups Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter
Chili Con Carne Catsup Chili Sauce, etc.

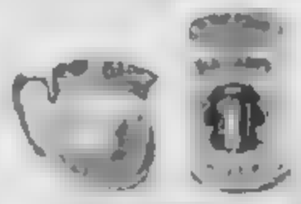
Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

Van Camp's Tomato Soup

One of 15 kinds—the finest soups created

Van Camp's Spaghetti

Italian style, made with the rarest ingredients



Van Camp's Evaporated Milk

Actually twice as rich as milk made milk in butter fat

(Continued from Page 149)

yes, twenty times what he had received for it; and was left with it when the boom broke!

But that was a later development. Now everybody was prosperous, because prices were steadily going up and cash sales were the order of the day. Therefore everybody made money and had the gold to jingle. Farmers were abandoning their crops to live in town and gamble in real estate. Why not? It was no unusual thing to make a profit between nine o'clock and dinner time. Very little work was being done anywhere. Why work when you could make a month's wages in an hour if you just looked sharp? But you could not do it unless you were on the spot.

New sales were attended as women go to bargain counters. One trick was to sell half an addition and then to close the sale, reserving the balance until such time as the outside trading should have raised the public temperature. At the reopening it would be announced that the first ten lots would be sold for, say, seven hundred and fifty dollars, after which the flat price would be one thousand dollars. Buy now and make two hundred and fifty dollars! Long lines were formed, waiting the opening of these resales. Places near the head of these lines often commanded a high price. Buyers hired representatives to hold places for them. Often one man would have two or three such proxies. They had to be visited often to see that they did not sell out to a rival. It often happened that a place near the head would sell out to a place near the foot at a price representing what would have been a good profit had a lot been bought.

Twenty-five-foot lots were sold. Nothing could be built on a twenty-five-foot lot. It needed at least one more of its own kind alongside before it could be of any practical good. But some genius discovered that the public did not think in terms of dimensions, but of units, and would buy a twenty-five-foot lot as quickly and at nearly the same price as one twice as wide.

New additions adopted all sorts of methods to get hold of their first clientele. Elephants and other menagerie animals were used in processions. Often a mass meeting for some worthy or patriotic cause was called, and the business seriously transacted merely to get the crowd for an after meeting in favor of some new real-estate scheme. Here originated the old, old story of the funeral, when the clergyman asked if anyone would like to make a few remarks in eulogy of the deceased. As usual everybody was bashful. After a short pause a stranger rose.

"As no one seems inclined to say anything," said he, "I'll just fill in the time by telling you of a new addition."

Or a sort of lottery idea was used, as, for example, that all buyers should pay the same price and then should draw for their land. There were few sales that called for complete payment, though all demanded cash down. Contracts were given with a third paid. Unless a purchaser was known he had to pay in hard dollars. There was no time to cash checks, when the lot might be resold at an advance before the ink dried. For the same reason deeds were rarely recorded.

At first, at the time of Boyd's visit, these town lots were staked out in the suburbs of actual towns. It was conceivable, if not probable, that some day or another they might be occupied. At any rate, some sort of city would always exist near there. But very shortly such foolish conservatism was abandoned. Two things only were necessary to a city—climate and scenery. The little white stakes began to appear in the most unheard-of places, miles from any building, absolutely isolated, deprived of any of the natural advantages necessary to human dwelling. But the climate and scenery were good. There were parcels laid aside for the station and the post office and the city hall and the courthouse and the high school, and heaven knows what else, and people bought the rest in twenty-five-foot lots, and the jack rabbits sat under the sagebrush and looked lonesome and wondered what were all those little white stakes.

No bit of country within the natural habitat of the tourist was so unpromising that it could not be sold. If it were a dry wash, they boosted it for its abundance of building material; if in a desert, for its healthful climate; if on a hilltop, for its view; if in a swamp, for its irrigable possibilities or its opportunities for a harbor. Men would start actual construction on a railroad and carry it forward for miles, knowing perfectly well that it never could pay, aware, indeed, that they never would finish it, merely in order to help sell land at its alleged terminal-to-be—and they sold it. Why not? The one certain thing was that the East had at last waked up to the fact that it could live in an ideal climate instead of shivering and roasting in the horrible habitation heretofore provided it. Why should any sane man live where he was uncomfortable when he could live where he was comfortable? No reason! A tremendous shift of population was imminent.

At first some of this land had been bought by people who intended to build houses and live on it. But latterly it was all purchased for resale at a profit—to the mythical fellow who was coming after.

xxx

IN SUCH lively times a space of six months may seem like the passage of years, so far as stabilizing conditions goes. It was so in Forty-nine. Events moved so rapidly that in a half year they had become ancient history. So it was now. After a year of this sort of thing it took unto itself an aspect of permanence. It was the natural condition of life. People living in it came to look on it as the normal and enduring. They called it prosperity, and it was only to be expected, for this was a prosperous country. Everybody was idle and full of money and happy. The streets were full. They moved about buoyantly, greeting each other, trading, exchanging wisdom. They stood on the street corners and in the lobbies of the hotels with expensive cigars in the corners of their mouths, their thumbs tucked in the armholes of their vests. There were a good many heavy watch chains and diamonds. New buggies were flashing about. The streets were perpetually lively with constant processions of one sort or another—decorated and placarded loads of lumber for the new hotel, escorted by a band; a visiting celebrity who has bought property, escorted by a band; announcement of new addition, escorted by a band, and so on; millionaires of a day, in Van Dyke's expressive phrase, who were living yesterday in little outlying ranches or on wind-swept farms of the Middle West.

Most of them had acquired titles of one sort or another—judge, colonel, general, an occasional humble captain—and all had gained the respect that goes with money and position. Their opinions were listened to and considered of value; and the people were buying potatoes brought down from Humboldt County, eggs imported from east of the Rockies, meat from Chicago, butter from Oregon. Their orchards and fields were growing up to mallow and mustard. Why work when you can hire somebody else to do it for you?

These new-made magnates were firm in their optimism. Why shouldn't they be? They were millionaires. To be sure, they had not the background of experience that comes with most millions; they had not the habit of making considered judgments. Those who had always lived in the country knew nothing of city growths, and those who had always lived in the city were densely ignorant of natural resources, or indeed whether beans grew in the ground or on trees.

"Don't it just beat hell?" they marveled; and then loyally answered themselves that it did beat hell—and everything else this side of heaven naturally, because it was California. It was a normal development, to be expected if you stopped and looked things squarely in the face. The only reason it seemed surprising was that nobody had happened to look things squarely in the face. An occasional shrewd old Yankee felt it was due his traditional sagacity to inquire how long it was going to last.

"Last!" they cried, astonished. "Why, we're just getting into our normal stride! The outside world is just beginning to realize what there is here!"

"Well, it certainly is wonderful," the Yankee would hasten to say. But that was not sufficient.

"Wonderful?" they repeated. "I don't think so. Why do you call it wonderful? The only wonderful thing is that it's taken so long for the world to find us out."

Every man carried a long check book that stuck out of his breast pocket. One of the favorite gestures of emphasis was to

(Continued on Page 155)

Sunshine Biscuits

Everymeal – Everyday

Serve Tak-hom-a Biscuit—"Splits in two"

Truly, there are so many ways to serve Tak-hom-a Biscuit, it's hard to judge which you'll like best. Tak-hom-a Biscuit are the only soda crackers that split in two exactly. They make dainty sandwiches—no crumbs to scatter and much easier to handle.

And there's scarcely a course in luncheon or dinner that doesn't call for fresh, crisp Tak-hom-a Biscuit. Serve Tak-hom-a Biscuit often. For they are not only delightfully good in themselves, but also bring out the subtle flavors of many other dishes.

Fairy tale pictures and cunning verses are packed in most Sunshine cartons

Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company

Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits **Branches in over 100 Cities**

Look for the Sunshine Biscuit Display Rack—it is your guarantee of biscuit goodness.

If you have prepared a home recipe book of Khymos hand-made, waterproof paper recipe cards, containing 100 proportioned and tested recipes, send 10 cents in stamps or coin to the Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company, Dept. B-815 Commerce Building, Kansas City, Mo.

Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company
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Please send me a copy of "Sunshine Tested Recipes," containing scores of new and delicious cake ideas.

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Another Mitchell Betterment that increases riding comfort

BY a stroke of masterful designing and due to the building of all Mitchell bodies in our own plant, we have made added spaciousness a reality.

In the New Mitchell Touring Car and the New Mitchell Sedan the front seat approximates the rear, thus making it possible to seat three people in each, with real comfort—adding to Mitchell's fame for easy riding.

This accomplishment harmonizes with fine appearance. The added room is simply an example of the generous policy of construction adopted by Mitchell. It is significant of added superiorities throughout.

The New Mitchell Coupé seats *four* instead of three, the Roadster seats *three* instead of two. All this costs us more than skimpy ways. But it is well worth the winning of so many friends.

Where, we ask, can you find cars of such generous proportioning? Where a car of such roadability?

The New Mitchell cannot be appreciated at its full value until you become acquainted with it. You can't possibly know the surprise that awaits you until you actually visit a Mitchell dealer and inspect these new models. Then you'll agree that these New Mitchells bring more for your money.

MITCHELL PRICES: *Five Passenger Touring Car, $1750; Five Passenger Sedan, $2900; Four Passenger Coupé, $2800; Three Passenger Roadster, $1750. F. O. B. Racine, Wis.*

MITCHELL · MOTORS · COMPANY · INC · RACINE · WISCONSIN

(Continued from Page 152)

flap this check book impressively against the leg or the palm of the hand. A large, benign dignity informed the intercourse of the new millionaires.

All this had its effect on those who at first had taken the business too seriously. Owners of tracts began to go crazy and to believe in their own projects. They turned back their money into building huge hotels that could never be filled, casinos, hot-springs resorts—any number of gimcracks to catch the tourist trade. In many instances they borrowed on the money still due them. It will be remembered that most sales were made at a quarter or a third down. There was plenty of money in the banks, just as there was plenty of money—not wealth—everywhere. The old-timers borrowed it, too, on the security of their lands and bought town lots, because they did not want these strangers to get all the bacon.

There were still some few sane ones, and some partially sane. Fortunately for California, many of the former class were in the banks. The semi-sane were business men, conservatives—in the East—who had sense enough to see that this condition could not last forever, but who thought they could guess to a gnat's hair just when the top would be reached. In the meantime they were going to cash in. These wise persons did not stand on the street corners with their thumbs in their armholes. They sat about little tables in the backs of barrooms and talked in low tones. Most of their talk was in giving reasons to one another why the top was not coming until next year. When the time came they intended to get out.

Very few saw the basic facts or took the trouble to think down to them. Nine-tenths of the buyers of real estate were purchasing not for use, but to sell at an advance. The same piece of property cannot go on selling and advancing forever. Since most of these purchases were made on a comparatively small payment, it follows that the moment prices should recede, even a little, most of them would have to be thrown back on the market to render possible the payment of balances due. There had been more town lots sold than could be settled upon in twenty years, even if every available passenger car on all the railroads were to run westward filled to capacity. But back of it all was the hard fact that they were selling climate and scenery, and there was enough of a supply of climate and scenery to break any market in the world.

XXXI

BOYD returned to Arguello on the Santa Rosa, very thoughtful. He was too shrewd, too experienced, too well balanced to be swept off his feet. The situation, once he had drawn aside from the glamour, was plain enough to him. Two things he realized thoroughly. The first was that this epidemic was sure to reach Arguello sooner or later, and when it hit, it would hit hard. The second was that until the boom broke, and until genuine prosperity had had a chance to struggle to its feet after being knocked flat by the explosion, his irrigated twenty-thirty-acre farm scheme was as dead as Pharaoh. Few people were thinking farm.

He debarked in the early morning and drove up the long main street behind a leisurely livery horse. The high fog—also leisurely—was drawing away, permitting glimpses of the mountains. Along the street shopkeepers or their assistants were sweeping their sidewalks. As yet no business could be expected, though it was after nine o'clock. Near the First National Bank building stood the street car, its motive power dozing with dangled ears, the reins wound round the brake handle, the driver absent on some mysterious errand of his own. After the feverish atmosphere of Los Angeles there seemed here to dwell an ineffable peace. Even Patrick Boyd's practical spirit felt its influence, though characteristically he misinterpreted it and was impatient with it.

"*Mañana, mañana!*" he muttered disgustedly. "If I don't watch out it'll get me too. Here, driver, I won't go home. Let me out at Spinner's office."

The lank, birdlike real-estate man listened with gleaming eyes to Boyd's analysis of what he had seen.

"Now we'll get it," Boyd concluded, "and we can hurry it along if we want to. We have my foothill land already. Get that laid out in some sort of shape and have a map made of it. Keep out the quarry, though. I don't want to lose that. But I don't want to start in on that. Everybody knows that I own it. But if somebody comes in from outside, a stranger, and buys up a lot of land and has faith and enthusiasm and all the rest of it—why, that will count a lot. From what I've seen, you can sell anything anywhere, once you get them started. But you got to begin with something reasonable. I own most of that abutting to the east on the foothills, and Colonel Peyton all of the north boundary. Naturally we can't sell the Pacific Ocean. I'm going to bring in a good man from the south to pick up something on the east or a strip of Peyton's. That'll start her off."

"There are plenty of vacant lots right in town now," Spinner pointed out.

"Yes, and they're more expensive. Why pay city-lot prices when you can get acreage? They'll buy lots in an addition quicker than scattered stuff inside."

Boyd also saw Dan Mitchell, with whom he had a serious and confidential talk. The result was a sudden accession of items and articles on the prosperity that had struck California. There were a good many alluring statistics having to do with the number of tourists coming in, the number of land sales made, and especially the phenomenal rises in values and the fortunes that had been made therefrom. Under the impulse of these and of the reports brought by returned visitors to the south, and especially by the tourists, Arguello began to stir in her sleep. And aware of that fact, the boomers commenced to drift in and look about and lay their plans.

Boyd was too shrewd to attempt to monopolize. He knew that up to a certain point rivals were a good thing. They made a noise; they all got in and pushed; their numbers helped work up the excitement. He contented himself by being a little more ready than they were; a little more thoroughly conversant with the local situation; with possessing the tracts—lying as they did in the foothills—that were intrinsically the most worth while. Spinner was as busy as a cat with two tails. Boyd was giving him a fat commission and carte blanche to go as far as he liked. The only proviso was that the professional from Los Angeles should have a week's start in placing Boyd's other tract—of which his ownership was secret—on the market. Thus did the boom come to Arguello.

XXXII

ALL Boyd's plans went well, except as respects one minor detail. It would have been very desirable to have been able to control a few acres north of town, simply because the natural growth of the town seemed to go in that direction, which meant, of course, a strip off Corona del Monte. Knowing Colonel Peyton's situation financially, he thought it would be a simple matter. He wanted not more than one or two hundred acres, while Corona del Monte covered square miles. The colonel ought to jump at the chance.

Ephraim Spinner came back from the interview, his eyes standing out in astonishment.

"He's on, boss!" he reported. "I didn't give him credit for so much sense."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, he wouldn't listen to me!" said Spinner. "I never had a show. He was most gosh-awful polite, but I felt like a worm that was being laughed at and not supposed to know it. I worked up to the limit on him that you gave me."

"Probably you offered too much at the start," suggested Boyd.

"Now, boss," pleaded Spinner, hurt to the quick, "you got to give me credit for knowing something."

"I beg your pardon. I know you do. And he wouldn't sell even at a hundred an acre?"

"Wouldn't even listen! I thought he was dead asleep out there among his cows and pigs, but he must be wide awake. Nobody else in this town has a suspicion of anything coming—except this old dodo."

"You think he suspects he can get more?"

"Now I leave it to you! That kind of ranch land never sold before for more than ten or fifteen dollars. Never! And everybody knows the colonel is hard up and needs money. And that little strip next town don't affect his ranch one way or another, now does it? I leave it to you!"

Boyd made some answer and dropped the subject—that is, in conversation. He still retained the idea. It was by no means

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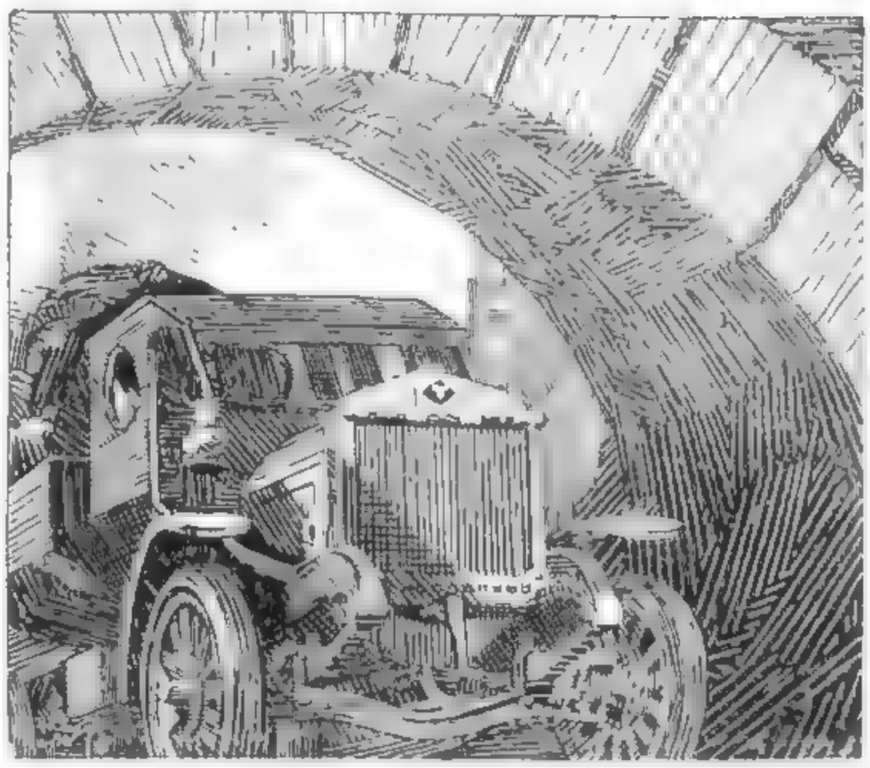

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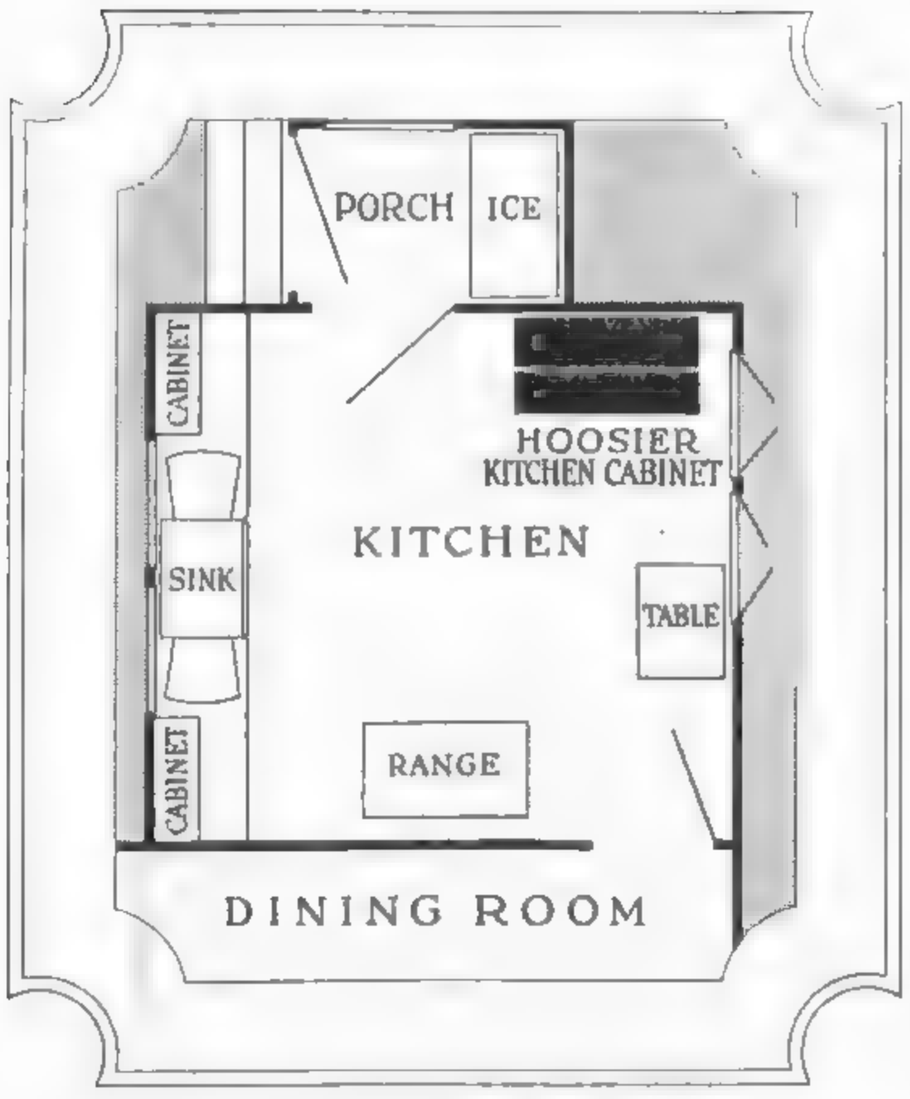

For the Good of All Womankind

THE modern science of home-making is causing thinking women to use more care in the outfitting of their kitchens than they do in the selection of the furniture for their living rooms.

For, what use is a beautiful living room if the kitchen work is so wearing as to prevent one from enjoying the luxuries of the rest of the house?

The two million American women who now own HOOSIER Kitchen Cabinets seem unconsciously to have grasped this basic idea of modern home economics.

They know that the greatest economies they can effect are those of Time and Strength.

And so they have selected the HOOSIER as the logical way to save both.

They know that the HOOSIER is the Kitchen Cabinet of proved improvements. They, themselves, for the past twenty years have been generous in their suggestions of ways and means to make the HOOSIER even better. We can safely assert that every suggestion that was ever made for the improvement of a Kitchen Cabinet has actually been tried out on the HOOSIER. The best have been incorporated in it—the rest rejected.

To-day the HOOSIER represents all we have been able to learn as to what makes a Kitchen Cabinet most desirable.

In it every staple food, every utensil, every movable adjunct to the preparation of meals—and the cleaning up after them—finds its logical place. Each is easy to get at—without walking, reaching, or stooping.

You simply sit before HOOSIER's big, uncluttered work-table and take advantage of the many special features incorporated in the HOOSIER to lessen your labor in the kitchen.

This is true no matter what kind of kitchen you may have—but now comes the latest development for the good of Womankind.

To-day kitchens are actually being planned to fit the HOOSIER. As in the one shown here, and diagrammed above, model kitchens are being thought out in advance, with the HOOSIER so located as to make it the very center of all kitchen work.

In such a kitchen a HOOSIER is at its best.

But—whether you are building a new home or not, you need the HOOSIER—NOW.

It can do for you what it is doing for two million other women—save steps, banish reaching and stooping—give you more time for rest and recreation.

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SAVES STEPS

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(Continued from Page 155)

certain that he had done a wise thing in allowing Spinner to approach the old man. The colonel was touchy. Boyd had not much patience with that type of high-faluting touchiness, but he had met it in his experience, and he understood it and knew how to handle it. Spinner would not know how at all. Indeed, he would probably blunder blithely ahead, ignorant that he was trampling down anything. Perhaps he had rubbed the colonel the wrong way; or it might be that Spinner was correct—that the old man was shrewd enough to foresee the boom. Boyd gravely doubted this, but it was a possibility. In that case he might have to split the profits. Anyway, he'd better see Colonel Peyton himself.

As he drove up the Avenue of Palms his eye took in the evidence that all things were not so prosperous as they had been. It was with the greatest confidence that he opened the interview. Allie and Sing Toy were performing some mysterious cleaning rites in the house, so the colonel and his guest sat on a settee beneath the great live-oak trees. Colonel Peyton listened in silence to Boyd's proposal to buy a strip containing approximately two hundred acres next the town limits.

"Mr. Spinner approached me with a similar proposal some days back," said he. "I told him I was not interested."

Boyd laughed.

"That was my mistake, colonel. I sent him. I thought you might prefer to deal through an agent. Spinner is able and enthusiastic, but I can well imagine he might get off on the wrong foot. I can assure you he really meant nothing by whatever he said or did that offended you."

"But he did not offend me!" cried the colonel.

"But he says you wouldn't listen to any further proposition on his part."

"No; I told him I did not wish to sell at any price, so naturally it was useless for him to proceed."

Boyd could not quite make out the situation, though he thought he was beginning to see.

"Have a cigar, colonel?" he proposed, to gain time to consider. "No? Mind if I smoke? Well, of course anyone can see that a piece of that size and shape isn't ranch property. Arguello is going to grow, and the logical direction of growth is out this way. I suppose you naturally would expect to get more than ranch-acreage prices, and on second thought I don't know why you shouldn't. I'm not going to pretend to haggle with you, colonel. I'll give you a hundred dollars an acre flat for that piece."

"But, sir, you misapprehend——" began the colonel, but Boyd held up his hand.

"Let me finish. I was about to add 'and a quarter interest in the net profits on the tract.'" He was not about to add this, but he read refusal in the colonel's first word, and so hastened to raise his bid.

"But, Mr. Boyd, I really have no desire to sell any portion of the ranch."

"Now listen, colonel. This piece is not really a part of the ranch. There aren't a dozen cattle a year stray over that way. I've ridden about nearly every day, and I don't believe I've seen that many in two years."

"It's too near town for wild cattle," explained the colonel. "My men keep them driven back as far as possible."

"There, what did I tell you? That strip isn't any good at all to you, and it would make ideal residence sites. As acreage it isn't worth fifteen dollars, and you know that perfectly well. But I am offering you twenty thousand dollars in cash and a quarter interest in the net profits."

"Mr. Boyd," broke in the colonel, "I am sorry to interrupt you, but I must repeat ——"

"Now wait a minute, colonel! Let me finish before you come to any decision. That quarter interest in the net profits does not sound like much. But I am just back from the Los Angeles district, and let me tell you we are going to have a boom here that will open your eyes. I have the reputation of being a conservative business man, and I assure you that I fully expect before I have finished with that piece of land to net from a hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand dollars. I know it sounds foolish, but I am certain it is not."

"I cannot follow the figuring of you modern financiers," smiled the colonel. "I must confess it sounds a trifle optimistic."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," urged Boyd, whose plans came nearer to half a million all told than to the figure he named. "I'll guarantee personally that inside of a reasonable time—say, eighteen months—your share will come to forty thousand dollars. That's in addition to the purchase price. Come on! Go in partnership! We'll clean up!"

"I appreciate your offer, Mr. Boyd, though I can't quite follow your figures," began the colonel.

"You don't need to—remember I'm guaranteeing," Boyd reminded him.

"Yes, I understand that; and I'm grateful for your offer of partnership. Your reputation as a man of affairs is quite familiar to me. But I really mean what I say. I do not wish to sell any of the rancho."

"That is a pretty liberal offer. It is really the best any business man could do. I take all the risk, you must remember; and of course do the actual managing of the deal. What I have offered is really the highest price the deal could justify on its merits."

"Oh, Mr. Boyd," cried the colonel in a panic of deprecation, "you must not misunderstand me! I am not attempting to haggle for higher terms. Those are almost too liberal, it seems to me. But I do not care to sell."

Boyd's heavy brows came together.

"Would you mind telling me why—since it is not the price?"

At his tone the colonel's more delicate brows went up slightly.

"I have owned the Rancho de la Corona del Monte for over thirty years, sir," he replied politely. "It is a property that it pleases me to retain intact."

Boyd restrained a movement of exasperation and by an effort regained control of himself.

"Where can you find anywhere a piece of land that will bring anything approaching that return, and at the same time take so little from the ranch as a ranch?" he asked.

"Nowhere, sir. I acknowledge that," replied the colonel. "That is not the question."

"But sooner or later you will have to find such a piece."

Colonel Peyton stiffened.

"Why do you say that, sir?"

"Come, colonel; you know as well as I do that the time is not far distant when you must raise some money, and a good sum of money, to keep you afloat. There's no use our trying to fool each other. Here I'm offering you the chance of a lifetime to get squared away. You can't go on renewing mortgages forever, you know."

"I find, sir, you appear too conversant with my private affairs," said Colonel Peyton stiffly.

"I am an official in the First National Bank," Boyd pointed out, "and I am saying nothing that I do not know legitimately."

"Sir," rejoined Colonel Peyton, "I regret to seem discourteous to a guest, but I must remind you that officially, as you call it, you are concerned only with whether I pay my interest on the appointed dates. That, I believe, has been done."

"And with whether you pay the principal on the appointed dates too," added Boyd, rising. "Don't forget that."

The colonel bent his brows down on the shorter man.

"Am I to construe that as a threat, sir?" he demanded coldly.

Boyd's face flushed and his neck swelled. He was not a man patiently to brook opposition at any time, but unreasonable and purposeless opposition like this was beyond all credence.

"I am not interested in constructions," he snapped. "I am stating facts it would be well to keep in mind before you turn down your chance. Look up the dates of your mortgages, I advise you, before you decide. I'll give you two days. I'll send Spinner for your answer."

"That will be quite useless, sir," replied the colonel icily. "You can have my answer now. I do not care to sell. And permit me to call your attention to the fact that it is the custom for bank officials to give notice of due mortgages by mail."

Boyd drove down the avenue in a glow of righteous anger. He really felt that he had been hardly used. He had offered the old fool a chance to pull himself out of the hole, get on his feet, with no cost to himself. It had been a generous offer. Not only had this offer been refused unreasonably, but it had been refused ungraciously. That was how Boyd felt about it. His own attitude throughout the interview seemed to him eminently businesslike and reasonable. By the time he had reached Ephraim Spinner's office he was boiling mad.

"I apologize to you," he informed the real-estate man. "I thought you'd bungled the deal with old Peyton, but I take it back. Of all the unreasonable, short-sighted, pig-headed old fossils I ever came in contact with! Why, if I had a hound dog that couldn't size up his own situation and see the point of an open-and-shut proposition better I'd tie a rock to him and drop him off the wharf."

"I figured you'd tackle him yourself," grinned Spinner. "Glad of it. Now you know."

"Yes, now I know," growled Boyd. "But he don't know—yet. He's a blight on the community, that fellow. Talk about your dog in the manger! He's holding up the development of Arguello worse than a dozen earthquakes. Has the whole north side of town blocked from further growth. Has some of the best farm land in the world, with thousands of people yelling for farms, and he sits on it like a toad! It ought not to be allowed!"

He tramped up and down the little office chewing the end of a cigar that had gone out. Boyd was fully persuaded of what he was saying. No realization entered his head that the mainspring of his present anger and his future activity in this particular case was merely opposition, which always roused his ruthless fighting spirit. He stared unseeing at a lithograph on the wall, then after a moment turned with a short laugh.

"Well, nothing to be done there just now. Time's too short." He went on to give some directions as to the new additions.

XXXIII

THE boom hit Arguello, and Arguello took it just as hard as the rest of the country, once it had thoroughly wakened. It suffered all the usual symptoms, as detailed in previous pages. People bought and sold lots they had never seen—the very locations of which were unknown to them. Such things as abstracts of title became totally unnecessary. Somebody soon discovered that it was equally unnecessary to bother with the pretty white stakes to mark out the lots—very few people went to look at them. It was much simpler just to have a map and mark off the lots sold.

It is not part of the purpose of this story to follow in detail the progress of the boom in Arguello. With two exceptions all the people we know were in it, some of them up to their necks. The two exceptions were Colonel Peyton and Brainerd. As a consequence they were looked upon with pity or derision or contempt as not knowing a good thing when they saw it. They were considered reactionary.

For the first time in its history Main Street was crowded. It seemed that the entire county must have poured its population in, and certainly the influx from outside made a record. The talking point with Arguello was her present lack of a railroad. As soon as the railroad was put through, then people would be certain to pour in, for where in the wide world could you find another such sunshiny, ocean-washed, mountain-girdled paradise? There might be many mansions in another paradise, but the number of town lots was limited in this.

On Main Street one was certain to see everybody one knew. They stood on the edge of the broad walk absorbing sunshine and prosperity; they strolled the wide length between the Frémont and the wharf, dropping in at all the tract offices to see what was doing; they darted in and out of places, busier in appearance than anyone could possibly be, each according to his temperament. The *Sociedad* moved over in a body, leaving its cattle to Mexican foremen, and gambled briskly. There was the greatest difficulty in getting the necessary work done. Men who had been digging on the sewer extension last week, now carried their check books and leaned nonchalantly against the lamp-posts, swapping wisdom as to the country's future. Had it not been for the Chinese, who cared nothing for booms, it is difficult to see how the necessary chores would have been done. At every trip from the north the Santa Rosa brought a cargo of supplies that ought to have been provided at home. Prices naturally rose, but nobody cared. Ephraim Spinner was in the twentieth plane of bliss. He believed in it literally—the millions of future population and all the rest. When he sold a lot he sold it sincerely. His optimism and his energy seemed to know no limits.

Patrick Boyd rode the storm serenely. He was throughout one of the few who did not lose their heads. From his additions he made a great sum of money, some of which he reinvested in other lots with which to gamble. But he knew he was gambling and he estimated the chances very coolly. He recognized the immense value of Spinner's enthusiasm and energy, so he turned over to that young man the handling—but not the direction of the handling—of all his real-estate ventures. Realizing that no mere commission basis would uphold any man's loyalty after the thing got going, he gave Spinner an interest in the business. After that he paid no more attention to the selling end of it. Only when it came to buying did he interfere with the insistence that Spinner should do exactly as he said. Often Spinner would tear his hair over what he stigmatized as overcaution when some tempting bait dangled in vain. But soon, of course, Spinner became a millionaire in his own right, and then outside the partnership he dealt at his own sweet will.

But Boyd's chief effort and influence were now otherwise directed. He was willing to gamble with his surplus, but he never lost his head. His experience showed him that the fundamental danger would not be that a certain number of people would go broke—or would not go broke, as the case might be—but in the undue expansion of credit. Sales were made, as has been explained, on the basis of a small down payment. Men deep in the game would always desire to spread their money out as thin as possible. The actual cash brought in by the immigration amounted to a very large sum. There could be no doubt that the banks would have much idle money crying for investment. There was also no doubt that there would be a swarm of would-be borrowers. A bank lands on security. Much of the security would undoubtedly be land. There you have the elements of the problem in which Boyd saw danger.

He held a comparatively small block of bank stock, but from this moment he became the storm center on the board of directors. His policy was simple, and he stuck to it through thick and thin. It was that all land loans should be based on the old valuation before the boom—not one cent more. There were wild scenes at times over this. Men lost their tempers in open meeting. They called him reactionary, a coward, a detriment to the county's prosperity, and some more bitter names, but he sat foursquare, smiling, unmoved.

"Gentlemen," he would say, "you will do as you please. Your voting power is much in excess of mine. But remember, it is also your responsibility. You know the value of this land in normal times. I agree that it has probably increased somewhat, but no man can say yet what that increase actually amounts to in permanent value. Until we find out let's play safe on the old figures. A bank should play safe. In case of necessity a bank must take over the land on which it has lent money. Nothing is more unproductive than land in a bank's hands. We have too much already."

In spite of protest, within and without, this view prevailed. Nobody on the directorate, with the possible exception of Oliver Mills, believed fully with Boyd. Of course a great many of these prices were absurd, still it must be acknowledged that the county had gone ahead. But against Boyd's solemn warnings of responsibility they did not quite dare go. Boyd acquired thus a position of great power. He easily took the lead in banking matters, so that his opinion in all things came to prevail with almost the force of commands. And since it was felt that in Boyd rested the power of local credit, he was sought after and kotowed to, and hated and cursed—behind his back—until he was thrust by the very upheaval of conflicting forces to a place of towering prominence.

A place of prominence meant more than the possession of money. Everyone had become a capitalist. A million was the unit of measurement. Why not? A man's wealth is the value of his possessions. City lots had risen to fifty to seventy-five thousand dollars apiece. As city lots did not necessarily have anything to do with a city, and as California was a large and vacant place, there was material for countless millionaires. And as if California was not big enough, they were actually slopping over into Mexico! If you own a gravel

(Continued on Page 161)

Man, *oh* man!

GETTING close-up on a jimmy pipe that's chuck mighty brim full of Prince Albert tobacco shades any deck of indoor or outdoor sport you ever had tucked up your sleeve!

Gee, how that P. A. flavor does sift its sunny joy on your smokeappetite! And, each puff gets your friendship for P. A. to sparkling-so-speedy you feel like you've just got to eat that zephyry, fragrant smoke!

In all your born days you never pulled such a pipe prize! Never did you get such intense smoke enjoyment every hour of the twenty-four as P. A. passes you!

For, Prince Albert never lets up in ringing the bell; never lets up putting an edge on your smoke desires; never ceases to be the best old-pleasure-pal that ever came across the hills or out of the woods!

Because, Prince Albert, first of all, *has the quality* that slips you the keenest kind of smoke-sport, *and* because bite and parch are kicked out of P. A. by our exclusive patented process!

You take a short listen at this what's-what hand out! And, before sundown you'll tie a can on the "show me" sign you had tacked up on that friendly old jimmy pipe!

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Throughout the nation you buy Prince Albert wherever tobacco is sold. Toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors — and — that clever, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps Prince Albert in such perfect condition.

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the national joy smoke

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THE WESTCOTT MOTOR CAR COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, U.S.A.

WESTCOTT

The Car with a Longer Life

(Continued from Page 158)

walk you can be a millionaire on pebbles at a thousand dollars each—until you try to trade them for something else

At the height of the boom one could come pretty close to trading for something else. The man who had been willing to close out his deals and go home with his cash would have been genuinely wealthy. A few of them did just that. A few have cashed in their chips at the height of a winning streak and left the casino.

XXXIV

AS TIME went on, however, more and more people made up their minds to clean up and get out. When they came to do so they found that there must be a shrinkage in the paper values of their holdings. This is the normal thing. But in the present booming market it made them indignant. They called it sacrificing, and saw no reason for it. Or they did actually sell out, and found themselves with a good sum of real money in the bank. They were generally back in the game within a week. Some piece of land they had been watching or had themselves sold had gone up and they could not stay out. It seemed too foolish to let such chances go.

Another still craftier set secretly believed that a setback was imminent. They talked among themselves wisely of action and reaction. The boom was bound to burst from overloading. Then the wise guy with ready cash could take his pick of choice property at rock-bottom prices, and so would be in on the ground floor when the next boom started, probably within six months. For not one of them but believed that another boom would come almost immediately. But the collapse could not possibly come before next spring at the earliest. The big rush from the East always took place after the holidays. The wealthy people came then, and then our profound student would unload quickly and at magnificent prices.

The very few who not only decided to get out but to do it now had to be very strong-minded. Jim Paige was as little as the next inclined to be influenced by another's opinion, but he succumbed.

"Well, well, here's old Jim!" cried Bill Hunter, meeting him on the street. "I hear you chucked that lot of yours in Vasquez Street for twenty thousand. It sold yesterday for thirty, and I'll bet she goes to forty. You sure have a poor eye." And he went on chuckling over the huge joke on old Jim.

George Scott was not so easy on him.

"For heaven's sake, Paige," he cried, "don't you know any better than to spread all this talk on cleaning up? Everybody's talking about it. I don't mind you throwing away your own property, but first thing you know you'll be knocking hell out of the market for the rest of us."

"The rest of you better follow my example," drawled Paige.

"The man who sells anything before spring is crazy," rejoined Scott briefly—"stark, staring crazy!"

A real-estate man snared him as he sauntered past, and drew him aside for a low-toned colloquy.

"Say, Jim," he confided, "I've fixed it so I can buy in those two lots next your corner on Center Street for forty thousand apiece. Owner was a tourist—lunger—died. How's that for a snap? And only a quarter cash down!"

"I've sold that corner," confessed Jim.

"Sold it! Sold it!" cried the real-estate man. "My Lord!" And holding up both hands in mock despair he darted away.

Then down the street a little farther he met Doctor Wallace, with his black bag. The doctor was a millionaire, of course, but he had to keep in practice as a matter of plain humanity—only the most pressing cases, as too many patients would interfere with business. He, too, drew Jim aside.

"Look here, Jim," he said, "it's only due you that some friend let you know what they're saying about you, so you can deny it. Of course I've been denying it everywhere, and so have all your other friends, but a statement from you is needed to carry the proper weight."

"What they been saying?" demanded Paige, interested.

"Why, that you've been selling out," said the doctor in a hushed voice.

"I am," confessed Paige, shamefaced.

The doctor looked him over astoundedly.

"Well, I must hurry out and see Mrs. Robbins. Sudden call," he muttered, and disappeared.

Within three days Jim Paige was back in the game. So it was with dozens of others to whom was vouchsafed a momentary gleam of wisdom. The trend of events was too powerful for them. The dynamic force of the combined thought of so many people swept them back into the current. During their brief absence from the market prices had gone up. An excursion arrived bringing a throng of hungry buyers. Other excursions would be running all winter. Why be content with thousands when one could just as well make a million? Chances such as this come once in a lifetime.

Some people thought themselves too wise to be greedy. They were not going to try to squeeze the last dollar from the opportunity; they were going to get enough and then quit. What was enough? Last year it might have been ten thousand dollars—a princely fortune to a small farmer. What was ten thousand—a hundred thousand—now? Enough was always just a little more than a man had. Of course one should get out, but next week would be time enough; and next week prices were still rising. It seemed a shame not to make just a few dollars more.

XXXV

AND the end—when it came—stole upon them so gradually that at first they never suspected. People told each other that the market was a little dull just for this week. They explained nonchalantly that it was always so about the holidays; that the presidential year had its influence; that at this season the payment of taxes always more or less tied things up by taking money out of circulation; that everybody was holding tight for the rise that was sure to come with the new batches of excursionists. There were a few clear-headed men who saw the point, but they were speedily silenced by loud and wrathful outcries.

"Prices too high!" shrieked the millionaires, turning purple with rage, because secretly they also feared. "Such talk as yours would bust any boom. There's no trouble at all, except that there are a lot of idiots like you round talking gloom and pessimism. The market is dull because the prices are going to be higher, and people have quit throwing away their property and are holding it for what it is worth."

Nevertheless, all the waverers, the people who had got out and come back in again like Jim Paige, and those who were going to get out but had postponed it until next week, now felt their wisdom stiffened. They returned to their abandoned plans, this time with conviction.

"Say, George," said Jim Paige, accidentally meeting George Scott after looking for him for two hours, "I've decided to take that offer for my Center Street lots."

Scott changed countenance.

"Oh—I I thought you'd refused that offer, Jim—and I've used my money elsewhere."

"I might even shade that price," pursued Jim. "I've got another buy in sight that'll make me a mint of money, but I've got to have the cash to swing it. Make me an offer."

"I don't believe I can handle it."

"You wanted it bad enough before. It's the best bargain in town, and you know it. I never knew you to refuse a trade, George."

"Don't want it."

Jim drew nearer.

"You don't think she's broke, do you?" he asked.

George Scott blew up. Of course she hadn't broke! Such talk as that—he stumped off fuming, leaving Jim Paige, very thoughtful, staring after him.

He was typical of many others. They decided to sell enough at least to pay off their debts and deferred payments. They were even willing to do so at a sacrifice. Lots were offered at fifteen per cent off. At that moment a good many might have been got rid of for twenty-five per cent off. Time was wasted finding that out. The reduction of twenty-five per cent was made, but by then it was too late. The sellers were always one jump behind in their appreciation of the necessities.

Mrs. Stanley, like everyone else, was a millionaire while the boom lasted. But she was a lady of robust common sense. One morning Patrick Boyd found her gardening near the dividing fence when he came out of his house for his after-breakfast cigar. The sunbonneted, heavy-booted figure waved him imperiously.

"I want you to tell me what's going to happen in this market," she boomed.

He looked at her speculatively. They had enjoyed many pitched battles as antagonists, and he liked her.

"I will tell you my opinion if you will tell me exactly where you stand in it."

"Come into the house," she invited him with instant decision.

They sat for some time in the stiff, old-fashioned library examining a land book with alluring figures, a bank book and an old probate list of securities.

"I see," observed Boyd at last. "If you were to pay up what you owe in contracts, without selling any of the land, it would just about clean out your ready assets, wouldn't it?"

"But of course I don't expect to do that. I expect to sell some land," boomed Mrs. Stanley.

"Then you'd better do so very promptly—if you can," advised Boyd.

Mrs. Stanley looked anxious.

"If I can?" she repeated. "Then you think—oh, you must tell me all the truth without equivocation, Mr. Boyd. If I lose my income, what is to become of me—of my children?"

She was genuinely alarmed and distressed. For the first time this grenadier of a woman had lost her complete independence of bearing.

Boyd explained to her the situation as he saw it, and added this: "I'll do for you what I would do for no other person I know. If you will give me power of attorney I will see what I can do. But you must understand that all you can expect is to be relieved of the weight of your debts. The only hope of selling at all is at a price to appeal to those who believe another boom will follow this depression."

He got the power of attorney, and a week later made his report. Mrs. Stanley's supposed one million two hundred thousand dollars' worth of real estate had been sold to net her—after debts were paid—just ten thousand dollars. She was aghast. It was with the greatest difficulty that she controlled the expression of her face. Boyd smiled at her grimly.

"I know perfectly what you are thinking, Mrs. Stanley," he observed. "I may say that I anticipated it, and it is a matter of indifference to me. I want to call your attention to three things: One is that your original property is intact; the second is that you have made ten thousand dollars out of nothing; and the third is my recommendation to you to observe your friends and see how they come out."

It took Mrs. Stanley a long time to get over the shock, and still longer to come to a realization that she had not been sacrificed.

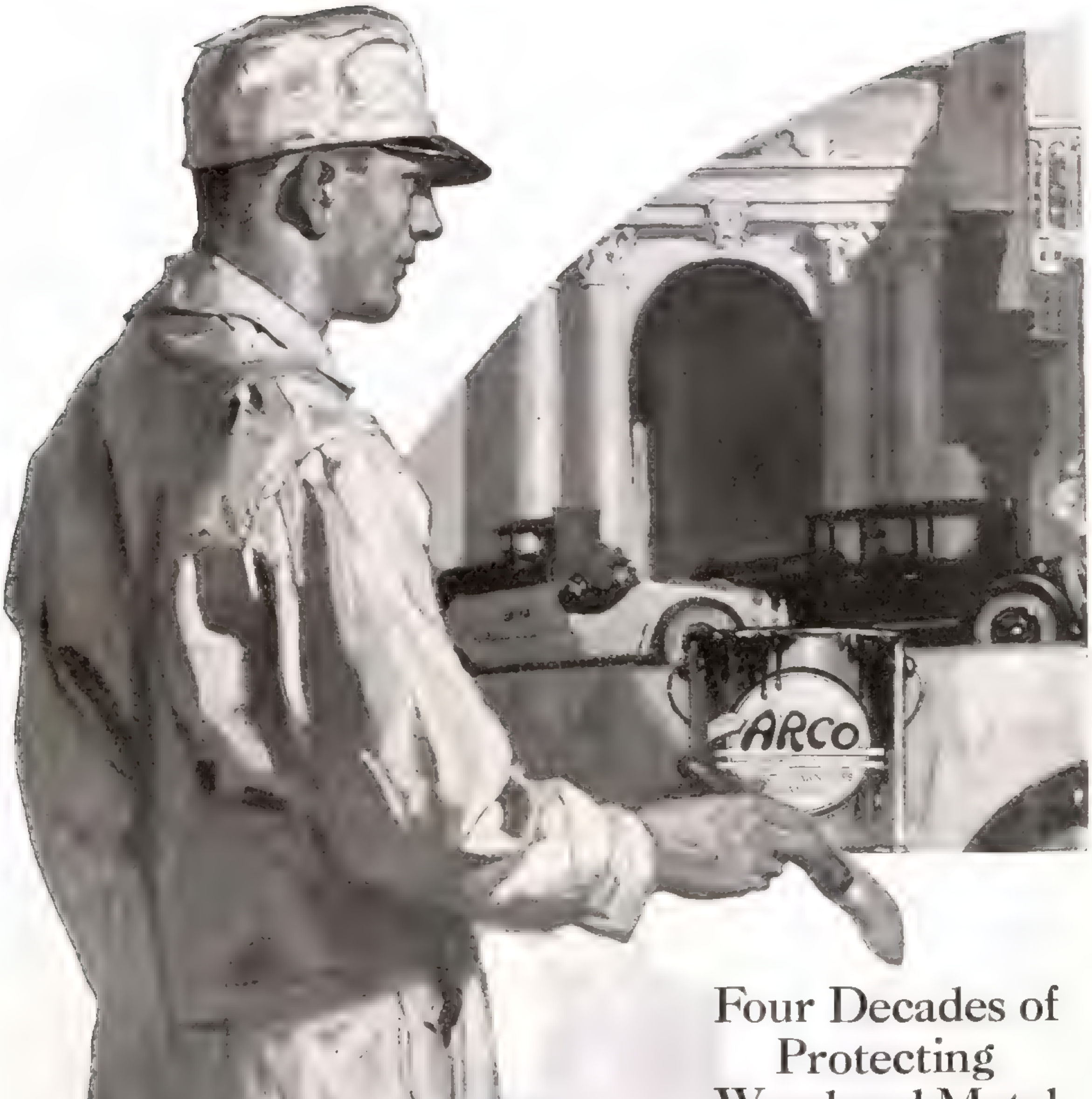
Boyd's third recommendation finally swung her to the truth. Those who decided to sell, as has been said, reduced their prices too slowly to keep down with the dropping demand. They arrived this week where they might have sold last week. And of the few who—as did Boyd with Mrs. Stanley's holdings—knew enough to come down to cash prices of from twenty-five to thirty-five per cent off paper value, many were frustrated by their agents. The latter almost invariably hung on—in secret, of course—hoping to pocket the difference between the old price and the new. Thus time was wasted until it was irretrievably too late.

And now, of course, money tightened. Huge amounts were still going out for materials on the senseless improvements everywhere being made; greater sums were going for jewels, silks, carriages, furniture, fancy harness and luxuries, long since bought but only now being paid for; and still vaster necessary expenditures for foodstuffs that should have been raised at home. To offset this outflow of cash was one source—the money brought in from outside in the pockets of the tourists. This source suddenly choked up, and the banks began to press for their money.

Americans are quickly adaptable, and can see the point promptly. They wasted very little time bewailing the situation. Evidently they had to get to work, so to work they got. A few inconsolables haunted the bars—on draft beer—bewailing their fate; a few optimists continued in the real-estate business and posted long lists of property with the caption: "Soft Snaps." But everybody else got to work.

And the commentary on the actual resources of the country is that it successfully absorbed the evils of this feverish time. All the elements were laid for a twenty-year setback, but as a matter of fact even the ensuing hard times were short and only moderately hard. The banks had kept their sanity. Not one failed. And one thing was indubitable—the population of the country had been greatly increased. Just as the gold discoveries of Forty-nine, disappointing in their promise of universal fortune, nevertheless were a bait that attracted to California its first flood of immigrants, so this boom, insubstantial in itself, did lure to the country tens of thousands who otherwise would not have come, and busted them and made it necessary that they get to work; and California rewards work lavishly.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Four Decades of Protecting Wood and Metal

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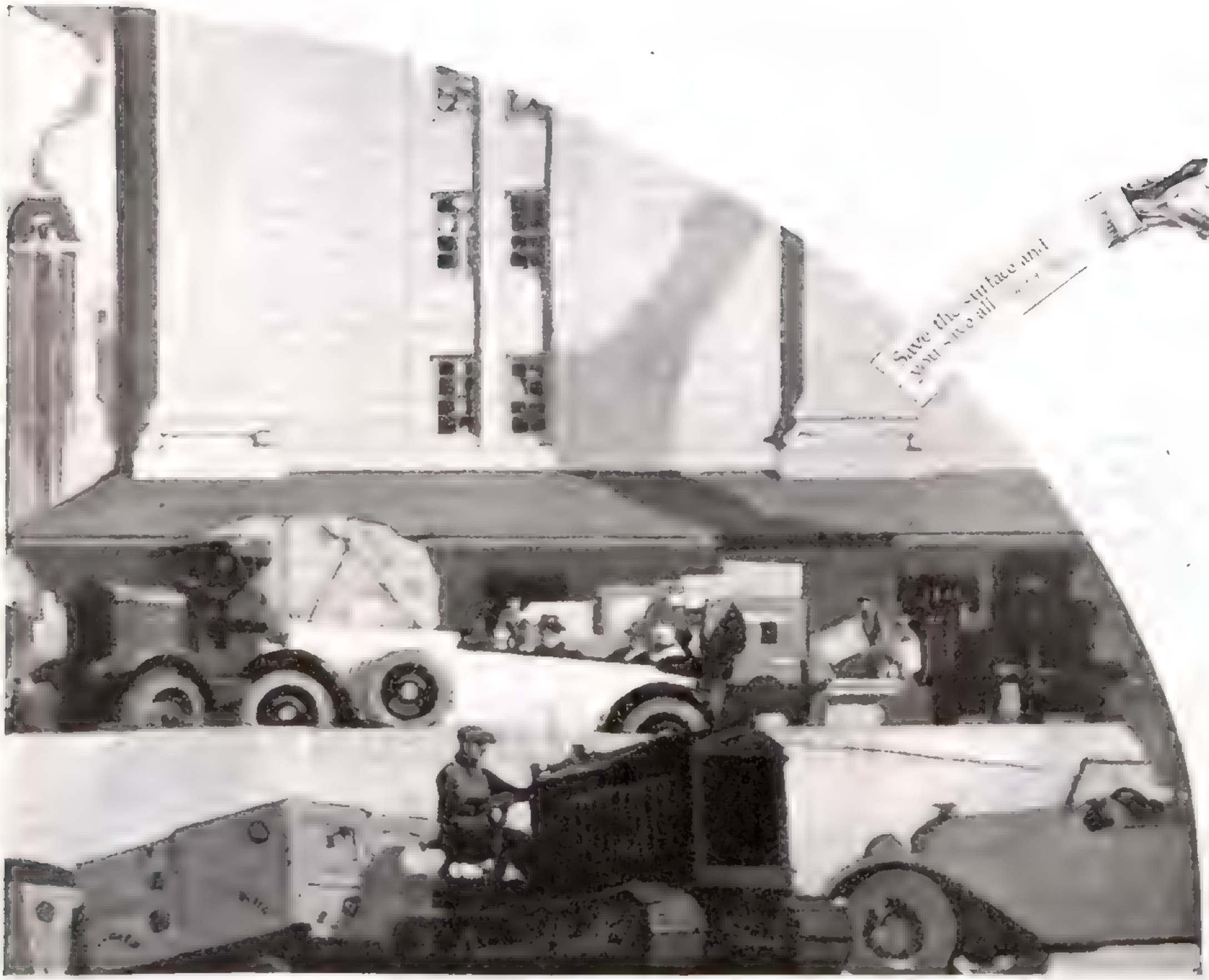

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Armstrong's Linoleum

BACK TO NATURE—AND BACK

(Continued from Page 13)

"Or catchin' measles an' different diseases," said Gangleshanks politely, feeling that Beany should have some support.

Mrs. Fleming left them.

"Golly day!" said Beany in a relieved voice as the door shut behind her. "Le's go ahead or we'll never get finished. One compass."

"Everybody ought t' have a compass," said Gangleshanks thoughtfully. "How'd you find your way if you was lost without a compass?"

"The book tells how. You just take your watch an' point it at the sun some way, an' there's a way of tellin' from there which is north."

"You don't want t' forget t' take that book."

"I guess not! It 'ud be all up with us if we forgot this ol' book."

From a small bookcase he took a thick volume entitled The Camper's Guide. He placed it on the bed beside Gangleshanks.

"Wha'd you do with the Red-Cross outfit?" asked Gangleshanks. "You haven't forgot that, have you?"

"You bet not!" Beany pulled a tin box out from under the bed. "I got it under here special so's I wouldn't forget it."

"I guess if anybody gets hurt we'll be glad we had that along," remarked Beany complacently. "You can't tell what a fella might do out in th' woods like that. He might break his leg or his arm or chop off his foot as easy as anything."

"I should say he could! You wouldn't catch me goin' into th' woods without my Red-Cross outfit."

Beany placed the tin box beside The Camper's Guide and began to examine its contents.

"Think you got enough bandages?" asked Gangleshanks, sitting up to oversee this operation. "If a fella broke his leg or anything it 'ud take an awful lot o' bandages."

"That shows all you know about it. You don't put on bandages when a fella breaks his leg. You put a splinter in it. It's all in the book." He closed the medical supplies to prevent further argument.. "Now there's nothin' left to do but get these bags filled with food."

The Camper's Guide was very definite on the subject of food. It prescribed for a party of four, flour, cornmeal, rice, cornstarch, coffee, raisins and baking powder in scientifically calculated amounts. Gangleshanks read the list dubiously.

"That ol' list may be all right, but I wish there was somethin' a fella could eat if he got hungry."

"Mother's puttin in some sardines an' stuff," admitted Beany. Gangleshanks looked relieved.

They met in front of Beany's house the following morning after numerous delays. Just outside the gate stood an express wagon piled high with their camping outfit. Three lengths of clothesline were fastened to the front of it. The loose ends were to be tied to their bicycles. This was Beany's invention, and he was not modest in his opinion of it.

Mrs. Fleming was on hand to see them off. The various other parents had been dissuaded from obtaining what they considered a last earthly glimpse of their sons.

"Are you sure you have everything now?" she asked for the fortieth time.

"Oh, mother, of course we have! Golly day, if we don't get goin' we'll never get started! Come on, Tub, hitch your bike on. Hurry up, can't you, Gangleshanks?"

He had a sinking feeling that he was about to receive some public advice on the subject of hygiene, and hoped by injecting enough confusion into the start to divert his mother's thoughts. No such luck, however.

"Now, Beany," she said, "do remember one thing! If you get your feet wet change your shoes and stockings right away, and rub your feet with a dry towel."

"Oh, mother!"

He gave her an entreating glance which she analyzed as homesickness.

"I wish you weren't going," she said, attempting to embrace his wriggling body. "Do be careful, won't you? And don't fool round with axes. And if it gets cold at night I put in a suit of heavy underwear and ——"

"Good-by, mother!" cried the boy Boone in desperation. "Come on, you fellas! Golly day, we'll never get anywhere if we don't get goin'!"

They made one or two false starts owing to the fact that the three bicycles refused to reach the end of the towropes at the same time. Then they were off, the express wagon rattling and sluing along the pavement behind them. Mrs. Fleming watched them disappear with an anxious face. The wheels of their bicycles splashed through a small puddle left by a shower of the previous night.

"Gee whizz, I hope you didn't get your feet wet!" exclaimed Gangleshanks with a great show of concern.

"Oh, shut up!"

"Don't you think you bu-bu-bu-better change your shoes?" asked the Tub.

Beany looked at him with surprise. He began to fear that it had been a mistake to let the Tub come on this party. He was already beginning to act with a freshness which might have been expected.

"You better shut up," he warned, "or you'll wish you was dead when we stop!"

The Tub's flushed face indicated that he might have such a wish long before that time.

"Lu-lu-lord, this thing's heavy!" he complained.

Gangleshanks agreed.

"Course it is. It's full o' Beany's underclothes."

"I'll underclothes you!"

They continued to pedal grimly ahead for at least ten minutes.

"Where in Sam Hill are we goin'?" asked Gangleshanks finally.

The answer was vague.

"Just out in th' country." Beany wished he had not been so mysterious about their destination. "Just keep on goin' till it gets wild." They relapsed into silence once more.

At last the houses grew smaller, the vacant lots more numerous and the pavement more bumpy. Then the asphalt ended and they found themselves on a macadam road considerably in need of repair. A large hole loomed up in front of them. Beany swung to the left, Gangleshanks and the Tub to the right. Torn by conflicting emotions, the express wagon stopped abruptly.

"Gee whizz, what're you tryin' t' do?" asked Gangleshanks, hopping on one foot. "Break a fella's neck?"

"It's all right about my neck of course. As long's your neck's all right I c'n ride into the hole an' break mine. That's all right."

They prepared to get under way once more. All this manual labor was beginning to pall on the Tub.

"Gu-gu-gu-gosh, it's pretty wild round here!" he remarked suggestively, looking about at the cultivated fields which lined the road on both sides. Beany gazed at him disdainfully.

"Wild!" he exclaimed. "Wild! Why, you don't know what wild is! Why, before we get through it'll be so wild you won't see a man f'r days an' days!"

"Where's that?" asked the Tub.

"You'll see when you get there."

Gangleshanks said nothing. Beany, fearing that he might be about to side with the Tub, fired the surest shot in his locker.

"The Tub thinks this is wild," he said.

"Gee whizz, he don't know what wild is!" Gangleshanks was instantly converted. "We'll show him before we get through, eh, Beans?"

"You bet!" agreed the Beans cheerfully.

They started off once more. The country through which they were passing had undoubtedly been wild at one time. This, however, was a hundred years or more before Beany decided to plunge into its fastnesses. At present it rolled away in cultivated smugness as far as the eye could see. Here and there small patches of timber had been left standing. As a camping ground, however, it compared unfavorably with Central Park, New York.

They reached the foot of a long grade and slowed up. They stood on the pedals. Gravity won, and they came to a stop.

"Gee whizz, it's hot!" Gangleshanks dismounted and wiped his face with his sleeve. "Where is this darn' ol' place o' yours, Beany?"

"'Tain't my darn' ol' place. It's yours just as much as 'tis mine."

"Well, lu-lu-lu-le's get there pretty soon." The Tub was rapidly losing weight.

"Get where?" cried Beany, exasperated. "You all look at me an say 'there' as if I knew where 'there' was. Golly day, I don' know where 'there' is any more than you!"

Beany was beginning to suffer the fate of all promoters, who never receive any credit for an idea until it promises to be a failure.

"You were doin' all th' talkin'. Gee whizz, you talk more about things you don't know anything about than any fella I ever saw!"

"I never talked about it."

"You did so! Just a li'l' while ago you were tellin' about all th' wild places you knew."

"Well, if you'd only keep goin' instead o' standin' here chewin' all day we might get there."

They toiled up the dusty hill. By the time they reached the top no conservative insurance company would have guaranteed Beany's life. Then as they saw the grade sloping away before them in a long descent of almost a mile they took heart once more. Mounting, they started to coast. For the first time the expedition slipped smoothly along without exertion. The express wagon, however, with its heavy load, started to overtake them.

"We got t' go faster," shouted Beany, looking over his shoulder. They began to pedal. Faster and faster they flew until the express wagon was cavorting behind them like a young lamb. A knife popped out unnoticed. A can joined it. A wake of small objects sprang up in their rear. Then to their dismay a sign loomed up before them:

"Detour—Road Closed."

This was confirmed by two crossed planks barring the main road.

Beany tried to make the turn. Gangleshanks kept on straight ahead. The Tub, who was in the middle, suffered the consequences. When his two companions picked themselves out of opposite ditches and discovered to their surprise that there were no broken bones he was sitting in the road whimpering softly. His face was scratched, his clothes were torn and he was even dirtier than before. The express wagon rested upon his lap.

"Golly day, don't be a darn' baby about it!"

Having escaped scot-free himself, Beany was inclined to use the affair as a demonstration of his indifference to danger.

"No," agreed the equally fortunate Gangleshanks. "You got to take a few knocks when you're out campin' like this."

The Tub stated very distinctly that he did not wish to go out camping.

"What's the sense in sayin' you don't want to' go out campin' when you're out? You're campin' now, so it's no good not to wan'a."

This logic failed to appeal to the Tub.

"I wan'a go home."

"Well, you can't go home, cause your bike's busted," said Beany with finality. "Golly day, I never saw such a kid!"

The Tub ceased to whine and examined his wheel. The handlebars looked like the horns of a Rocky Mountain sheep. At the sight he set up a fresh howl.

"Look here," said Beany, unable to bear this any longer, "if you don't quit actin' like a two-year-ol' kid we'll lay you right down in the road an' make you wish you was dead."

The Tub opened one eye far enough to make sure that this threat was genuine, whereupon he subsided into sullen silence.

IV

BEANY and Gangleshanks looked about. They had almost reached the foot of the hill. Just below the road passed through a wood. The conformation of the ground made it impossible to tell how large an area this covered. On their left was a field of uncut hay, bordered near the edge of the woods by a small stream.

"Golly day!" exclaimed Beany admiringly. "This is a wild place!"

"You bet it is!" Gangleshanks would have pronounced Walnut Street wild rather than drag the express wagon another foot.

"It's lucky we fell off just where we did."

The Tub advanced some doubts on this last point, but was ignored. They lifted the remains of the camping outfit over the fence and piled it near the stream. The bicycles were leaned against the fence inside the field. The Tub's bicycle was the pride of his heart, and he now proceeded to describe his sense of loss in great detail.

"Golly day, who cares about your ol' wheel?" said Gangleshanks finally. The Tub's troubles were getting on his nerves. "Le's get this tent up."

While Beany and Gangleshanks struggled with the tent the Tub rummaged among their goods. He passed over the bags containing the flour, rice and corn meal, finally emerging with a loaf of bread and several cans of sardines.

"Le's eat," he suggested hopefully.

Beany looked at him with pity.

"Eat!" he exclaimed. "Eat! You're a fine camper, you are! Why, you haven't even got your fire goin' yet!"

"Wha-wha-what do you wan' a fire for?"

The question was excusable, for there was nothing to cook and the sun was blistering the backs of their necks.

"Golly day, I guess you never been campin' before!"

"Neither've you."

Beany waived this remark as unworthy of answer. At this moment Gangleshanks crawled out from under the tent.

"The Tub wants to eat before we get a fire goin'," said Beany.

"Gee whizz!" exclaimed Gangleshanks disdainfully, not having the least idea why anyone should want a fire on such a day.

"I'll take the ax," said Beany, "an' cut th' big stuff. You an' th' Tub can pick up the li'l' stuff."

Fearing an argument, he pulled the hatchet from under a pile of cooking utensils and walked away. Picking out a large white birch near the edge of the woods Beany took a few preliminary hacks. The hatchet, never a dangerous tool, scratched the bark slightly.

"That's a little big," he muttered apologetically to himself, and turned his attention to a small sapling. The result was much the same as if he had pounded on the top of a heavy steel spring with a tack hammer. Drops of perspiration spattered the leaves at his feet.

He looked up. Gangleshanks and the Tub were busy picking up dead branches. A few feet away lay a young birch broken by the weight of a larger tree which had fallen against it. It was only attached to its roots by a few splinters. Beany managed to hack through these, and dragged the tree a few feet into the open.

"Come on, you fellas, an' gi' me a han'!" he called. They surveyed his work with admiration.

"Gu-gu-gosh, you cut that quick!" said the Tub.

"It don't take any time if you know how," replied Beany modestly.

Gangleshanks, however, more cynical, was examining the splintered base.

"You didn't cut that!"

Something in his tone irritated Beany.

"How do you think I got it down? Broke it off?"

"You found it," declared Gangleshanks.

A great anger rose in Beany's breast. He had been accused of lying. He felt that his honor was in question.

"I guess I ought to know if I cut it or not!" he almost shouted.

"Bet you didn't!"

"How much you bet?"

Beany plunged his hand into his pocket, threatening to draw out huge sums.

"Won't bet anything. Just bet you didn't," said Gangleshanks inconsistently. "It's dead."

"Course it's dead! You expect it's going t' live after it's cut?"

"Le's eat," suggested the Tub once more with rare though unconscious diplomacy. His interior began to feel like a sucked egg.

They built their fire near the brook and dragged the birch across the top. With the aid of a newspaper and three boxes of matches the pile was finally lit. Beany gazed at his handiwork admiringly.

"There!" he said. "Now I guess we're 'most ready to eat."

The dry wood burned fiercely. They sat down as near the fire as possible and prepared to make merry on sardines and bread. The air about them quivered with heat. A transatlantic stoker would have found it unbearable. They held their ground, however, without a murmur. Such is art.

Having disposed of a colorless meal, they drank deeply from the brook and then lay down to consider their next move. All three had an uncomfortable picnic sensation of being bloated with food and yet still hungry. It was a lazy afternoon. They spent a long time staring blankly at the hot sky. Gradually the sun began to approach the tops of the trees.

(Continued on Page 169)

Faithful to all Industry

If the long association of men with each other, with their jobs, and with the ideals upon which their business is founded has an improving effect upon the product they build, then another reason for Dodge domination in the power appliance field is reached.

In 1881, a mere handful of men began the Dodge Idea of factory service; today, among the thousands of employees, there are still a few of those pioneers; the same executives have held office since 1893; the "Twenty-Five Year Club" has a hundred and more members; and ten or fifteen year men are by no means unusual.

The Dodge organization has grown within itself and among its trade by invention, by development, and by the acquisition of other worthy products.

Dodge expansion has occurred naturally and with the increasing needs of Industry for an economical and reliable method of power distribution.

The Dodge ideal has never been out of mind: to build a *complete line* of products that would cost less to install—that would "go together" right and stay right without supervision or repair through long years of trouble-free service.

To have departed from the manufacture of reliable products for the sake of novelty or innovation, without regard to the fitness of those products for universal factory service, would have been to neglect the underlying principles of our business.

So, in the face of a competition, which frequently offered "something new" because it was *new*, Dodge has continued for 38 years, to offer something *good* because it was *reliable*.

"Faithful to all Industry" is a *promise* for the future as well as a *record* of the past.

Hundreds of thousands of industrial plants are involved in that record; millions of dollars' worth of products are daily dependent upon the faithful performance of Dodge equipment.

We want the power user to regard this proven ability for service as a distinct personality—a familiar factor in his plant upon which he can base the production and delivery of the product he builds.

Rest assured that the ideals which have carried Dodge to the present high recognition of factory owners and factory operators will be studiously maintained.

Know also that there are no prejudices in the Dodge organization; any method or product that holds a potential fitness to be included in the Dodge Line of power transmission appliances may become a Dodge Product; but only when it has proven its reliability upon the Dodge standard of what kind of service it shall render.

Dodge will keep pace with the actual needs of Industry, but Dodge men will ever remain true to their creed.

DODGE

Dodge Sales and Engineering Company

Mishawaka, Indiana, and Oneida, New York

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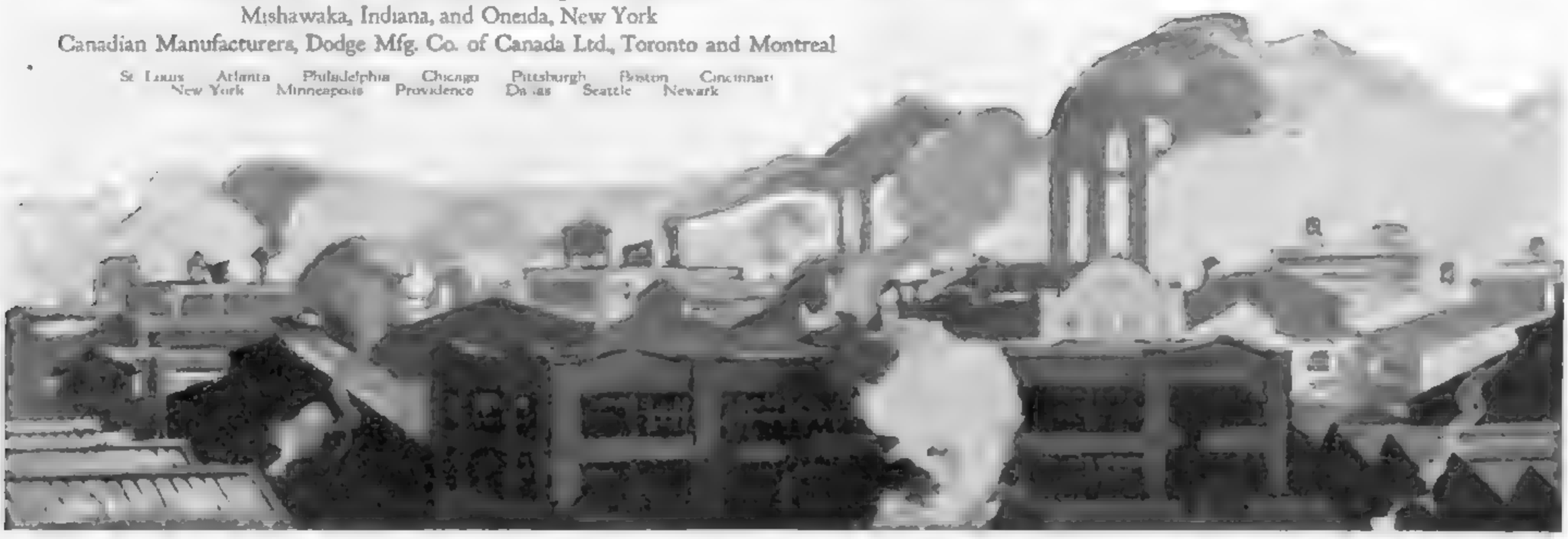
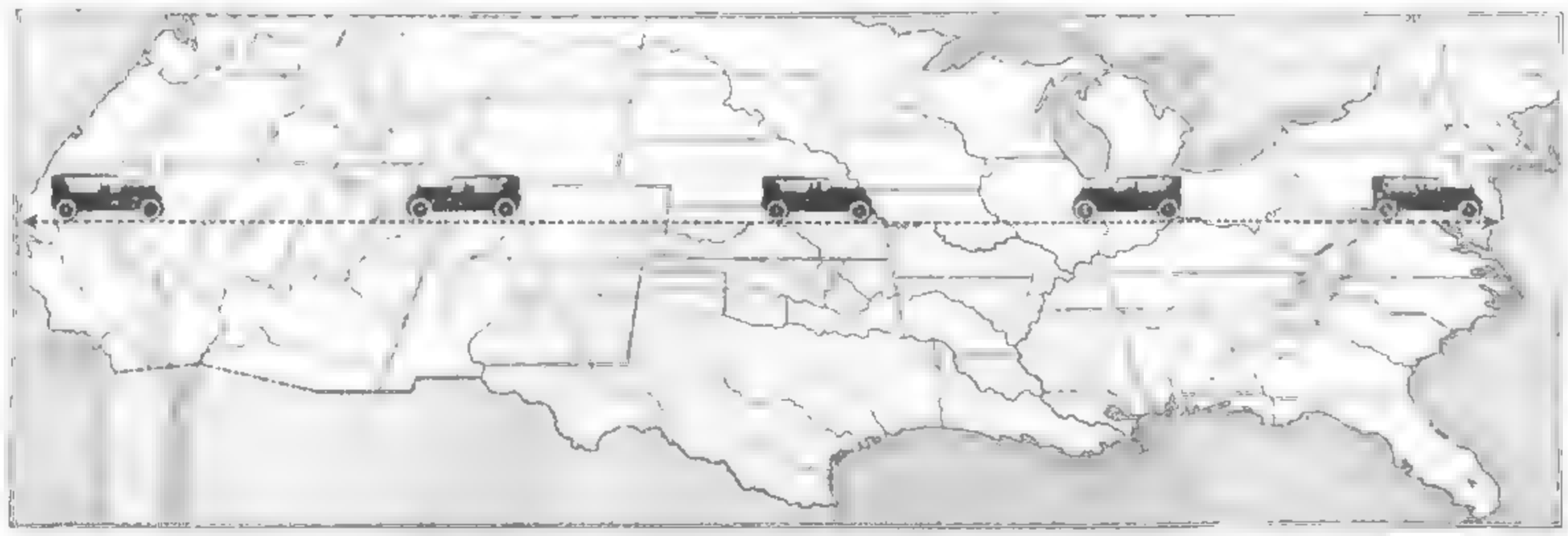


Embodying satisfaction with universal service to Industry, "Shorty" starts to work "with the 7 o'clock whistle" all over the country and delivers a full day's work every day. You will find a "Shorty" ready to serve you on the immediate delivery basis in every Dodge branch and in the establishment of every Dodge, Oneida or Keystone dealer Whenever possible, order Dodge Products from your dealer; we prefer it.!

There's a Touch of Tomorrow In All Cole Does Today



5 Times Across the Continent on One Set of Tires

Cole Aero-EIGHTS Average More Than 15,000 Miles on Original Tire Equipment Besides Increasing Gasoline Mileage 50% for Cars of Their Capacity and Power

Tires never have to be taken into consideration by the owner of a *Cole Aero*-EIGHT. The original equipment outlasts every expectation. That is one reason for the extremely slow depreciation of the *Aero*-EIGHT. Its remarkable economy in the use of tires and fuel and the sturdy dependability and continuous improvement of the mechanism with use cause it to gain in service and utility as time goes on. It retains its original value indefinitely.

Miles Per Gallon of Gasoline Under Ordinary Conditions of Travel

Aero-EIGHT Tourster, driven by F. C. Lyons from Burlington, Vt., to Jacksonville, Fla. Average gasoline mileage for trip . . . **16.5 m.p.g.**

Test run through traffic on measured gallon of fuel at Memphis, Tenn., observed and sworn to by H. C. Rogerson, member of staff Memphis Commercial Appeal . . . **19.8 m.p.g.**

Official record of *Aero*-EIGHT from Los Angeles to Yosemite Economy Run finished with perfect score. Distance 374.6 mi. Gasoline mileage . . . . . **17.8 m.p.g.**

Through snow drifts, mud and generally bad roads from Feb. 19 to Feb. 22, on tour from Butte, Mont., to Spokane, Wash., an *Aero*-EIGHT owned and driven by Carl Phillips, Spokane, Wash. Distance 435 mi. Gasoline mileage . . . . . **15.5 m.p.g.**

The *Cole Aero*-EIGHT was the first car to negotiate uniformly under all conditions of travel upwards of 15,000 miles on tires—5 times the distance across continent on its original casings. Besides, it affords fully 50% more mileage per gallon of gasoline than is ever expected of a car of its capacity and power. Owners of *Cole Aero*-EIGHTS understand the significance of aerotype construction as revealed to them in the car's performance.

The Cole dealer in your city will take pleasure in explaining the advanced features of construction embodied in the *Cole Aero*-EIGHT and to point out its many exclusive improvements

COLE MOTOR CAR COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS, U. S. A.

Creators of Advanced Motor Cars

(Continued from Page 165)

"We got to get things in shape f'r supper pretty soon," said Gangleshanks, breaking the long silence.

"You bet!" agreed Beany without moving.

The Tub said nothing. His body had gradually relaxed and through his scratched nose emerged quiet sleeping noises.

Beany had good reasons for wishing to put off the preparation of supper as long as possible. At his insistence they had adhered strictly to the list of food supplies prescribed by The Camper's Guide. Flour, rice and cornmeal had sounded very professional in Walnut Street. Now that the time was coming when they must be transformed into something edible, he wished that he had taken his mother's advice and laid in a larger stock of more amateurish but less mysterious foods. He rose to his feet and stretched.

"I'm not sure I want any supper," he said.

Then suddenly he began to shout and wave his arms. Gangleshanks, who was lying in the long grass and could see little but the sky, thought that the heat might have affected him, and looked on with interest.

"Hi, you darn' fool! Get out o' there!"

Gangleshanks sat up to investigate. The Tub didn't stir. A cow was placidly nosing over their food supply. Gangleshanks jumped up and hurled a stone at the intruder. Then arming themselves from the bottom of the brook, they proceeded to avenge the trespass. The cow lumbered away a short distance, then turned to look at them reproachfully. Gangleshanks drew back his hand to throw another stone. Beany seized his arm.

"Don't do that!" he said. "I got an idear."

The arm was lowered unwillingly.

"What idear?"

"Le's milk it."

Gangleshanks looked as if he doubted his ears.

"Milk it!" he repeated. "Milk that ol' cow! Why, you couldn't milk that cow in a milyun years! First place, how do you know it's tame?"

"I'm not afraid o' that darn' cow. I guess he better be tame!"

"You couldn't milk a cow anyway."

"Could too!"

"How could you? You never milked one in your life."

"That's all right! I've seen 'em. It just runs out of 'em. Here, Boss! Here, Boss!"

He snapped his fingers enticingly, but the cow remained firmly rooted, refusing to be fooled by such bromidic inducements. Beany gathered a handful of long grass. Holding this bait in front of him, he started forward a step at a time.

"Wha'd'ya s'pose he cares f'r that li'l bit o' hay?" asked Gangleshanks contemptuously. "He can eat th' whole field if he wants."

The cow stood her ground, all four feet spread out and tail rigid, until they were within a few feet. Then with a snort and a playful flick of her heels she turned and galloped off to a distant corner. Beany and Gangleshanks accepted the challenge. Their primitive hunting instincts were roused. Separating, they worked their way along converging fences. The cow waited until the net was almost closed, and then ran between them and off down the field once more.

Round and round the field went the terrified animal, with Beany and Gangleshanks in full cry. They were thoroughly delighted with this unexpected turn of events. Time after time they worked her into a corner. Then when almost trapped she would put down her head and dash between them once more to the security of the open field. They had no intentions of catching her. The original idea of obtaining milk was forgotten. Their one object now was pursuit.

In spite of all this the sun continued on its normal course toward the horizon, and finally disappeared behind the trees as if nothing was happening. By this time all three participants in the contest were in a high state of frenzy. At last after skirting the field twice the cow turned suddenly, plunged through the brook and disappeared in the woods on the opposite side. Beany and Gangleshanks followed.

At first the cow galloped along a faint path which wound among the trees. Then turning off sharply she plunged into the bushes. They traced her course by the crashing of broken branches. The woods were thick and the going slow. Judging by the noise of the chase, the cow appeared to have the advantage. They scrambled down a shallow gully which lay across their course and found themselves in a clump of young alders which shot out of a dense undergrowth. Gangleshanks gave a howl of pain.

"It scratches."

"Of course it does," said Beany, who had been more cautious. "Golly day, you're a fine camper, you are, if you're goin' to stop every time you get a scratch! I guess the ol' cow didn't stop an' holler about it, did he?"

They paused to listen. Not only did they fail to hear the cow hollering, but even the noise of its smashing progress had ceased. The faint cry of a bird over their heads broke the silence.

"Now you gone an' lost him! Golly day, if I was such a baby I'd stay home!"

"Baby! I guess if you was havin' your skin pulled off you'd say something about it!"

Gangleshanks was indignant.

"Well, you got t' go without a good glass o' cold milk, that's all! There's nothin' much better either than a glass right out o' th' cow."

Beany had never personally tested milk under these conditions, but his grandmother, who repeated herself, never saw a cow without making the remark. He merely passed the information along for what it was worth.

"Look!"

Gangleshanks was showing little interest in the merits of fresh milk. He pointed to a fork in one of the alders. Just out of reach was a nest over the top of which projected three fuzzy balls. By climbing adjoining trees they obtained a perfect view of this phenomenon. The nest contained three mothy-looking birds which were protesting against life at the top of their new lungs. Angry cries from their parent floated down from somewhere above them. They watched, fascinated, until Beany discovered that it had grown almost dark.

"I guess we better be gettin' back," he said. "The Tub'll be wonderin' where we are."

"That ol' Tub! Gee whizz, I bet he'd sleep till we went home!"

They climbed down and picked their way out of the gully. The woods became thicker and the shadows deeper.

"Funny we don't come across that path," said Gangleshanks.

"It's right up ahead." Beany trudged confidently on through the gloom.

There is a tendency in every human being to consider himself immune from the daily accidents of life. Heroes are merely people in whom this trait is developed to a high degree. A twelve-year-old boy in particular views the misfortunes of the world with the disinterested eye of a god—if he sees them at all. Beany and Gangleshanks had gloated over tales of wretches lost in the woods. It had never occurred to them, however, that they were eligible to a similar experience. Even now they refused to believe it.

It was almost completely dark. The trunks of the smaller trees were already invisible. They worked along through the underbrush, their hands stuck out before them.

"Funny we don't come to that path," said Gangleshanks again.

He was the first to lose his sense of aloofness from mishap. It was knocked out of him by the trunk of a large tree.

"Gee whizz," he exclaimed in a small, frightened voice, "I think we're lost!"

"Rats!" replied Beany with no great confidence. "How c'n you be lost? Th' woods don't go everywhere. All you got to do is to keep walkin' straight an' you got to come out somewheres."

"Yes, but don't you remember what the book says about people walkin' round in circles in the woods? Don't you remember how it says when you get lost to stay where you are till somebody finds you?"

"How's anybody goin' t' find you here, I'd like t' know? Besides, I guess I know if I'm walking in circles or not. Golly day, if you hold your arm straight out in front of you an' follow that you can't walk in circles, can you?"

Gangleshanks looked doubtful.

"It don't seem's if you could. I hate to go against th' book, though."

"Well, we'll find th' path in a minute."

They stumbled on through the darkness, tripping over fallen trunks, running into trees, scratching their faces on low-hanging branches. Finally Gangleshanks went headlong over a protruding root and hurt his hand. He began to whimper.

"I ain't goin' any further."

Beany stopped. It slowly dawned on him that they were lost. Ordinarily this discovery would have been celebrated with tears. The sound of Gangleshanks' whimpering, however, gave his pride the necessary incentive. His voice had a tremble in it, but his tone was intrepid.

"Come here," he said. "It's kind o' grassy. We'll sit down an' talk it over."

Gangleshanks groped his way to his side. "What're y' goin' t' do?"

"We're goin' t' stay here till mornin'."

"I wan'a go home"

Gangleshanks' whimpering had developed into shameless crying.

"Golly day, what's th' sense in talkin' like that? How you goin' home when you can't even find your way out o' these ol' woods?" Beany found comfort in the sound of his own voice. "I guess it won't hurt you t' spend th' night in th' woods, will it? Golly day, if a fella's goin' campin' he's got to spend th' night in th' woods once in a while. There's nothin' t' be scared of. I'd just as soon spend th' night in th' woods all alone. I'd just —— What's that?"

His monologue was interrupted by the cracking of a branch behind them. They listened, tense, but it was not repeated.

It became rumored about among the mosquitoes that a banquet had been placed at their doors, and they arrived in hungry swarms. Finally Beany discovered that by lying on his stomach with his face in his hands and a handkerchief over the back of his neck their only source of supply was his ears. Thus intrenched, they talked.

As the first terror of the darkness wore off they began to gain a grim satisfaction from the novelty of the situation.

"Gee whizz, I guess there'll be some hullabaloo in town when they find we're lost!" mumbled Gangleshanks through his hands.

"Yes, an' th' Tub'll be sore he went to sleep an' didn' get in on it. Nobody'll pay any 'tention to him. They'll all be gettin' us to tell about it."

"I wouldn' be surprised if our pictures was in th' paper."

"Oh, no, I don't guess they'll do that!" Beany was more modest.

"Why not? They stuck Charlie Abrams in when he got almost drownded."

"That's different. You got to be pretty near killed to get your picture in the paper."

"Well, how do you know we won't be before we get through?"

"That's right, we might," said Beany hopefully. "I guess that'd get the Tub's goat all right. 'James Fleming, son o' Mr. an' Mrs. Fleming, o' th' same name, who heroically 'scaped death last Wednesday evenin'.' Wouldn't he be sore?"

"We might be killed all the way," went on Gangleshanks, his thirst for publicity running away with his imagination. "Then I guess there'd be some fun."

"The paper'd have a story about us right on th' front page."

"Yes, an' th' Fish might give th' school a half holiday the way he did when Johnny Berry died."

"He couldn't do that now on account of vacation."

"That's right. It's kind of a bad time," agreed Gangleshanks. "Tell you what they might do, though. They might put up one o' those brass signs in church th' way they did f'r Johnny."

"Yes, an' th' ol' fat minister 'ud get up an' tell about what fine boys we were f'r half an hour."

"Golly day, wouldn't that make the Tub sore!" said Beany dreamily after turning this picture over in his mind for several seconds.

A breeze had sprung up and was sighing through the wood. The mosquitoes became less offensive. He wriggled himself into a more comfortable position and gave himself up to the pleasant contemplation of such an ending. He saw a great parade marching solemnly down the street behind his hearse. In the very front rank walked the school, headed by the Fish. The latter was weeping bitterly at the injustices which he had done him. Directly behind were a number of little girls dressed in white. They carried wreaths for the grave. He could make out the inscription on the wreaths—"Our Hero." Crowds lined the curbing on either side. He could hear his name shouted from time to time, followed by cheers.

It is hard to say just where Gangleshanks came into this funereal jubilee. Perhaps he had been buried more privately on another day. Possibly he may have been cremated. Whatever the cause, it is certain that no mention of his name stirred the throngs which peopled Beany's mind. He became so wrapped up in the spectacle that he was startled by a muffled sob at his elbow.

"I don' wan'a die!" moaned Gangleshanks.

"Golly day, who said you were goin' to?" asked Beany impatiently.

It was just like Gangleshanks to take a mournful view of the situation.

"I don' wan'a brass sign! I don' wan'a be like Johnny Berry! I wan'a go home!"

A strangely similar desire suddenly welled up in Beany's interior, mounting until his neck felt like one great lump. Gangleshanks became more violent.

"I wan'a go home!" he cried.

"Oh, sh-sh-shut up!"

Beany's voice was unsteady. He struggled with himself, then burying his face deeper in his arms he allowed the emotions of the last hour to flow into his coat sleeve unrestrained. Gradually the small choking noises from under the tree became more intermittent. The woods settled down to rest. Only the occasional chirp of an insect or the brushing of the wind through the trees disturbed the night.

■

A FULL stomach, plus a June sun reenforced by fire, had reduced the Tub to a state of coma which would have been the envy of the most ambitious anaconda. He lay on his back, his mouth offering a cool retreat for itinerant bugs. The shouts of the amateur toreadors, if they reached him at all, only furnished food for dreams. Beany and Gangleshanks disappeared into the woods. The sun disappeared behind the same. A new moon was introduced to the world by the gathering twilight, and the Tub slept swiftly on.

A large bluebottle tacked across the field searching for a place to spend the night. He spied the Tub's face, crimson from the recent sun. Supposing it to be some new kind of rose, he settled on the nose and looked about. The nose wrinkled uneasily, whereupon the bluebottle climbed quickly down and crawled across the upper lip in order to examine the pit below. The Tub made an uneasy motion with his hand. The bluebottle stood perfectly still, and it didn't develop beyond a twitch. He leaned over the edge of the crater and looked down. The prospect appealed to him. To be sure, there was a strong breeze blowing through, but it also appeared dark and safe. He saw a number of crannies where he could be well out of the draft.

Letting himself down carefully he started to crawl under the Tub's tongue. To the end of his days he will bore his friends with what followed. There was a convulsion. The mouth of the pit closed suddenly. The bluebottle narrowly escaped death in its dark, erupting recesses. Then he was forced into the air with tremendous impetus, accompanied by a deafening noise.

The Tub sat up, spitting imaginary bluebottles in all directions. It was dark. For a moment he could not think where he was. Then he saw the glowing ashes of the fire, felt the grass under his hand and slowly realized that he was in the wilds. He stood up to find his companions, but was unable to see through the darkness.

"Hi, Beany! Oh, Gangleshanks!" he called.

The only answer was a faint "Shanks" thrown back at him by the woods. His first and natural thought was that this was some new kind of a joke.

"Cu-cu-cu-come on out o' there! I see you!" he shouted.

The only effect of this stratagem, however, was to make his voice sound strangely out of place.

The Tub sat down, miserable, and listened. He could hear nothing but the fiddling of a cricket orchestra in the field. Fear crept over him. He turned suddenly to catch the thing which he was sure was behind him. Then his courage sank one notch lower. He didn't dare to look again. The dread of ridicule kept him seated beside the dying fire. He had no doubt that Beany and Gangleshanks had gone on some expedition and would be back shortly. He considered it shabby treatment, however, to go off and leave him alone like this.

The grass rustled. The Tub shrank even more within himself. Then he knew that it

(Continued on Page 172)

An Assurance of Quality

YOU cannot determine the quality of ready-roofing by its looks or its "feel". Mere surface appearance tells you nothing. The ability of ready-roofing to meet successfully the test of service depends upon the raw materials put into it and the care with which it is manufactured.

When you buy Ru-ber-oid Roofing there need be no doubt in your mind regarding these two points.

For over a quarter century the name Ru-ber-oid on a roll of ready-roofing has been synonymous with quality. That name stands for just as much today as it did when there was scarcely a competitor in the field.

Ru-ber-oid Roofing is made to meet a standard of quality—*the Ru-ber-oid standard*—not a standard of price. That is why, after more than twenty years of service, the limit of endurance of many a Ru-ber-oid Roof is yet to be determined.

THE STANDARD PAINT COMPANY

WOOLWORTH BUILDING, NEW YORK

CHICAGO BOSTON

MAKERS OF

RU-BER-OID ROOFING

There is but one Ru-ber-oid—Look for the Man on the Label

RU-BER-OID

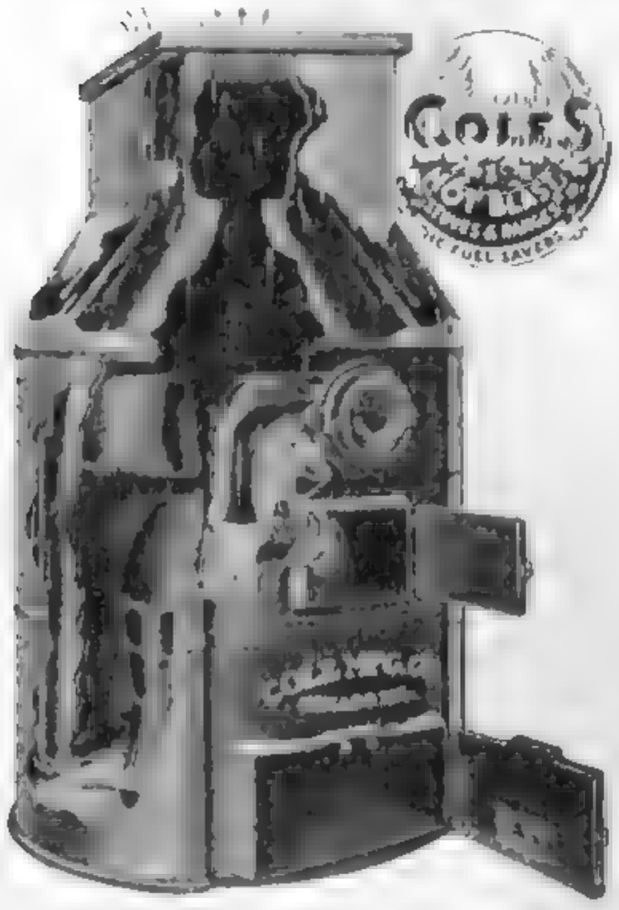
Don't be a Slave to your Furnace

Install Now

COLE'S HOT BLAST FUEL SAVING SYSTEM equipped with The Little Draft-Man Furnace Regulator

COLE'S Hot Blast Furnaces have long since won distinction for their fuel economy—they heat homes better on half the fuel required for ordinary bottom-draft furnaces and they burn hard coal, soft coal, coke or wood. Equipped with the "Little Draft-Man" Furnace Regulator to perfectly control combustion, Cole's Hot Blast Furnaces burn even less fuel and, in addition, require practically no attention.

The "Little Draft-Man" is an attractively finished device which is mounted, at elbow-height, on the wall of any room in the house. It employs no electrical connections or complicated mechanism in its operation. It opens the furnace automatically at any pre-determined time and is set as simply as an alarm clock.



By means of its graduated control lever and positive chain connections direct from it to the furnace draft and damper, the "Little Draft-Man" provides just the right amount of air for perfect fuel combustion at all furnace heats. In so doing it eliminates the possibility of half-burned fuel falling into the ash pit and makes ash screening unnecessary.

A Cole's Hot Blast Furnace, equipped with the "Little Draft-Man" Furnace Regulator, will save you steps, time and expensive fuel, as well as provide a warm house every morning at rising time.

Cole's Dealers everywhere can supply the heating plant complete with the "Little Draft-Man."

Manufactured by

Sahlin Mfg. Co.

21 Ottawa Ave., N. W.

Grand Rapids, Michigan

Canadian Distributors:
McClary's, London, Ontario

(Continued from Page 169)

was the breeze moving the tops of the grass above his head. He could make out the woods in front of him—a black bank of mystery. The feeble glow from the fire only made the darkness more jumpy. He decided to wait until he had counted two hundred slowly. After that he had no plans.

Meanwhile the innocent cause of all this confusion had been standing for some time in a bewildered frame of mind near the edge of the woods. She had never regarded man as a friendly animal. On the other hand, until to-day his hostility had merely taken the form of an occasional whack with a rake handle or a pushing kick which did not hurt much. It might even have been a human form of play, for all that she could tell.

These bipeds of the afternoon had been unmistakably different. It was obvious from the first that they had intended severe bodily injury. For that reason she had not returned to the barn as was her custom, but had chosen to remain in the friendly shelter of the woods. The flies, however, were troublesome. For a long time she stood quite still, brushing them off as best she could with her tail. Then the whole affair got on her nerves and she made a dash for the open field in front.

The Tub had counted up to one hundred and ten. He found the counting rather comforting. Then he stopped and stared at the woods, his body rigid with fear. The only thing which prevented his hair from standing on end was its normal tendency to that position.

The stillness had been broken by a great commotion in the underbrush. A black form, darker even than the surrounding blackness, came bounding toward him. This was the last straw. The Tub's mental back crumbled. His legs recovered from a momentary paralysis. Leaping to his feet, he raced across the field to the fence. In that brief dash the Tub showed promise of track material hitherto unsuspected.

The first wheel which he grabbed was his own. He felt the twisted handlebars and threw it aside frantically. Seizing Gangleshanks', which stood next, he hurled it over the fence and followed it with his own body.

To the Tub's surprise there were lights in his home as he pedaled slowly and wearily up the driveway. He was damp, dirty and disgusted. The cool, well-groomed appearance of the house gave him the sensations of a traveler who stumbles on a desert spring which he had sought but never hoped to reach. The horror of the last two hours fell from him like a garment.

Dismounting, he gazed at the lights thoughtfully. He had supposed that it must be the middle of the night. If so, these lights might indicate a search party. Then he decided that they were too tranquil to be connected with any disturbance.

Leaning Gangleshanks' wheel against the cellar window, he mounted the front steps on tiptoe and peered under the living-room shade. His father was reading aloud from a book, while his mother knitted. The calmness of the scene irritated the Tub. One might suppose it a matter of utter indifference to them if their son were being torn to pieces by wild animals in the wilderness.

He was about to knock on the window when a new thought flashed through his mind.

How was he going to explain his presence without either Beany or Gangleshanks? Of course he might say that they were lost. On the other hand, suppose that they were sleeping soundly in the tent at this moment? In that event his name would go down in history as a joke. His ribs ached at the thought.

In this indecisive frame of mind the Tub went down the steps and stood by his wheel, wavering. He wished that he were brave enough to ride all the way back and clear up the mystery. Nothing, however, would have induced him to visit that field again until it was lit by the convincing rays of the sun. He went round to the side door and felt under the mat. His fingers closed on the latchkey. By letting himself in quietly he could sneak up the back stairs unnoticed. In the morning the situation might have changed. He considered the possibility of rising early and returning to the camp before anyone was up.

It was a mess, whichever way one looked at it. So he did the easiest thing: He unlocked the door softly, replaced the key under the mat, and crept upstairs to his room on the third floor. There he undressed stealthily without turning on the light and crawled into bed.

VI

THE sun was pushing its first rays over the edge of the hills when Beany was wakened by a strange cry. It appeared to have been uttered right in his ear. He sat up and looked about him, considerably dazed. He had been lying on a patch of leaf-strewn grass near the edge of the woods. A few yards away his view was cut off by the back of a red barn. On the overhanging eaves stood a rooster confidently challenging the morning sun.

Gangleshanks moved uneasily, then sat up, rubbing his eyes. He ceased rubbing to stare. He looked at Beany, at the barn, at his own feet. Then he reached out and touched Beany gingerly. Apparently satisfied that he was earthly, he ventured to speak:

"How'd we get here?"

Beany shook his head.

"Got me!"

"But I thought we were lost in the woods."

"We were."

"Then how'd we get here?"

"Golly day, I tol' you I didn't know!"

Beany had been awake a few moments longer than Gangleshanks, and his mind was proportionately clearer. As it cleared his conviction became stronger that there had been a mistake—the sort of a mistake which is packed carefully in the family cupboard and the key thrown away.

"Gee whizz, you don't mean t' say we been sittin' behind that barn all night?"

To Gangleshanks the dawn of truth was cold and gray.

"I guess we have."

They sat and gazed moodily at the barn, half expecting to see it disappear in a puff of smoke.

"Golly day, if we'd walked straight ahead like I wanted to we'd 'a' been at that farmhouse in another minute."

"That's right," said Gangleshanks hotly, "blame it on me! I s'pose it was me that picked out this place an' said we'd stay here till mornin'. Gee whizz, I'm hungry—an' stiff too!"

He rose and tried stretching. The effort brought him no pleasure, so he gave it up and hobbled to the edge of the woods.

"Come here!" he said.

Beany approached him unsteadily.

"Look a' that!"

Instead of the trackless forest which they had imagined the night before, the country lay spread out on either side of the barn in a succession of neatly plowed fields.

"Le's go round th' woods an' get back before Tub wakes up," suggested Beany.

"Perhaps we can make him think we was there all night."

Gangleshanks was an optimist.

They had taken only a few steps, however, when a man with a broad red face stepped round the corner of the barn. He wore a straw hat too small by several sizes and too old by several years. The boys stopped and looked at him in amazement. It was Mr. Javers.

Amazement was not confined to Beany and Gangleshanks. Mr. Javers also stopped, stared, then took off his hat as if hoping to clear his vision in that way. Finding that he saw the same thing with or without his hat, he put it on again, and with it his best trade smile.

"Goodav," he said quite as if this were a customary encounter. So many things remained unexplained to Mr. Javers because of his deafness that he had come to accept coincidences just as they came. "Ain't seen my cow, have y'?"

"We're out campin'," shouted Beany. "An' we got ——"

Mr. Javers nodded pleasantly.

"Yes, indeed," he interrupted. "Probably come in hersel'." Then after a pause, "Had breakfast?"

"No!"

The reply was so vehement that it caused Mr. Javers' unsensitive eardrums to vibrate. He started, wondering if perhaps his hearing was getting better.

"Come on," he said. "Just goin'."

He turned toward the house, the boys following eagerly. Mr. Javers evidently did not consider his house as part of his model farm. Or perhaps he was an efficiency expert and believed in saving motion by letting everything lie where it fell. Whatever the cause, his domestic arrangements would have been difficult to reproduce without the aid of dynamite.

(Concluded on Page 174)

Wadsworth Cases

FOR FINE WATCHES

Showing how, during the past 30 years Wadsworth craftsmen have developed the art of watch case making. The Wadsworth case of today, less cumbersome, less elaborate in design than its predecessor is built to meet the wide variety of men's demands

Is your watch as modern as the clothes you wear?

THIRTY years ago you would have been proud to own the watch case pictured on the left. It represented the finest work of Wadsworth craftsmen of that period.

And yet you would not buy such a case today. Rather, you would choose one of the popular thin models like the Wadsworth case shown on the right—a case of quiet elegance, devoid of the elaborate ornamentation of the earlier model.

Styles change in watch cases just as in other articles of personal adornment or utility. No business man would think of wearing a suit of clothes or hat of 30 years ago. Why, then, should he carry an old-fashioned watch long since out of style?

Keep the old watch for its sentimental value, if you wish. But enjoy the satisfaction of having a modern watch—an accurate movement enclosed in a trim and durable Wadsworth case.

Consistently, during 30 years, Wadsworth has contributed to the development of style and artistic beauty in watch cases. For 30 years Wadsworth has been making cases for the watch movements of leading manufacturers and importers. Many of the most popular designs are Wadsworth creations.

When you buy a watch, select any standard movement that your jeweler recommends and have him "dress" it in a Wadsworth case. The name Wadsworth in a watch case is your guarantee of correctness and beauty of design—of highest quality materials and best workmanship.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO

Factories: Dayton, Ky.

Rush!

Last minute men, those who feverishly "rip off copy" while the big newspaper presses are trembling to start, those men on the firing line of our big dailies, need good vision—*must* have it.

You need it, too

Have your eyes examined

And if your optical specialist advises glasses be sure they are the justly famous, attractive, comfortable and *economical*

Shelltex Shur-on Spectacles

Quality Beyond Question for More than Fifty Years

E. Kirstein Sons Co.

Est. 1864 Rochester, N. Y.

(Concluded from Page 172)

Beany and Gangleshanks, however, were not in an æsthetic mood. They were starving materialists. As they entered the kitchen, living room and dining room their noses learned from the rusty stove that a new life had begun. Their recent sufferings immediately became a memory.

They could not have fallen in with a better man than Mr. Javers. Being unable to hear anything except orders for butter and eggs, he refrained from unnecessary conversation. All that concerned his practical mind was that there was quality in the house. In its honor he constructed a great omelet, supplemented with slabs of corn bread, molasses and strong black coffee.

The last item added a distinct holiday flavor to the whole meal. Neither Beany nor Gangleshanks was yet allowed to take part in this ritual at home. Privately they considered it very bad, in which judgment they were right. They hid their distaste, however, and consumed it in large quantities, smacking their lips and declaring from time to time that it was "the stuff." It gave them a feeling of manly equality with Mr. Javers.

"Goin' in town?" asked Mr. Javers when the meal was finished.

He cleaned up the dishes with commendable simplicity by placing them in the sink and turning on the water.

Though Mr. Javers did not seem to have the slightest interest in the cosmic forces which made them his guests, Beany felt that some explanation was necessary. With his mouth very close to his host's ear he managed to convey three points: First, that they had gone camping; second, the location of the camp; and third, that they would be very much obliged to Mr. Javers if he would take them back there.

Mr. Javers regarded him solemnly for several seconds. Then he nodded and said "Yes, indeed," leaving them completely in the dark as to whether he had understood a word.

Within the next half hour they were seated in the rear of Mr. Javers' covered yellow truck, their knees hooked over the tailboard. Mr. Javers' roadway, which consisted of two ruts made interesting with an occasional rock, ran along the edge of the woods for several hundred yards, then merged with the main highway. They turned into the latter and chugged through the woods for a quarter of a mile. The country then opened out once more into farm land. Beany looked curiously off to the left. There was a familiar look to the field which they were passing.

"Stop!" he cried as a white tent came into view. But Mr. Javers bowled serenely on. Beany picked a perilous way through the butter and eggs to the front seat. The yellow truck came to a sudden stop. They climbed down.

"Goo'-by," said Mr. Javers, releasing his brake and preparing to resume his journey.

The thought of being cut off once more was too much for Gangleshanks.

"Don't go!" he cried. "We'll get our stuff an' ride in with you."

"Yes, indeed," agreed Mr. Javers. "Goo'-by."

The truck started to move ahead. Gangleshanks jumped on the running board.

"Don't go!" he screamed. "Wait!"

Mr. Javers stopped once more, surprised.

"Yes, indeed," he said.

They climbed over the fence doubtfully. It was impossible to tell just when the truck might disappear in a cloud of dust. The camp had a deserted look. One corner of the tent had fallen down. Their baggage lay piled in the grass where they had left it the previous afternoon.

"Le's scare him."

They crept up on the tent, then rushed it with wild yells calculated to shorten the Tub's normal span by several years.

It was empty!

"He's gone!"

They looked in the direction of the bicycles.

"An' he's taken my bike!" cried Gangleshanks wrathfully. "Just wait till I get hold o' that Tub! He won't be able to ride f'r another week. How'd he think I was goin' t' get home on that ol' thing?"

They rolled the tent into a ball. Whatever else they could find went into the back of the truck. The bicycles were tied on the running boards. The wilds became once more a field.

VII

WALNUT STREET had not yet breakfasted. It was still in the act of shaving and bathing. Mrs. Fleming stood on the front porch enjoying the early morning coolness. A familiar yellow truck drew up in front of the house.

"That's odd," mused Mrs. Fleming. "Mr. Javers doesn't leave anything here till to-morrow."

Then to her amazement the campers climbed stiffly from the rear of the truck and began to transfer their belongings to the curb.

"Now jus' shut up!" warned Beany out of the side of his mouth as he saw his mother approach. "Le' me talk!"

When anything out of the ordinary happened Mrs. Fleming always concluded that there was an accident at the bottom of it.

"Beany!" she cried, hurrying toward them. "What is the matter?"

"Why, nothing, mother!" replied her son in a surprised tone.

He permitted himself to be kissed with the grace of a man being brushed after having his shoes shined.

"But Alexander! Where is Alexander?" she asked, failing to see the Tub. "Beany, has anyone been hurt? Quickly! Alexander's been hurt!"

This was just the information which Beany wanted. Apparently his mother knew nothing of the miserable experience. Though it deepened the mystery of the Tub's disappearance, it also solved his problem by giving him a reason for being where he was.

"Oh, mother," he said, sparring for time, "of course nobody's been hurt! You always think somebody's been hurt."

"But where's Alexander?" she insisted, not reassured, but glad that if someone had been hurt it was not Beany.

"That's just it," said Beany. "We don't know. We had to come in an' look for him. He ran away."

"Ran away?" Mrs. Fleming was more and more puzzled. "What do you mean? Why should he run away?"

Gangleshanks, who had been untying the bicycles, stopped to look at Beany in open-mouthed admiration. Never had the Napoleonic qualities of his friend appeared to better advantage. He grasped the situation like the faithful lieutenant that he was.

"I wouldn't be surprised if he got homesick," he said.

"An' he took Gangleshanks' wheel," added Beany.

"Which is why we had to come in with Mr. Javers."

Gangleshanks considered the last contribution nothing less than a flash of genius. All the evidence seemed to be accumulating in their favor.

"I'll telephone right down to Mrs. Hemingway."

Mrs. Fleming went into the house, the boys following.

Mr. Javers looked after them undecidedly for a moment. Then he said "Goo'-by" to no one in particular, and drove away.

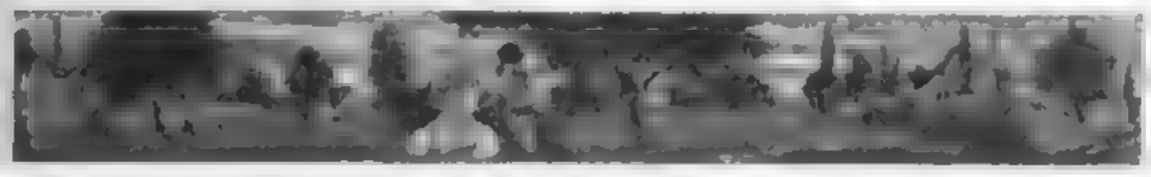
Mrs. Hemingway was startled. She knew nothing about the Tub. She had supposed that he was with Beany and Gangleshanks. Then laying down the receiver she climbed to his bedroom and opened the door quietly. The Tub lay on his back, his mouth open, his face smirched with the stains of travel.

"I don't see why you fellows have anything to do with that Hemingway boy," said Mr. Fleming half an hour later as he watched Beany and Gangleshanks make tremendous inroads on their second breakfast. "He's just a little fool—that's what he is. He's too fat."

"It's a shame," said Mrs. Fleming sympathetically. "Just when Beany and Gangleshanks were having such a good time on their camping trip to have it spoiled by one silly boy. Why don't you go out again and leave him behind? It would serve him right."

"Oh, I don't know," said Beany hastily, but with studied indifference. "I guess now we're here we might's well stay. I got a lot o' stuff to do in back."

"Yes, there's a lot o' stuff to do in back," agreed Gangleshanks vaguely.



Are You Thinking Right About the Motor Truck?

THE prosperity of every business and of every family in this country is affected by the present-day problem of transportation.

On many farms, the wheat of the second largest crop ever raised on this continent is stacked in the fields, and covered with tarpaulins for temporary protection, because there is no way of getting it to market.

Meanwhile, the great city populations look toward the farms for relief from high prices, from scarcity, from want itself.

At the mines, the storage banks are piled to overrunning with the fuel for homes and factories. In the cities, the coal bins are empty.

Could any situation be more vital to the welfare of the nation?

No one of our great practical means of transportation can be held responsible. A national failure to grasp the basic importance of transportation is to be blamed.

Our first duty is to start thinking right about our every agency of transportation. Railroads must be restored to normal carrying efficiency. Waterways must be developed. Highways must be utilized to their full capacity. All must be employed co-operatively.

THE motor truck is a carrier of goods. It transports as much as five to eight tons at a load. It is fast. It is more enduring and capable than team and wagon, more flexible than train and steamship. It serves individual needs. It is economical. It creates value, and therefore wealth.

Because of its economic utility, we have motorized hauling between factories, depots and docks; motorized delivery between stores and homes; motorized freights between cities, and have a motorized parcel post in the rural districts. Every run of every efficiently operated truck is an economic profit.

One of the motor truck's most valuable services is in co-operation with the railroads. Thus the truck is at once a feeder of business to the railways and the modern force for quick relieving of railway terminal congestion.

SURELY, the economic status of the motor truck is established. What is required is that the recognition which it has earned be granted ungrudgingly—by men of affairs, bankers, manufacturers, retailers, farmers, the general public.

Everyone should understand that motor trucks are bought and used solely for their ability to add value to the things they move. Everyone should appreciate that when the use of motor trucks is encouraged, by so much is the transportation power of the nation expanded. A limitation placed on the legitimate purchase and use of trucks is a limitation on transportation, and therefore on all industry and commerce.

This is particularly true in the case of the small business man, for whom the acquisition of a truck often spells opportunity to succeed in a large way. If an over-ambitious individual here and there mistakes the possibilities for him in the ownership of a truck, it is a harsh rule that would condemn a hundred others to forego profitable operation.

The records of responsible automotive dealers show that among their most stable customers are men who started their truck fleets from very modest beginnings.

The motor truck deserves the high place which it holds today among serviceable means of transportation. It has earned that place. It is ready to do even greater things. Especially in the transportation crisis of today, the motor truck should have every opportunity to serve industry, agriculture and, through them, the entire nation.

THE BUDA COMPANY, HARVEY CHICAGO SUBURB ILL.
ESTABLISHED 1881

BUDA
The ENGINE

DISTEEL WHEELS

What is Disteel?

Disteel is the synonym for the Motor Car Wheel Pre-eminent, the evidence of sound judgment and good taste, the guarantee of secure and economical motoring, designed by American engineers to meet American conditions and comply with American motoring standards. A Wheel of Steel, easily and universally recognized as a Disteel Wheel, because it is Inwardly Curved—the most Beautiful and the most Scientific.

But Disteel means more than the Inwardly Curved Steel Wheel. It means more than a design.

Disteel is the special material, the special Process of manufacture and the infinite Care and Precision of workmanship that go into the Disteel Wheel to make it the Motor Car Wheel Pre-eminent. Disteel is the strongest, safest Motor Car Wheel in the world. Disteel is the achievement of a Scientific Principle—the Realization of a Manufacturing Ideal—a new standard of motoring.

Exclusive Manufacturers

Detroit Pressed Steel Company, Detroit, U. S. A.

Disteel Wheel Plant, Cabot Avenue — Automobile Frame Plant, Mt. Elliott Avenue

Disteel Wheel Corporation

New York: 1846 Broadway at 61st St. — Chicago: 732 Michigan Avenue
Boston: 925 Boyleston Street — San Francisco: 326 Rialto Building

THE WHEELS THAT COMPLETE THE CAR

ENCORE LES FEMMES!

(Continued from Page 17)

Another factor that aided in training women for politics was the rapid rise and development throughout America of the women's clubs. At first these clubs were isolated, and purely social or literary affairs. Some of them were superficial and snobbish—for the simple reason that a stream cannot rise higher than its source. Later the clubs became federated into one great national system, and the units began to communicate with each other and receive new ideas and inspiration. From being purely social or literary bodies they began by slow degrees to turn their eyes outward upon their towns.

It was just about this time that the great idea struck the women's clubs that the towns were, in reality, but an extension of the home; and that the women in the home could not successfully combat the evil influences of the town. If, for example, the town was vicious, loose and wide open, as the phrase is, it was pretty apt to cater the young, no matter how fine the individual home might be, or no matter how fine the individual boys and girls might be. It was a red-letter day for America when the fundamental principle that the home is not bounded by four walls, but by the entire length and breadth of a clean and wholesome land, struck the clubs. From that day forward they went at the new proposition hammer and tongs. As the movement extended it took up labor, child legislation, and industrial and educational reforms—problems which the men as a group were too busy, or too indifferent, or too individualistic to bother about.

And just as in the pioneer and the industrial period, so also in this movement, the women followed the line of dominant strength in their natures; they went after those objects which instinctively were dear to their hearts. Their evolution followed the line of their maximum power, exactly as the tides follow the moon.

War Work a Training for Politics

The movement thus gradually spread and began to extend the bony skeleton of its organization throughout the length and breadth of the land. What did it do for woman? How did it prepare and fit her for politics? First of all it taught her parliamentary usage—that magnificent indoor sport by means of which one lady could score off her enemy simply by getting to her feet and saying sweetly: "Madam Chairman, I rise to a point of order. That motion has not yet been seconded, and therefore in discussing it the honorable member on my right is out of order!" It taught her to act in a seemly and decorous fashion in public and to think and to speak upon her feet. Above all, it taught her teamwork. It taught her to think a subject through to a conclusion and then to formulate a remedial action. She began to enjoy the clash and test of wits, the work of committees, and the planning and carrying into execution of civic reforms.

Then came the war. And suddenly all this organization began to bear good fruit for the nation. For the war work of the women, the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Food Conservation and the Liberty Loan drives, revealed how well trained were the women in organizing, planning and executing group activities. The goal was a different goal, but the type of organization was the same. The clubs had been a training school for the war. This was one reason why the American women's contribution to the war was so supremely good. They had the enthusiasm, but also they had the immense practical advantage of being habituated to teamwork, to the discipline of organized leadership, to doing as they were bid like good private soldiers, without demanding to be made generals of the line. In short, the women themselves, without any aid from the men, had evolved a machine that got results in a crisis, and got them in a big way.

This machine was as effective in achieving results as the Republican or the Democratic machine, and, after all, that is the acid test of any machine. But there was this big difference between the women's war machine and the men's political machines—that never once did the women lose sight of the goal, never once did they set up the machine itself as a god. They knew what they wanted and they went after it with the primitive directness of a savage, to which was combined their twentieth-century knowledge of organization. "Woman," says Havelock Ellis, "is more primitive than man, more childlike, nearer to Nature and to Nature's demands." With their sons in the war the women proved that statement up to the hilt. No wonder their power was formidable! No wonder they got results! They were in the game to win.

Now that, incidentally, is one profound difference between the masculine and the feminine viewpoint. Man plays the game whatever that game may be—for the sport, the excitement, the danger of the thing. He plays for pure lust of the playing, and not altogether in order to arrive. Woman plays the game with the single-minded motive—to win. The game is incidental to the goal. If she doesn't like the goal she won't play the game. By the deep-seated law of her nature she demands results.

The natural instinct of woman to go straight for her goal and to run round or jump nimbly over conventional obstructions which separate her from that goal, are the two big differences which distinguish her from man in her relationship to parties and machines. And if politicians refuse to recognize these facts, refuse to make their goals intrinsically interesting to women—if they expect women to play the game, as the men play it, for the sport there is in it—they are due to strike some foul weather in the near future. Women are not built that way.

When Machines are Obstacles

The club movement and the war work proved beyond the shadow of a doubt woman's fitness to function in a machine—when it is a vehicle for arriving somewhere. They proved her fitness to function in the Republican and the Democratic Parties, which are the two big machines of political power. They proved that she will slave and drudge to the limit of her endurance in obscure positions, follow her leaders loyally, and without demanding to know the larger strategy of the enterprise; they proved that she will be devoted, intelligent, strong. But—and this but is so big that it cannot be stated too strongly—but—the woman must believe in her goal. That goal must be directly linked up with her nearest and dearest vital desires. Otherwise she will turn her back on it as sure as day is day and night is night.

This is but saying that women have a goal in politics. They are after something. They will work in any party, according to their individual temperaments, where they see any reasonable hope of attaining that goal. And also, with a singular unanimity, they will go forth in a solid body—Republicans, Democrats, Prohibitionists, et al.—and thoroughly wreck and demolish a machine when they become convinced that it menaces or obstructs their goal. And right there, gentlemen, lies the danger to your machines!

Wherever the machine runs athwart the woman's goal the machine must go. This has been shown so often in communities where the machines have been tied up with liquor and vice that it would not be worth mentioning did it not so well exemplify the working of the larger fundamental law.

What is this goal of women in politics? And how can a Republican and a Democrat and a Socialist and a Farmer-Laborite have one and the same goal? What is this strange unity which energizes them all and energizes them all in the same direction, making them tend toward the same identical point as if they were so many particles of iron moving on an invisible line toward a magnet, or so many drops of water following the urge of the moon-directed tides? Why should the Republican women and the Democratic women have demanded exactly the same type of legislation from their respective parties?

This query brings us back squarely to the central proposition which is the theme of these articles. And now that we are nearing the climax of our observations on women in their relationship to power, it is well to restate that central proposition in order to see whether we have not collected the materials for a solution to the problem. That original proposition was this: If we could prove that woman is an energy, like coal or iron or steam, with certain constant and universal attributes which constitute

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the fundamental law of her being and by means of which her actions and reactions could be accurately predicted, no matter what the type of woman or the time or the place. In short, if we could reduce woman to a formula as we reduce water to H_2O, would we not be able to apply the formula to the field of politics, and state, with a reasonable degree of assurance: "Thus and thus will women act. In 1920 they will act thus; and in 1924 they will act thus"?

In other words, if we could once determine the general law, we could predict with a fair amount of accuracy how it would operate at any given time and place. Remained only to discover the general law! To find those essential and constant qualities in the energy called woman which distinguish her from the energy called man, and from all other energies on the earth, and which have made her since the beginning of time a power of immeasurable magnitude—that was the problem!

Those fixed qualities I found the scientists had fairly agreed upon, as follows. Woman is an intelligent human being, with independent powers and not merely the echo or imitation of man: she is more stable, more conserving than man, who by the law of his being swings through a wider arc of individuality, originality and eccentricity; she is more primitive than man, more childlike, nearer to Nature and hence to Nature's deep vital concerns; she concerns herself more with the race than with the individual, more with the future than the present; and far more than man she is capable of unselfish sacrifice to the eternal race ideal.

Women's Goal in Politics

That is woman's H_2O. That is defining her in terms of her relationship to power. That is her fundamental law. And then I traced the workings of that law in American women through the pioneer and the industrial periods, and showed that when their activities conformed with the law, whether in family life or in industry, their lives were valuable to the state because they were offering gifts that the men could not duplicate.

And now let us return to that goal which I said women had in politics. Let us return to that solid unanimity of desire which they displayed at the recent national conventions. For if I can prove that woman's goal in politics is identical with the fundamental law of her being; if I can prove that the path she takes in politics is also the path of her greatest strength, the path in which her efforts cannot be duplicated by man—then I shall have proved her right to a place in politics.

Let us see, then, what was the goal of the Republican women at the Chicago convention. Let us look at the six planks—four of which were accepted—which they offered to the subcommittee that framed the platform, as the chief desires of the newly enfranchised electorate. And now we are getting down to bed rock! In these six planks did woman follow the most excellent fundamental law, or did she launch off on an individualistic joy ride? Well, here are the four planks which were incorporated in the platform.

They provide for rigid enforcement of a Federal child-labor law; protection of women in industry; suffrage; and independent naturalization of married women. It will be seen that these relate, without exception, to the welfare of women and children.

And the two other planks—the two which were refused—relate, one to the protection of infant life through a Federal program for maternity and care of infants, and the other to a Federal department of education with a woman at the head.

Woman, says the ancient law which reaches back to the gray twilight dawn of civilization and includes the monkey woman, the cave woman, the jungle woman, as well as the ladies of upper Fifth Avenue, cares more for the race than the individual, more for the future than the present; she is the chief architect of humanity to come. Well, so she is! Just and excellent is the law—deviating through all the ages not a hairbreadth from the line. The Republican women of 1920 proved it! In every one of their six planks they followed straight in the path of the law. Not even on one plank did they turn aside from their goal. This should be a complete reassurance to those who object to women going into politics on the ground that it will turn them into men.

I did not go to the San Francisco convention. One convention was enough for me. And more than enough. I calculate that I have absorbed enough national convention into my system to last me until the millennium. And that is a conservative estimate. But in all major respects the Democratic convention paralleled the Republican convention save that the parallel took longer to achieve. The machine was there, the going was there; the women were there. They asked for the same type of legislation as did the Republican women, but they asked for more—and they got a little more. Their line of march was the same. Their goal was the same. I was unable to discover exactly what the women of the Farmer-Labor Party wanted, but I suppose it was more of the same.

Now what is this goal of the women in politics? I have already proved that it is identical with the deepest instincts of her nature, which makes her care more for the race than for the individual and causes her to endure sacrifice willingly for the sake of this ideal. Let us translate that law into direct political terms. It means the welfare of the child in all its aspects in the modern industrial world. It means protection of women in industry, better maternity laws. It means child-labor legislation; education, and more particularly elementary education in rural sections and in cotton and mining and milling districts. In a word, it means opportunity for the child to grow up into a strong, intelligent and characterful citizen, and opportunity for the mother to do it in the same. This is the broad line of march of women in politics. This is the sum and substance, the center and circumference of their goal. Is this something to be alarmed about? If so the alarm, to be timely, should have had its birth about six million years ago, when the seeds of that eternal tendency were implanted in the female of the line. Such being the case, the two parties might do worse than to open their ranks to this new and yet age-old power. Like Kipling they may say:

I'd not give room for an Emperor—
I'd hold my own for a King.
To the Triple Crown I'd not bow down—
But this is a different thing!

So hats off, gentlemen! And pass the ladies through.

Having established woman's goal in politics and marked out her line of march, which is what I set out in this series to do, the rest of the article resolves itself into a discussion of ways and means. How is woman to set about achieving her goal? Join the Republican Party? The Democratic Party? The Farmer-Labor Party? It does not greatly matter—just so that you intelligently push from inside in the direction of the goal.

Lessons Sadly Learned

A group of prominent women leaders returning home from Chicago on the convention special trains were deeply depressed. "So this is national politics!" exclaimed one after another in tones more of sorrow than of anger. And they fluttered their fans in the intense heat and were very sad. They could not think what it was best to do. They discussed the situation pro and con with the utter frankness which distinguishes women's conversations among themselves, and they reiterated, over and over with a kind of weary wistfulness, "So this is national politics!" They had found their doll was stuffed with sawdust that leaked from both legs. And they had thought it was a regular live, hot baby! A kicker, of course—but alive. Ha! they been little girls they would have cried. As it was, they rustled their fans listlessly, murmured in depressed undertones, and were sad.

It reminded me of a funeral I had attended when a child, in which the corpse had been a bad man. There were the same fans—the same sad faces—the same subdued undertones. And I had wondered, childishly, what that still form in the coffin had done to make those women so sad. But I knew what the Republican Party had done. It had shown them just what a hardened cynical old sinner of a boss-ridden party it could be when it set its mind on it. And how to make that sinner come to its senses and be good, like the fine provider and honest family man it was at heart, troubled the women sorely.

"It teaches us one lesson," finally spoke up an elderly lady of sober Quaker mien

(Concluded on Page 181)

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(Concluded from Page 178)

who had remained a long time sunk in a brown study, "and that is that you can't hope to do anything at a national convention. You've got to begin at the bottom of the pyramid, right back in the home town. We've got to get right at the bottom before we can be right at the top. This business of hanging all our hopes and fears on a national convention is rubbish, anyhow. Why don't we make our hopes realizable as we go along by putting in plain, honest men and women who will represent us and not sell us out when the pinch comes? It all boils down to this: What the Republican organization lacks is just plain character."

"Do you think it lacks it any more than the Democratic organization?" demanded a zealous partisan.

"No, I don't," retorted the other shortly. "But I don't belong to the Democratic Party and I'm not responsible for its sins. I am a Republican and therefore I'm responsible for the sins of that organization—and that's what's troubling me."

As to method, the women in the parties are using good judgment. They are working not for men but for measures. The bosses, naturally, object to this. They do not want measure loyalty but party loyalty. "You work for the party and we'll attend to the measures," say they. But the practical common sense of the women is defeating these men. For they argue something like this: What is a broom? A broom is an instrument for sweeping the floor. What is a political party? A political party is an instrument for putting into effect certain policies and measures. The broom does not wear a halo and stalk proudly before the world and beat its chest and shout arrogantly: "Behold me! I am the Good Old Broom—the G. O. B. I—yea, I alone—keep the whole world clean!" The broom, as every woman knows, is worth absolutely nothing until it gets into energetic, purposeful hands.

Recently, in one of the states, there lived a Broom which thought it would be king and rule the world—and the women rose and threw the Broom out. It happened this way: The machine in that part of the country was controlled by a powerful gentleman whose record the women constituents did not admire. It was, in truth, not an admirable record. Mrs. Lot had nothing on this legislator when it came to backward-looking. He decided to go to the national convention as delegate. The women decided he would not. Enter the machine. Said the Big Broom to his henchmen: "Boys, pass along the word to the ladies that they needn't attend the next meeting in this hot weather and spoil their pretty complexions. We're not going to transact any real business, anyhow. Just reel off a few little odds and ends."

For Measures, Not Men

The word was duly disseminated among the women voters, and unsuspectingly the majority minded their complexions and stayed at home. All but five. And these suspicious daughters of Eve decided to attend the meeting and assist at reeling off the odds and ends. They did. And they found that the Broom had on foot a scheme to get himself elected delegate that very day. Upon discovering which, the five rose, subtracted themselves noiselessly from the scene, hurried to telephones, and rang up every woman voter in the district.

"Come!" they said urgently. "Come as fast as you can. For the Big Broom is trying to put something over on us."

And the women came. They came in automobiles, and in buckboards, and on foot, wheeling baby carriages, and they defeated the unlawful aspirations of their enemy, hands down. Whereupon, report has it that the Broom was so wroth that he foamed and raged and swore. And he said: "Well, I'll go as delegate anyway, despite the dog-gone women!" And he fixed it up with the machine.

He went out to San Francisco to sit in the convention as a delegate—and the credentials committee unseated him! The case was plain. He was nothing but a broom but he thought he was a king.

The women have mastered another lesson. They are working for measures and not for men. Said a prominent organizer to me at Chicago: "When I talk to the women about their duties of citizenship I advise them to begin right in their own township. 'What,' I ask them, 'do you want most? Is it better schools? A decent local government—cleaning up the places of vice, enforcing prohibition? All right. Make up your minds what you want and then go to it. Get out a questionnaire. Make the various candidates answer your questions and see how they stand on the measures you want put through. Look up their records. See if they are just slick tongues or men of their word. And when you've lined them up, organize the women to stand solidly behind the man who stands by your measures. That's the way to win. For if you want results you must work for measures, and not for machines or for men.'"

I wish I knew some royal road to political perfection. I wish somebody would formulate a papal bull or fourteen points or some kind of master key whereby we might wind up our political system like an eight-day clock, to function, tick-tock-tick, with absolute automatic perfection, without all this inexpert tinkering on our political insides. I wish I knew some easy way that a nation could be saved. But it seems there are no royal roads to salvation either for nations or for men. Neither leagues of nations, nor deporting the reds, nor direct primaries, nor any other patent device will turn the difficult trick.

But all these things are but planks to the bridge. They are not the bridge itself, nor even the supports which hold the structure solid and firm. Then what is the last word? It is character. The little old Quaker lady had it right. What the Democratic Party lacks, what the Republican Party lacks, what the whole political fabric in America lacks to-day is character. Without that, all our platforms and policies go to pieces in the actual wear and tear of administration. We still retain character in our family and business life. But in the last few years America has to a remarkable extent abandoned political characterfulness.

Women for Humanity

It is true that in politics as in business there must be some kind of organization, some directing head and brains. But if a crook is put into the machine, no matter how much he is tied down by direct primaries or investigating committees, he is going to function as a crook in the machine. Only by rousing very general interest in local politics and practical issues, by stirring up the people and forcing them to attend dull political meetings, by choosing decent characterful men for the organization, by these means and by these alone shall we get back upon the right road.

Correspondents have written in demanding to know: Are women going to clean up politics? Won't it be the same old story as before? Isn't politics just as shady where women vote as where they stay at home?

The reply to these questions is simple. I give it in the words of Olive Schreiner: "Those persons who imagine that the balance of great political parties in almost any society would be seriously changed by the entrance of women into public functions are undoubtedly wholly wrong. Undoubtedly, in the mass of social, political and international questions, the conclusions arrived at by one sex would be exactly those arrived at by the other. But there are points of vital importance in which sex does play a part."

And these points are those in which, as I indicated above, woman speaks not for herself but as the guardian of humanity.

As to how much women will achieve even in those directions in which they have the advantage of following the mandates of their nature, that again boils down to a question of individual characterfulness. There is no easy salvation in politics for women any more than there is for men. The very utmost that can be said is this: The power of women exists—a power of immensurable magnitude; and the law of their nature speaks to them, bidding them express that power along certain eternal lines. In addition, civilization, bruised and shaken by the frightful assaults of individualism, is calling aloud for those very qualities of conservation, of devotion to a noble ideal which are women's supreme gifts.

America needs those gifts in her body politic to-day as she never needed them before. She needs characterfulness and a wise conservation of her man and woman and child power. Above all, she needs a brave selfless devotion to a broader conception of liberal government. Here women can help. But only men and women, working together, can save.

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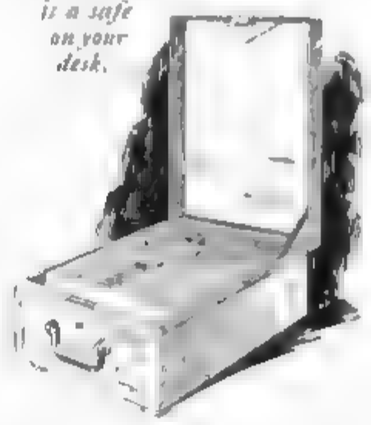

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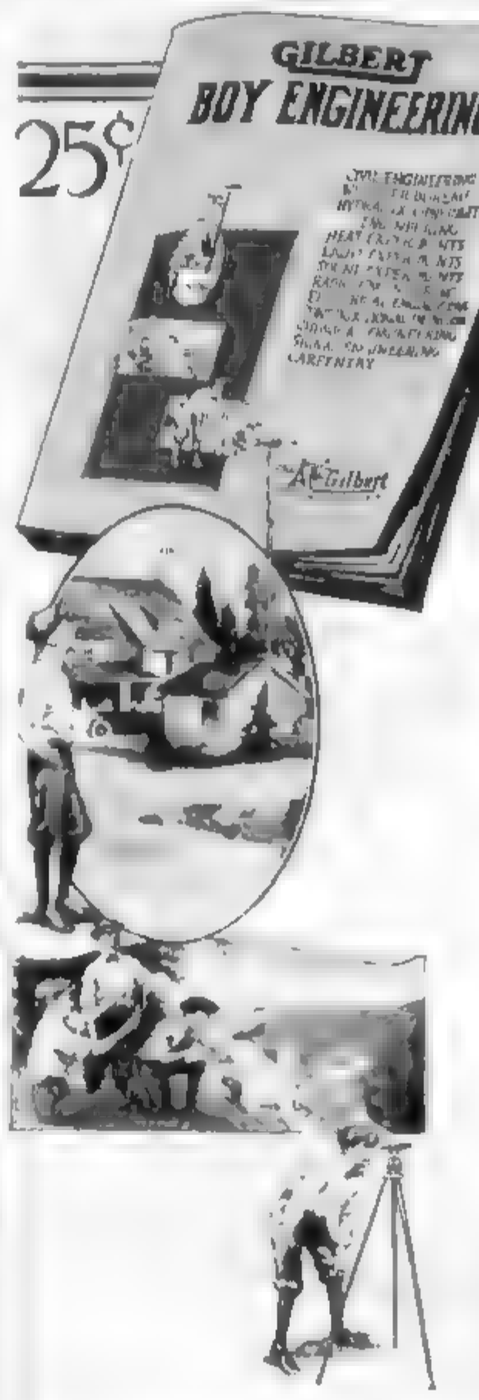

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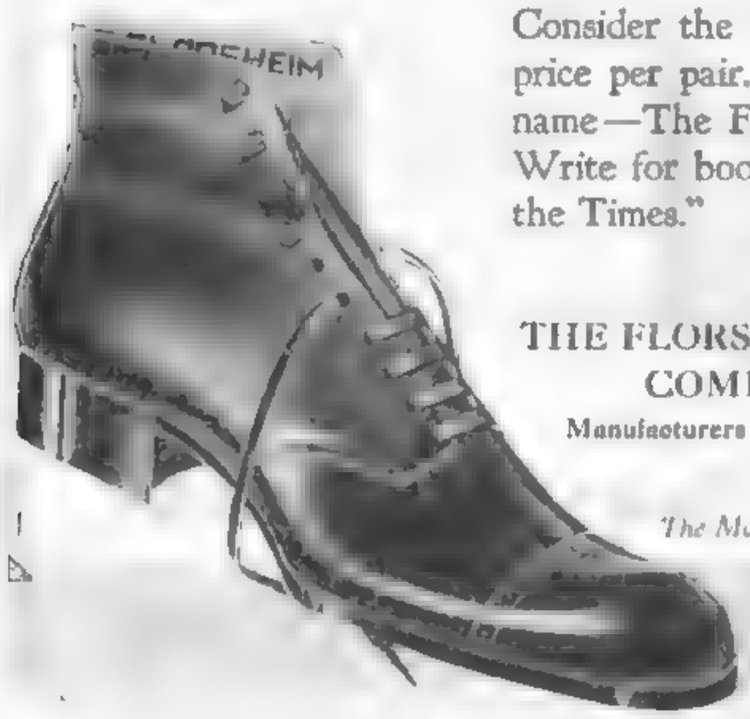

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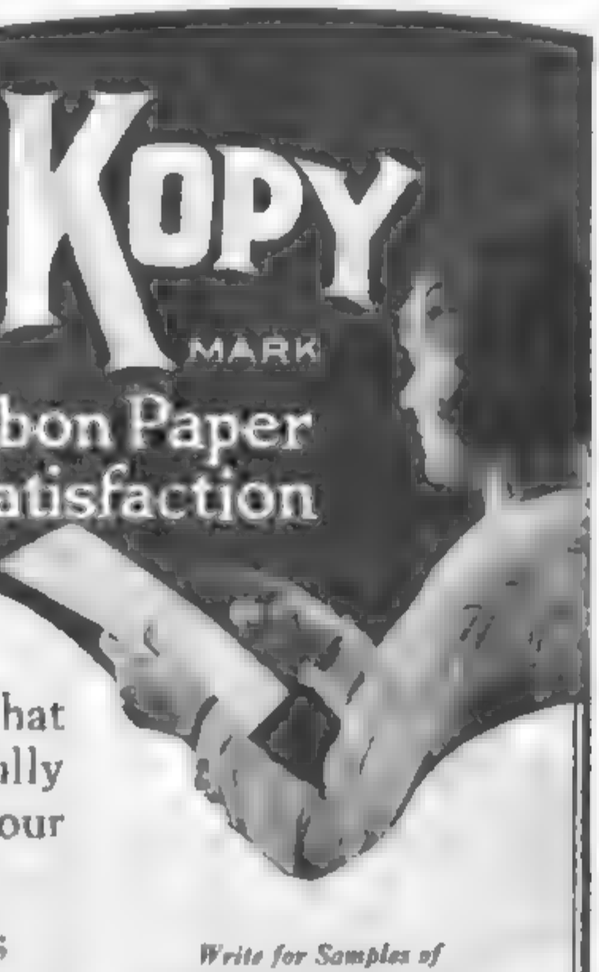

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IMMEDIATE POSSESSION

(Continued from Page 32)

"Well, I'll admit that getting the home folks together for their mutual good is one of the dog-gonedest problems going," I grunted. "But you've got to remember things are pretty fierce in the rent situation just now, and if people actually get uncomfortable enough they may be willing to take some action, the same as ourselves, even at the cost of giving up an evening at the pictures, or some equally terrific sacrifice which may be incidental to the attending—the intelligent attending—of a town meeting."

"H'm!" said George. And I'm never just sure that I know what he means when he says it. As a rule it is a storm signal. "H'm!" he said. "You know the markets in a little place like this are going to be poor and expensive—the natives of most hick towns live on salt pork and biweekly doughnuts; especially through the winters."

"They don't do it by preference!" I replied; just like that—quick as a flash. "You can't run a first-class market for a handful of people. If a lot of us were to move out here, prices could come down and variety increase. I'm sure somebody once said a mouthful about trade following the crowd or some such thing. At any rate, I know that in the Western cities dozens of saloons used to be built overnight as soon as a boom started."

"Oil or gold booms, you mean!" retorted George.

"Well, we've struck houses for sale," I replied. "If that isn't enough to bring the crowd, then we are a lazier, stupider nation than I am willing to believe."

George changed the subject. Men always do that when they haven't any comeback. I notice whenever I start telling about politics or the insides of automobiles that he does the same thing.

"Well, this would be a fine yard for Aleck-boy to play in!" he announced with enthusiasm. "And that bay window would be fine for Little Linolea."

"Yes, poor darling," I agreed. "I'm sure the poor dear would grow well and strong there!"

"And after all there isn't a great deal to be done to the house," George went on. "Just a new kitchen, fix the stairs, put in a bath, wire for electricity, have the plumbing looked over and the cellar cemented. We can get on for a year without doing much repapering; and as for the lawn and garden, why, I can look after that myself. It'll do me good when I get home from the city."

"Yes, indeed!" said I. "That leak in the roof isn't anything, really, and I mean to do my share about the inside of the house. I will make the curtains and paint those pantry shelves myself. And if we can't get a maid I'll do the work. That will be no great change from our life in the city, and when I'm where there are no department stores to take up my afternoons I'll have time for a little domesticity. It will be quite a novelty."

And it was thus hopefully that we bought Pleasant View, as we decided to call it. We named it so because the title struck us as distinctive and somehow different, and besides, it had an awfully pleasant view of the train to New York. I may mention that this train at the time of our purchase was scheduled to stop at Homesville, but there was a change of time-table almost immediately afterward, and subsequently the train didn't even hesitate, and we had to drive five miles to the next burg. I suppose the station master had moved.

Well, anyway, we bought the place, and never, no never, shall I forget the strange deep thrill which went through me as we stood, George and I, arm in arm, upon the veranda and looked out across our lawn—or at least what would be lawn after we got a man to come and mow it. We were two changed human beings. At last we had a center for our universe, a pivot round which our interest and our investments might legitimately swing. We could put a wall paper on the drawing-room without the fear that next year a new tenant would be tearing it down to replace it with some atrocity of his own fancying. We could buy a choice bit of furniture now and then for a spot where it would stand permanently—not a mere makeshift, acquired with the idea that it must be something which would fit in anywhere because we might move to anywhere. If a wall space required a certain object we could safely choose something suitable for that particular spot. We could have window curtains cut to a proper length, instead of with a double hem—in case, you know. And, oh gosh, oh gosh, we could buy our groceries wholesale at a considerable reduction and have room to store them!

As for the outside! What did we care if the Old Colonial was really mid-Victorian embellished with a valance of wooden crochet work which we could not afford to remove? Had we not a garden which would produce the winter's supply of potatoes for the modest expenditure of a couple of bushels of seed spuds and a reasonable amount of wholesome effort? To say nothing of looking forward to the yearly augmentation of the hardy borders.

In point of fact, it looked as if our move, particularly if it were to be followed by a reasonable number of other immigrants, was likely to put a severe crimp in the methods of the profiteers.

The garden was perhaps our chief delight, with the prospect which it held forth of permitting us a few fresh vegetables without our having to forgo shoes in order to get them. Only one thing stood between us and the realization of this reconstruction garden—a garden, by the way, which is much more needed than ever a war garden was—and the obstruction to which I have reference was a man to plow. And thereby hangs the remainder of this article.

Twenty-four hours a day—even of a daylight-saving day—offered nothing like time enough for us to work at getting settled when first we moved to Homesville. Aleck-boy was wild about the place and insisted upon exploring every inch of the house and grounds before he would even eat his dinner. The way he romped about that yard made me ashamed to think that I had ever kept him shut up in a New York flat.

As for Little Linolea, she stood the trip out better than I had expected, and basked in the sunshine which the bay window afforded in her pleasant, quiet way. And though she said nothing I could see that she was happy there.

George and I were having the time of our lives. Each morning we rose with a plan for the day, the details of which if carried out as scheduled would have taken from now until the League of Nations is accepted to accomplish. Each night we retired with one of the things necessary to do set in the way of being begun. And this, in most cases, was as far as we could possibly go. No matter how eager and willing we householders were to get busy with the little things which we were capable of handling ourselves, we were held up because the heavy stuff, the fundamental things which only professionals could do, were not taken care of for us.

For example, viz., to wit, as Shakspere says, we could rake, spade, prepare and plant our garden, but we could not plow it. And it had to be plowed first, not last. But somehow we couldn't seem to convince the professional plow operator of the neighborhood that this was necessarily true. He blandly ignored the passage of time. The weeks passed swiftly while the seeds lay dormant in the envelope instead of restlessly in the ground. I pleaded with the plowman daily, but to no avail.

"I'll be down soonest possible," he said each time, just as if it were a wholly original speech. "I got a terrible lot to do. I'm so busy, seems like I don't know what to do."

He didn't; that was perfectly evident. Because otherwise why should he have been sitting so earnestly and fixedly upon the postoffice step demolishing a perfectly harmless piece of straw on the occasion of each of our interviews? Surely, if he had known what to do he would have been doing it. As it was, the mere prospect of the work which constant demands were piling up ahead of him had apparently exhausted him to the point of complete inaction. And I found it so with all horticultural laborers—they were distinctly more haughty than cultural.

But this toil-stained—well, anyhow, stained—son of the soil had nothing on the plumber. I got to know the plumber quite intimately during the spring of 1920, an acquaintance which I am aware my neighbors envied me. You know how people are about any rich and distinguished social

(Continued on Page 185)

A Man's Lack of Opinion about Underwear

A MAN'S opinions are pretty well formed about most articles of clothing—except his underwear.

This is largely due to the way the average dealer scatters his stocks over a number of different makes and kinds. The customer finds nothing he can hold to, season after season.

The real merchant long ago broke away from this habit of mixed stocks and began to concentrate on Cooper's-Bennington Underwear.

Today, as for thirty years, Allen A Cooper's-Bennington Spring Needle Underwear is made with the *Wearer* in mind.

This additional mark, "Allen A," is the Maker's direct pledge of responsibility to the wearer.

"Allen"—the name of the Maker; and "A"—the standard mark of first and finest grade.

All weights, for all seasons of the year—for men, for boys—and when you once find the kind and size of Allen A you like you can get exactly the same thing season after season.

Let your dealer concentrate on Allen A Cooper's-Bennington, keeping his assortment and sizes complete, ordering *direct* from the Mill. It will be worth your while to deal with him—and hundreds of other men will feel the same way about it.

The Maker's mark of Identification on

Black Cat **HOSIERY** & *Reinforced*

Cooper's-Bennington **UNDERWEAR** *Spring Needle*

Allen A

The Allen A Company
Kenosha, Wisconsin

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Whose annual footwear bill is lowest?
That of the prudent, far-sighted man
who figures, not five cents, but cost
per annon. Shoes that grow old hon-
orably and look young at the very
end of a long period of service are
Nettletons; and the explanation is
found in the compelling care given the
smaller and less obvious details of
their manufacture. It is truly
economical to wear Nettletons.

A. E. NETTLETON COMPANY, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK, U. S. A.

Nettleton

Shoes of Worth

The Ardsley

An interesting fall and winter Bal of tan calf or cordovan, having the approved pinked tip, vamp and foxing. A last of pleasing balance and smartness.

Shown, together with other Nettleton types of fine footgear, in select boot shops. If you are not sure where to find Nettletons, write us for name of your nearest dealer.

(Continued from Page 182)

acquaintance of your own. And social acquaintance was all that our relationship amounted to for many, many weeks. He would drop in on me and we would chat for half an hour or so about labor conditions, and how hard it was to get supplies, and what the prospects seemed for landing a bathtub. And then he would jump into his car and drive away. Or at other times when he had neglected me for over a week I would call upon him and we would renew our favorite topics of conversation. He was a very good talker and a fine specimen of the modern worker. Moreover, he was a union man, and obeyed the rules religiously.

When the bathtub finally arrived he came over to look at it in the afternoon. I besought him to attach the thing—I don't mean for his bill—I mean to the water. It was such a simple little process. Well, he said he wouldn't be able to do much that afternoon. But he did himself an injustice in so saying, because, as a matter of fact, he put his overalls all the way on before four o'clock and took them off too. It was good for his figure, anyhow, because there was quite a good deal of exercise in putting them on and taking them off—and he was getting rather stout anyway.

I was awfully disappointed at the net result, though, because it was Saturday when this happened, and Aleck-boy hadn't had a bath in the whole month we had been in the new home.

However, we might have survived both the gardener and the plumber, because eventually George did manage to plow the garden, and a friend of his who is in the garage business managed to fix a hose line from the pump to the bathtub one Sunday when he had invited him down to envy our new possessions.

But the Almighty will have to forgive the carpenter, because I cannot. I am too weak. I haven't the strength. But if I got a chance to roast him alive or boil him in oil I'd find the strength to go through with it, no matter how hard he struggled. Because after six weeks of giving up all engagements, matinées and bridge parties so as to be sure and not miss him; after staying in day after day so as to be sure that he would put three shelves in the right-hand kitchen closet where I had twice told him to put them—I got an awful toothache and had to go to town to see a motion picture, and while I was gone he came and put two shelves in front of the left-hand closet, and immediately left the country. At least, I think he left the country, because he drinks periodically. At any rate, I haven't seen him since.

His brother, the local locksmith, was to have come and put a lock on our cellar door, and as soon as he had come and found out what was wanted he went away saying he would get us the lock at once. But he never has to the present writing. Not that the omission does him any good, because George simply keeps ours in the wardrobe trunk and wears the key, and anyhow there isn't much left now, and in all probability it will all be gone by the time we get a locked cellar to put it in, so if he's holding out a duplicate key all he is likely to draw is a big disappointment.

Another conspirator who seemed bent on making it impossible for us to have a home, or, at any rate, a reasonably comfortable home of our own, was the electrician. As I have hinted before, I am fond of reading in bed. Indeed I may go so far as to say that I am addicted to it, whether I have a piece of cake to crumb up the bed with or not.

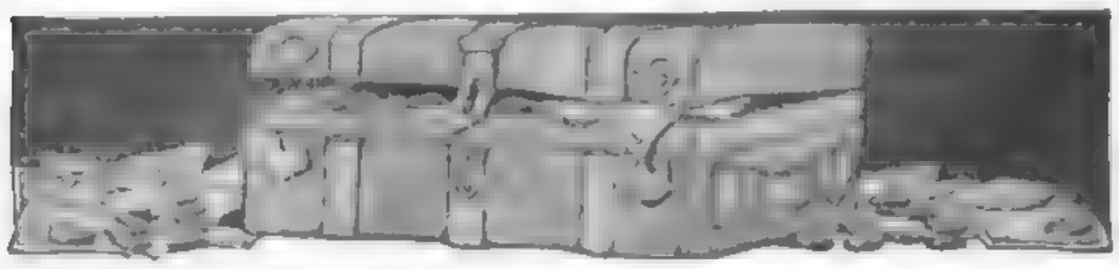
But though I may and can forgo the cake, I must have my bedside light. There are times when I have felt that an electric reading lamp at the bed head was enough to make any woman happy. To reach out and snap it on at any old hour of the night is a joy thoroughly appreciated only by those who have for years risen to stub their bare toes on all manner of horrible unseen objects which have unaccountably sprung into existence since they retired; and by those who have fanned the air at such times in a wild interminable search for the switch or center chain. And when in an old country house the search for the switch is modified to the business of finding the matches and knocking the globe off the kerosene lamp, the emotions engendered by such a midnight experience are better left unrecorded in a decent family periodical. They belong to the class of literature popularly known as powerful, but which since Chaucer's day has been rather in disfavor with regular people.

Well, anyway, if you have experienced a nocturne like the foregoing, and have been doing your reading in bed with your pillows at the wrong end and the merciless glare of the center light revealing every detail of your negligée, and no way to pull the covers up unless you remade the whole bed, you will get me good and plenty.

But our local electrician didn't—or wouldn't. In vain I pleaded with him that I was a working woman and entitled to my rest. I had no union card and I suppose that let me out. It didn't trouble him that our doorbell wouldn't ring, either, or that we fell over the bottom step every time we went down cellar to the place where the potatoes were but the light wasn't. Six weeks after we first made his acquaintance, however, he did come over, and stayed long enough to make a funny hole in the ceiling of the front hall—the most conspicuous spot in the entire house, and then he went away, leaving a bunch of terrifying-looking black wires sticking out of it. They are there yet. Just what they are for is more than I can say. I haven't investigated. I'd like to push them back up into the hole, it would be so much neater, but I'm afraid of being electrocuted if I do. And the funny part—that is, the part most nearly approaching humor—is the fact that we are simply aching to pay that electrician big money, most of it in cash, for an electric cookstove, clothes washer, flatiron and player-piano, if only he would make it possible for us to do so. But we, the users of such things, belong to the hated bourgeoisie. Why should our comforts be considered? Why, indeed? In order that, by the w. k. process of thrift and industry, Friend Electrician may in turn likewise have them. An idea which has not as yet occurred to him, nor will, I suppose, until he runs short of money.

Perhaps George and I are irritating people to work for, but, honest, we try not to be. We both work ourselves and so we always try to appreciate the lot of the poor laborer. We even endeavor to tip him our hard-won dimes and quarters and half dollars as though he honored us by accepting them, painfully, even humbly conscious the while that we belong to the white-collar class. The little house which we bought was secured with money we had earned and saved; not a nickel of it, nor of the gratuities we shell out, is inherited wealth. And it wasn't earned on any eight hours a day either. It was earned on a day the length of which was determined by the time necessary to the accomplishment of the task at hand. And the only time and a half for overtime that we have ever got came in the form of fair recognition for sincere effort. And yet these birds seemed, to my heated and indignant imagination, to be in a sort of conspiracy against us just because we were not doing much with our hands except housework. I didn't care so much for myself, but I did not see why Little Linolea and Aleck-boy should have the completion of their home held up in this fashion.

Just take the painter. Of all trades a painter's is as much fun as any going. Everybody loves to mess round with paint, except, apparently, the professionals. I don't mean artists. Paint is probably just as agonizing to them as it is pleasing; but they have a union, unseen but real, which contrives that the pleasure predominate. I am talking about the man who reluctantly agreed to make the kitchen walls sanitary, and who left them unfinished day after day the while I scrambled round looking for the groceries I needed among the things piled upon the kitchen table because we couldn't put them away in orderly



There are enough men wearing PARIS GARTERS to elect the next President - *easily!*

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

A. STEIN & COMPANY
CHICAGO NEW YORK

Stop squeaks and prevent rattles

Cut away view of Model "K" Oil Kipp for spring bolts and other horizontal positions. Specially designed Kipp Adapters fit Oil Kipps to any make of truck or car.

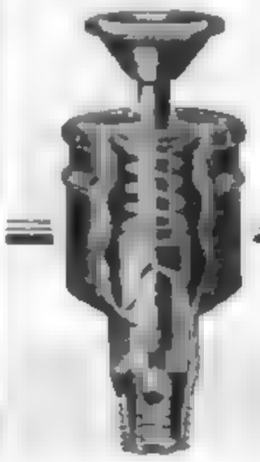
A spring bolt that squeaked, wore down, and finally rattled because grease failed to lubricate it.

Most chassis squeaks are caused by unlubricated bolts. If the squeaks are neglected, the grinding friction that causes them wears down the bolt enough to bring about a rattle.

Oil-Kipps silence your chassis and prevent rattles. They do it by lubricating with heavy oil instead of grease. Grease is only a fibrous sponge, the pores of which are filled with oil. When this oil is squeezed out, the fibrous matter remains, cakes, hardens, and prevents fresh grease from lubricating the bolt.

Oil-Kipps are small magazine force-pumps that replace any kind of lubricating cup, gun, or other device. They *shoot* heavy oil all over the bearing surface. One filling from the oil-can loads them with shots enough for a month. By simply pumping their spring plungers you can lubricate your entire chassis in three minutes. Send for the free bulletin, "Silencing the Chassis"

Model "H" Oil Kipp for vertical positions such as steering knuckles. Oil-Kipps do away with "hard steering" caused by the failure of grease to lubricate



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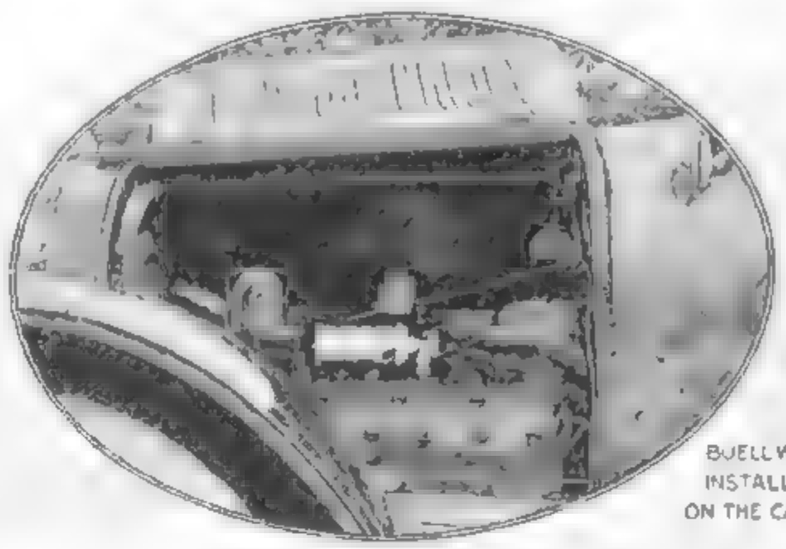
KEEP CARS NEW



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Performance, when lack of performance means disaster, proves the merit of your warning signal.

We have never heard of an instance where a Buell Explosion Whistle failed to operate instantly when called upon.

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-- Chicago --

BUELL
EXPLOSION WHISTLE
WARNS EVERY TIME

The Duty of Coatings

DELICIOUS fruits and choice nut-meats depend chiefly on their chocolate coatings for perfect coating. The selection of the chocolate, the blending, the smoothness, the uniformity—all these should and must be work for Masters.

The Bryn Mawr Chocolate formulae may be known to others—but Bryn Mawr deliciousness is more than rule or form, it's the result of skilled craftsmanship hidden away by artists in Bryn Mawr Chocolates—for you and those whom you would please.

Bryn Mawr Chocolates

If your dealer cannot supply you with Bryn Mawr Chocolates, send us $2.00 for the beautiful Fruit and Nut Package.

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Dept. H, Philadelphia, Pa.
"The Home of Better Confections"

fashion where they properly belonged. Incidentally these same Bright Alecks at goodness only knows how much a day, put a thick coat of paint on the front stairs and forgot to add any drier to the mixture, with the result that we were obliged to slide down the banisters for weeks. We went up hand-over-hand.

But bad as the home-destroying conspiracy of the local laborers was, trying as the coal strike became, the worst day of all was that upon which the garageman swallowed the gear cone and George had to go to town by train.

Of course many perfectly good commuters go to town by train; there was nothing unusual about that, not even anything to be ashamed of. But late in the afternoon I learned that a railroad strike had been pulled off and that it was practically impossible for him to get back. It really was so. I know that a lot of husbands call railroad strikes whenever the boys ask them to sit in on a friendly little game, but George isn't that kind. And as the surgeons hadn't yet located the gear cone in our garageman I couldn't drive in and get him. The strike had come wholly unexpectedly, or rather wholly uncredited, just like prohibition, and as the frantic commuters had seized every available conveyance George was extremely doubtful about getting home that night.

This worried me dreadfully. Not that I didn't trust George. He always gives me his money, and I was perfectly willing that he should go as far as the dollar and fifteen cents in his pocket would take him. But I hated being alone in the house at night; and besides, George was not well. He was working too hard, with the result that he hadn't been sleeping. Indeed he hadn't slept for several nights. Furthermore, with a railroad strike who could tell but that there might be serious trouble? Suppose they had to get out machine guns, or the strikers started using bombs, or the radical orators began spilling a lot of poison gas? George was never the man to stay out of a scrap, and I just knew that if there were any ructions he would be in the thick of them. He might be injured or even killed, and I would have to bring up the coal and put out the cat myself for the rest of my life.

I spent a trying afternoon. Indeed in Homesville there is nothing else to spend except the kind of time you manage to provide for yourself, which is one of the economies of living in the country. But this time the hours dragged horribly, filled with visions of what might happen. You know what a small country town is. All kinds of rumors were in circulation by five o'clock. By six I was already looking upon Little Linolea and Aleck-boy with pity, thinking how merciful it was that they in their young innocence could not realize what was going on.

At six-thirty I ate an unsatisfactory meal, and set away a bite for George, just in case. And then at a quarter to eight I heard the sound of a motor coming up the drive and rushed to the front door with a cry of welcome which froze upon my lips as I flung the portal wide.

Standing at the stoop was a motor hearse with drawn curtains. I was paralyzed. I wanted to cry out, but I could not. The chauffeur was a callous brute of a man with a cigar in the corner of his mouth and a green derby pushed well back upon his sandy head.

"This Putnam's house?" he asked.

"Yes!" I managed to gasp. "Oh, George! George!"

The driver climbed down from his seat and opened the doors at the rear of his gruesome vehicle.

"Wake up, sport, we're here!" he said roughly.

And in another moment George emerged of his own volition, his hair towsled, his eyes stupid with sleep.

"What do I owe you, captain?" he asked the driver. "Gee, I had a peach of a nap!"

It was after this that I wanted to rent the house and let someone else suffer at the hands of organized labor while we lived in a hotel financed by organized capital. But George wouldn't hear of it.

"There is no place like home!" he declared. George is just about as original as most business men are. "And our home is worth fighting for. We'll do the work and the repairs ourselves if necessary until conditions become normal or achieve a new brand of normality. The country needs the home spirit now more than ever, and it's up to common people like ourselves to see that that end is achieved. Besides, look how good it is for Little Linolea; she has put out three new leaves since we got here. I'll bet she is the finest rubber plant in the entire town, now! And as for Aleck-boy, you've got to admit that there's no place like the country for a growing Alredale."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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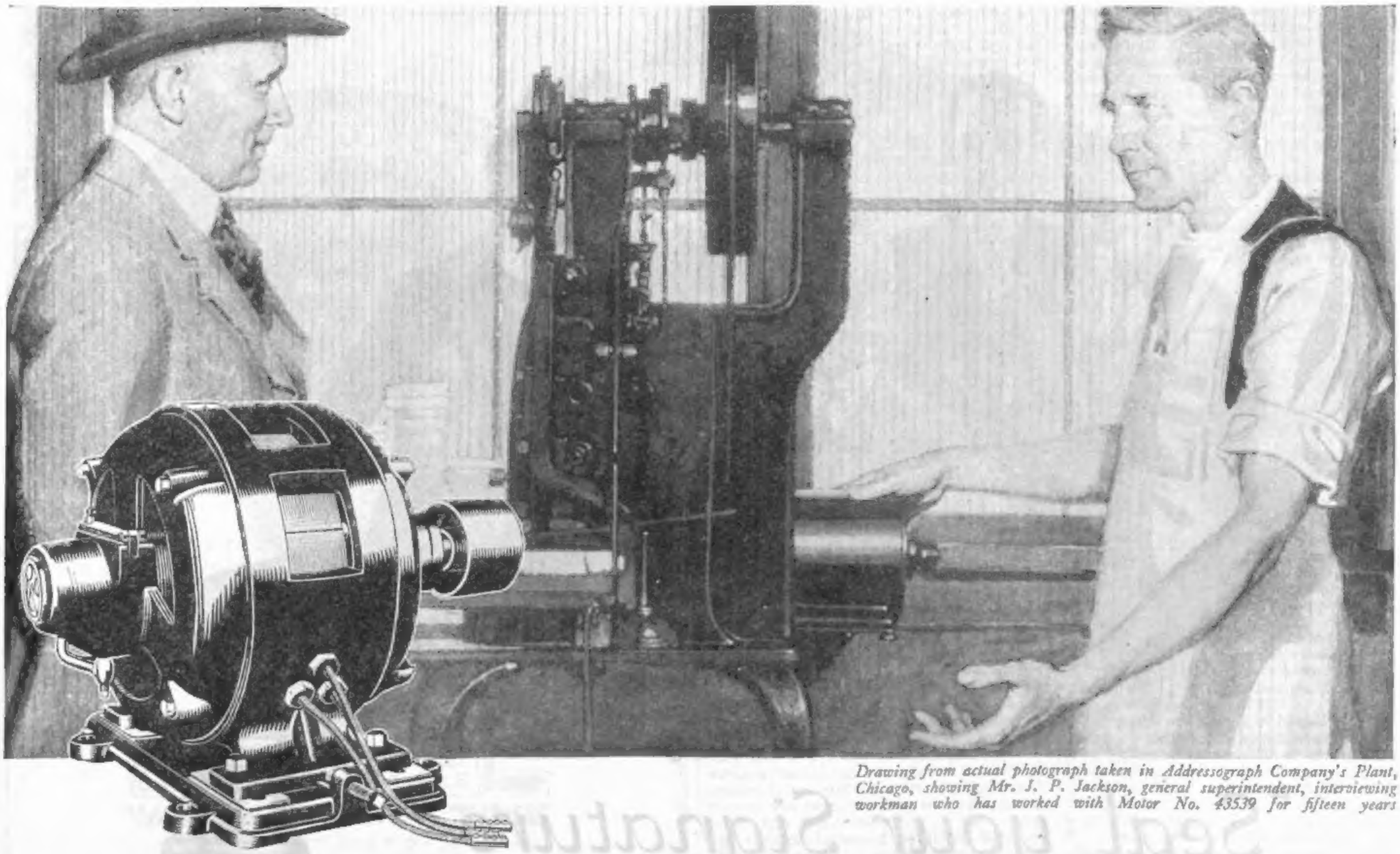

Drawing from actual photograph taken in Addressograph Company's Plant, Chicago, showing Mr. J. P. Jackson, general superintendent, interviewing workman who has worked with Motor No. 43539 for fifteen years

Fifteen Years' Service With Addressograph

The Addressograph Company of Chicago, manufacturers of the world-famous addressing machine of that name, can tell you something about motor reliability.

For working in the Addressograph plant is R&M Motor No. 43539. For fifteen years this motor has been delivering power on a punch press. And it is running as silently, continuously and economically today as the day it was installed.

They have no service record of this motor on the books of the Addressograph Company. It was purchased in 1905, installed and set to work—it has been working ever since. No breakdowns, no repairs, no attention. Just working.

There are two hundred and fifty other R&M Motors in this up-to-date plant. They were added after Motor No. 43539 had demonstrated the economy and reliability of Robbins & Myers Motors.

In all, 90% of all the Addressograph's factory motors now bear the R&M name plate. They are used on drill presses, lathes, cutters and graphotypes. And since their adoption, more R&M Motors have been used on Addressographs sold to the public than all other makes combined.

"We had to have a motor that would deliver a steady stream of power," said Mr. Jackson. "The type of work done by the Addressograph is very exacting. It must be absolutely accurate.

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THE NEW DENTIFRICE

VIVAUDOU
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Dealers:

Include a trial order of Vivomint Tooth Paste in your next order to your jobber. It is already in his stock, or he will gladly get it for you.

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Take home a tube of Vivaudou Shaving Cream today. Its cool, soothing freshness will make you enjoy your morning shave. For sale at most druggists'.

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Street Address_____

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